

A Novelette About a Gallant Doctor BY JAMES HILTON

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

APRIL 35¢

Rita Weiman
Margery Sharp
H. Allen Smith
Gladys Taber
Margaret Culkin Banning
Adela Rogers St. Johns





Latest Car Model, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

We may do less traveling this year, but we will cheerfully find a way to make the best of it. We may extend our old-fashioned hospitality less often, but it will always be just as hearty—with Schenley Royal Reserve—America's Finest.

Buy War Bonds Regularly



Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$375.00 will buy two depth bombs

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

**A radiant smile
is a key to hearts!**



Your smile can hold the key to happiness. Help keep it sparkling and lovely—with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE A BOW, plain girl, it's your world, too. You don't need beauty to fill your date book, to win your share of fun and attention. *No, not if your smile is right.*

For a sparkling smile can light up even the plainest face—can take a man's eye and hold his heart.

So smile—but remember, sparkling

teeth and your smile of beauty depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

For bright, sparkling teeth, remember: *Gums must retain their healthy firmness.*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," see your dentist! He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by today's creamy foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the health of your gums.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to new firmness.

Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling and attractive.



Product of
Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$4.00 will buy a steel helmet



Who steals the limelight—who but the girl with a lovely smile? Help keep yours bright with Ipana and Massage!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYERS' LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

"Du Barry Was A Lady" has started something.

Or rather, it has re-started something—which is the quest for the composite American Beauty. Artists have been taking pilgrimages to the M-G-M set to see the parade of pulchritude that is passing before the camera.

They all come back with raves about the merriment of the occasion, and cheers for the roster of talent that has produced this Technicolorful song-comedy.

Red Skelton, Lucille Ball and Gene Kelly are stars in the procession which includes Virginia O'Brien, "Rags" Ragland, Zero Mostel, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.



Roy Del Ruth directed. Arthur Freed produced. Irving Brecher wrote the screenplay, Nancy Hamilton adapted and Wilkie Mahoney contributed additional dialogue.

But back to the composite American Beauty. It turned out they selected the following features of the Du Barry girls:

Kay Aldridge's profile pert and perfect
Hazel Brooks' legs rounded and symmetrical
Kay Williams' arms ditto
Inez Cooper's hands delicate and angular
Georgia Carroll's eyes "Drink to me only..."
Natalie Draper's lips lips you love to touch
Mary Jane French's hair glory as a crown
Aileen Haley's bust Venus with arms
Ruth Ownbey's hips hip! hip! hurray!
Theo Coffman's feet perfect pedals
Dorothy Haas' ankles shapely is the word
Eve Whitney's waist embraceable Eve

If therefore you wish to spend an evening with a perfect composite, go see "Du Barry Was A Lady", best musical of the year.

Your composite legs will move to the rhythm of the Cole Porter songs.

Recommended by the composite American lion.

—Leo



Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Frances Whiting • Editor

VOL. 114, NO. 4

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Will you help him come back—Alive?

MAYBE you never thought of War Bonds—as *life-savers*—and yet that's exactly what they are.

Look at a War Bond . . .

A piece of paper. Weighs a tenth of an ounce, maybe. Printed in black and green ink.

Read it. You'll see the interest you get from it—\$4 from every \$3 you invest, as it pays you \$25 for \$18.75 in ten years.

Signed by the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and backed by the power and good faith of the world's mightiest nation.

But there are some things it *won't* tell you. Things that come from *your* heart. More important than interest. More important than security.

LIVES! Of clean, smiling American boys. Hundreds of thousands of them.

Their lives depend upon bullets for the rifles they fire . . . shells for the cannon to blast Jap landing barges . . . bombs that drop from soaring planes . . . tanks that roar to the attack . . . great ships . . . submarines.

Supplied in abundance—and on time—they spell the difference between life and death—between Victory and defeat.

That is why it is up to us—here—now—every day—to buy War Bonds not only as an investment in our own future security—but as an investment in human lives today.

Think of *that* when you think of War Bonds. Buy them regularly—every pay-day—with 10% of your income—as a minimum goal.

And you, too, will help him come back—**ALIVE!**

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost \$18.75 for which you receive \$25 in 10 years—or \$4 for every \$3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name or 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be cashed in, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to accrue interest after one year.

Keep on Buying War Bonds

PUBLISHED IN COOPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo., Makers of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$150.00 will buy 1 parachute

FIBS
Kotex Tampons
COST LESS!



ONLY 20¢ a package—and with Fibs you can be free as a breeze. Slip into slacks, shorts or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser. Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection . . . no pins, pads or belts . . . no chafing, no disposal problem.



"QUILTED"—to avoid danger of cotton particles adhering to delicate tissues—to prevent undue expansion which might cause pressure or irritation. That means greater comfort and safety! And Fibs have a smooth, gently rounded end for easy insertion!



What's Going On!

We don't brag often—no, just every chance we get!—but this month there is good reason. Look at the best-seller lists and spot the *Cosmopolitan* "firsts" . . . *"Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"* . . . *"Mrs. Parkington"* . . . *"Guadalcanal Diary"* . . . *"Life in a Putty Knife Factory"* (this issue) . . . *"The Human Comedy."*

Louis Bromfield, as fabulous as one of his own characters, arranged a "quiet talk" last week to deliver a new manuscript . . . After fighting our way through a cloud of smoke, six groups of assorted strangers and three languages, we found Mr. Bromfield . . . Retrieving the MS. from underneath a suitcase, he admitted with modest charm that he thought it would make a "fair one-shot." (That's shop talk for book-length novel.) Mr. Bromfield was wrong. It is not fair; it's superb. It is not a one-shot; it's a four-part serial—*"What Became of Anna Bolton?"*—beginning in May. Anna Bolton is a rich and beautiful American who made a career of International Society and then dropped out of sight. Why?

OUR OPERATIVES REPORT that . . . *Sinclair Lewis* is writing a grand new story about jealousy and a woman who married twice . . . *Booth Tarkington* is out in the Middle West working on a short story for you . . . *Adela Rogers St. Johns* won't tell whether "Tick" Farrell will break his wife's heart in Part 3 of her serial. Between the second and third acts of "Louise" at the Metropolitan, she admitted under questioning, "Kim isn't perfect either, you know" . . . The de luxe shop in *"Fitting at Noon"* (page 32) is real and faithfully described by *Miss Weiman*.

Dorothy Kilgallen will do some more "behind Broadway" stories but the ones she wants to write are "too true to print" . . . *Isabel Moore* will take you behind the scenes of a front-page love affair in her new novelette . . . *Gladys Taber* is going full steam ahead on more Carrington stories . . . *Max Brand* has created a new doctor character, due to be as popular as *Dr. Kildare*. You met Kildare first in *Cosmopolitan*. (Remember "Internes Can't Take Money"?)

Since our *Cosmopolite* this month is a working girl of the glamorous type, we wanted pictures that would do her justice. The authors wrote bitterly: "How to get a glamour picture! Her good clothes were five hundred miles away. We thought of getting Dorothea stepping off an airliner at Medford, Ore., only a hundred miles away. She raced by plane to Medford, only to find it fogbound. Now she's back and it looks as though glamour will be a stool in a Yreka, Cal., diner." Don't you believe it, dear reader. *Bradshaw Crandell* waved a magic brush and behold our *Cosmopolite*!

Speaking of Mr. Crandell, our cover girl for May will be *Miss Victory*, chosen in a nationwide search conducted by the Hearst newspapers for the typical girl war worker. She is *Mrs. Barbara Ann Clark*, of Flint, Michigan.



Thank you for vindicating our judgment in printing "Our Teen-Age Crime Wave" in the February issue. Your many fine suggestions are being tabulated and will reach the proper authorities.

HIGHLIGHTS FOR MAY . . . *"Air Surgeon,"* the book-length novel, by *Frank G. Slaughter*, M.D. A very fine surgeon gives up his practice to enter the Air Force and is attached to a training camp. Enter his spoiled and charming brother, a daredevil pilot—and a lovely new wife! Yes, it's the old triangle, but set to the new music of fast planes and taut nerves . . . *Corliss Frost* writes the complete short novel, the story of a woman who marries knowing she is second choice. Will she go on playing second fiddle when the first love turns up in person? . . . Did you ever feel sorry for a charming man whose wife "deserted" him and call her hard and unfeeling? *Catharine Barrett* takes this difficult theme in her new novelette. It's a strong emotional story and its moral is—What you don't know may hurt a lot of people . . . Easter will be late this year, but even so, we had to have a story about a hat. It's strictly a 1943 model. *Margaret Sangster* has found a situation that could exist only today when girls have to be both economical and beautiful at the same time.

J.L.R.

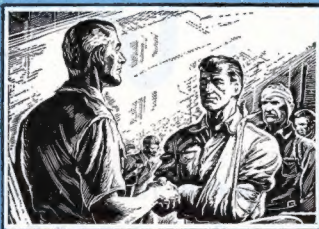
You'll never forget...

that happy, yet heart-breaking scene where Johnny meets Kay in a chance wartime pick-up. It's intimate, real.



You'll never forget...

the scene in which Capt. Kinross (Noel Coward) bids farewell to his men. There won't be a dry eye left in the theatre.



You'll never forget...

the scene of the return from Dunkirk. The courage of those stunned, bewildered men is an inspiration.



You'll never forget...

the scene of a handful of men clinging to a life raft, while Nazi dive-bombers strafe them with machine-gun death.



You'll never forget...

that scene on the meadow. A man and his love steal a few moments of happiness . . . a dogfight sears the skies.



You'll never forget...

the scene in which a woman toasts her most dangerous rival - her man's ship. Emotions as deep as the heart itself.



You'll never forget...

Noel Coward's

"IN WHICH WE SERVE"

...the most widely
acclaimed picture of our time

with Noel Coward » Bernard Miles » John Mills » Celia Johnson » Kay Walsh » Joyce Carey

Written and produced by Noel Coward » » Directed by Noel Coward and David Lean

A Two Cities Production released thru United Artists

REMEMBER TO SEE THIS PICTURE YOU'LL NEVER FORGET, WHEN IT COMES TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$19.36 will buy a trench mortar shell

The Hit of the Month Club recommends

PARAMOUNT'S

✓ "HAPPY GO LUCKY"

In Technicolor!

Come along on a tropical trip to the magic isle of Calypso...

Voodoo rhythms...azure skies (ALL IN TECHNICOLOR—yum, yum!)... romance in the air!



It's a joy journey—set to music—ablaze with color—jammed with laughs—and what a cast

MARY MARTIN,
DICK POWELL,
BETTY HUTTON,
EDDIE BRACKEN,
RUDY VALLEE
—they're all in
"HAPPY GO LUCKY",



Curtis Bernhardt directs—and they're all perfect! PLUS Sir Lancelot and his famous Calypso singers—that will make your toes tap.

Get "HAPPY GO LUCKY"—It's a great way to be! It's a great show to see!

✓ ALSO ON YOUR CHECK-LIST
AS A "MUST-SEE": Paramount's

"STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM"

The most star-iffic hit in history! 43 of your favorite stars! 7 Hit Parade Song Hits! 5 Big Production Numbers! Hundreds of girls! And a million laughs! Don't miss it!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THESE PARAMOUNT HITS ARE COMING

Cosmoddities

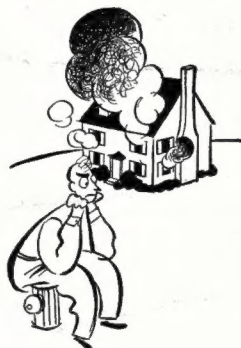
MAYBE THEY'D ENJOY DANCING

Cows on the Suffolk County Farm at Yaphank, L. I., are said to give more milk since a radio was installed in the barn. Welfare Commissioner Richard T. Gilmartin claims they prefer soft dreamy tunes to swing music.



THREE LITTLE WORDS

A girl at Third Service Command Headquarters, Baltimore, asked Pratt Library for help in decoding an official message. "I can't understand what went wrong," she told Miss Mildred Donohue. "I know the soldier who sent it and he's very smart but the last line just doesn't make sense." Miss Donohue went to work with a code book. Then she called the girl. "I've translated the message," she said. "That line reads: 'I love you.'"



A WOMAN'S PLACE, ETC.

Because his wife went out to play cards with the neighbors a New Brighton, Pa., man wrecked the house he had spent four years building with his own hands, then set it on fire causing \$1,500 damage. Arrested on an arson charge, he told police, "When a man slaves for years to build a home he has a right to expect his wife to stay in it."

THE ECHO DOES ALL RIGHT

Lost while hiking in the foothills of the Cascades, Dick Benham of Seattle whistled to a companion, heard a response and started through a canyon. He found his way out after an all-night tramp and just as the sheriff's deputies began to search for him. He had spent the night following his echo.

IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN

When an Atlanta, Georgia, woman returned to the post office for the piggy bank she had mislaid while mailing letters she found it on the counter where she had left it. She noticed it was much heavier. Between the time she'd left the post office and returned generous Atlantans, thinking it was there for aid of some worthy cause, had filled it with coins.





*Engines
for our eagles of war*

Now that the all-out air offensive against the Axis is under way—here, too, Chevrolet is playing its part. . . . For Chevrolet builds huge quantities of Pratt & Whitney airplane engines, as well as anti-aircraft guns, armor-piercing shells, military trucks and countless parts for other war producers, both within and without General Motors. . . . And Chevrolet will continue to build them, in ever-increasing numbers, because
it takes **VOLUME FOR VICTORY.**

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CHEVROLET
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

BUILDING ARMS THE QUALITY WAY—FOR QUALITY MEANS LIVES TODAY



DRAWING BY
BRADSHAW CRANDELL

Dorothea Moroney

THE COSMOPOLITE OF THE MONTH

BY KATE HOLLIDAY AND JOHN REDDY

HENRY J. KAISER, the miracle builder, leaned back in his chair and ran his hand over his bald head in puzzlement. "Who in the world," he inquired, "is Dorothea Moroney?"

Kaiser had just emerged from the Washington melee with a contract to build super cargo planes. There was just one catch attached: he had to build them without using any of the nation's scant supply of precious war materials. And even the man who built Boulder Dam and who throws ships together as no one ever has before hasn't mastered the trick of building cargo planes out of thin air. Nevertheless, Kaiser accepted the challenge and made a bee-line for the West to look for his own materials. He was amazed, on arriving back in California, to find a shipment of precious chrome ore awaiting him.

Since chrome is all-important in armament building, and is second in scarcity only to tin among strategic war minerals, Kaiser was dumfounded to receive a shipment as a gift. The only clue to the mysterious shipment was the name of the giver: Dorothea Moroney.

Hence Kaiser's exclamation: "For heaven's sake find out who Dorothea Moroney is."

The answer was even more of a surprise than chrome. Dorothea Moroney, it was discovered, is a five-foot-one-inch blue-eyed lady, equally at home in New York's smartest gathering spots and in the chrome mines of Alaska and California. An avid air passenger who dashes madly across the continent from one important business conference to another, she stores her city clothes, when mining, in an unimpressive San Francisco hotel which carried her when she was broke. Wife of Bill Moroney, ex-Whiteman banjoist, she herself is a lover of hillbilly music. Yes, this amazing woman, who looks like a glamour girl, is one of the United States' largest owners and producers of the gleaming silver metal, chrome, so essential in our war program today.

Ten trucks haul her chrome 142 miles from the wild, rugged Siskiyou Mountains

of northern California down the winding Klamath River to the railroad at Yreka. Since Pearl Harbor she has mined and delivered 5,000 tons. Not an astounding output, perhaps, considering our war needs, but more than was mined in the entire United States the year before!

Asked why she had sent a shipment of her chrome to Henry Kaiser as a present, Mrs. Moroney replied: "It was a consolation offering. I'd had that Washington brush-off myself."

That, if anything, was understatement. Back in 1934, when the NRA's Blue Eagle was alive and kicking, this same young lady wandered into one of the Capital's mausoleum-like public buildings with shaking though shapely knees and landed a job as a \$135-a-month stenographer with the NRA.

How a 103-pound Washington stenographer, with a splash of freckles across her nose, became a leading producer of one of the country's scarcest and most needed war minerals is an epic of endurance and a triumph of the oblique approach.

To accomplish it she outwalked Indian guides, outtalked Wall Street lawyers, outdanced big businessmen, bluffed Western sheriffs and scolded Senators.

Before Pearl Harbor the United States produced less than one percent of the 900,000 tons of chrome it will need this war year. Now, thanks to Mrs. Moroney and a handful of others, it produces some five percent. Engineers say that the United States can become eighty percent self-sufficient if the production rate keeps climbing.

Chrome toughens steel. It makes the durable sides of battleships. It makes armor-shattering torpedoes to hurl at enemy ships. It goes into the resilient landing gears of planes. It is the toughening element in tank axles and frames, and the main alloy in many types of special steel spotted throughout the war machine. It is all-

important in fighting a war. And it is scarce.

Characteristically, Dorothea Moroney first found herself looking for chrome at the rather tender age of twenty-four by setting out on a nice quiet career as a stenographer.

All she knew about mining was that when she was born her father, a doctor then practicing in Medford, Oregon, named a mine the Dorothea after her. Dorothea, the mine, never panned out. Dorothea, the miner, did.

Dorothea was fresh out of swank Sacred Heart Convent at Menlo Park, California, and diligently punching a typewriter in a San Francisco office, when she decided to invade Washington. She got a job, all right. But there being an oversupply of young ladies in Washington even that long ago, it gave her plenty of time to think in the evenings. One night she suddenly remembered that the Government supposedly owed her family some money for chrome mined by her father during World War I. She decided to try to track down the old claim.

She plunged into musty Government files and came up with great armloads of yellowed papers which she spread out on her rug, trying to figure out what the Government owed her family. She decided the amount was \$52,000 and promptly sued. The suit raged for months before the Government discovered that the Dorothea Moroney suing the Department of the Interior and the Dorothea Moroney collecting \$135 a month from the NRA were one and the same. They fired her.

"Anyway, I won a moral victory," she says. "I got a judgment for \$3,200 and it cost me \$3,900 to collect it. But in the old papers I found out about the chrome mines. So I decided to go look for them."

Playing a hunch, she borrowed a

thousand dollars from a Government attorney and flew out to northern California to look for the mines.

For three days she trudged over the Siskiyou Mountains, looking for the long-abandoned chrome workings, with no luck. She was about to give up when she encountered a tipsy Indian. (Cont. on p. 12)



The "Chrome Queen" inspecting one of her California mines.

Zero hour



CAN THIS BE YOU glued to your bed . . . wishing you could count today right out of your life? The day that was to have been all yours . . .

You've dreamed how it would be . . . you, proud and sure of yourself . . . dedicating the Camp's new "Day Room" that your gang worked so hard to furnish. Then the Prom with Dick. And a War Stamp Corsage for every girl . . . your own special idea!

But right now you'd trade a ton of triumphs for an ounce of confidence! Other girls manage to keep going on these days . . . why can't you?

Then in bursts your forgotten house-guest . . . and you pour out your woes. "Looking for sympathy?" she asks. "That won't help— . . . but Kotex sanitary napkins *will*! Because they're more comfortable" . . .

Rise and Shine!

That's how you learned that Comfort and Confidence and Kotex go together!

Because Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . a lot different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure.

And Kotex does things for your poise, too. For *this pad, alone*, of all leading brands, has flat, pressed ends that don't show because they're not stubby. And for still more protection, Kotex has a 4-ply safety center—and no wrong side to cause accidents!

Now you know why more women choose Kotex than all other brands of pads *put together!* It's the modern comfortable way to keep going—every day!



WHAT'S OKAY? WHAT'S IXNAY?

To get the *right* answers on what to do and not to do on trying days, write today for the new booklet: "As One Girl To Another". It's written just for *you!* Quick send your name and address on a postcard to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. C-4, Chicago, for a copy FREE!



Keep Going in Comfort
— with Kotex!



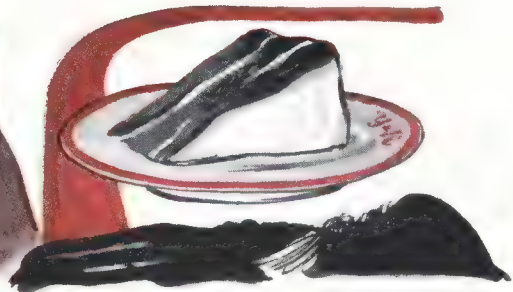
Hips, Hips,

by

Katie learns that her country wants her to keep fit for the duration. The boys are all for it too.



Be a wide-awake girl by getting plenty shut-eye.



You can't eat your cake and have IT.

Away!

Silbert Bundy

Give yourself the
air—lots of it.



Walk your dogs—all
four of them—regularly.

Stretch a point and touch
your toes—that's the
way your tummy goes.

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$19.36 will buy a trench mortar shell

"JANE'S OKAY...IF YOU LIKE THAT TYPE!"



AND TO HERSELF:
I'D GIVE PLENTY TO
HAVE HER ENERGY
AND LIFE. AND SHE'S
NO CHILD, EITHER!



Tired? Nervous? Low in resistance? Read this vitality secret.

Other people are getting a kick out of life. Why should you drag along—weary, low in resistance, vitamin-deficient? Try Vimms. If you're low on vitamins and minerals, they'll bring back your old pep... help you really enjoy life again.

You can depend on Vimms, because they have the six-vitamin formula doctors endorse. No two or three vitamin product can compare with them. Vimms give you three minerals, too. Yet they cost only a few pennies a day.

You'll like Vimms. They're tiny tablets, easy to swallow, pleasant to eat. For a free sample just send a postcard to Lever Brothers Company, Dept. CO-2, Pharmaceutical Div., Cambridge, Mass. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.)

NOTE TO LADIES: No calories, non-fattening.

24 tablets 50¢ 96 tablets \$1.75
288 tablets \$5.00
At your druggist's

GET THAT VIMMS FEELING!

DOCTORS ENDORSE 6-VITAMIN FORMULA*

Medical recommendations are based on these gov't standards	See how 3 Vimms meet or exceed these standards
4,000 USP Units	VITAMIN A
1,000 micrograms	B ₁
2,000 micrograms	B ₂ (G)
600 USP Units	C
400 USP Units	D
10,000 micrograms	P-P (Nicotinamide)
In addition, Vimms supply these vital minerals	
CALCIUM	375 milligrams
PHOSPHORUS	250 milligrams
IRON	10 milligrams
*Further information on request	

all 6 vitamins AND 3 minerals In each tasty VIMMS tablet



(Continued from page 8)

"Sure I remember the mines," he grunted. "I always wondered when someone would come a-lookin' for 'em ag'in. There must be another war a-comin'."

The old Indian's words were prophetic. So was Mrs. Moroney's judgment. It was then 1935.

Once Dorothea had found the mines, she discovered that she shared title to them with most of the county.

But not for nothing had Mrs. Moroney cut her legal teeth on Uncle Sam. There was a quick legal flurry and she walked out of the little Siskiyou County courthouse with full title to the mines.

For a while it looked like another hollow victory. Both the Government and the big steel companies showed a magnificent unconcern for Mrs. Moroney and her newly won mines.

In fact, they said blandly, there probably wasn't such a thing as American chrome. Dorothea shouted at the top of her lungs that there was. To settle the argument a big steel company sent a couple of engineers out West to check on Dorothea and her alleged chrome. To impress them, she had her brother send her flowers with cards bearing the names of competitors. She even went in wading in the Pacific with them.

It seemed that Mrs. Moroney divided her time as a chrome miner between the Stork Club and "21" in New York and a tumble-down abandoned post office at Hamburg, Cal. When she flew East to wrestle with hard-hearted financiers, she went armed with a \$1.59 watch which ticked noisily and a Boy Scout knife bristling with gadgets. And when she went on a prospecting trip she was toggled out in the latest sports creation of Bonwit Teller, frequently shorts.

Her mining methods weren't exactly what you'd call orthodox, either. One of her truck drivers, an attractive brunette matron, Mrs. Violet Mallaby, lugs her two towheaded kids in the jouncing truck with her. Her chief engineer doesn't hold any engineering degrees but is a renowned panther hunter. Dorothea herself has never gone to college. Her ambition is to write. Being a woman who has made men admire her accomplishments, she nevertheless has a pet theory—that no woman can afford to work. Her crew is a handful of Indians, all devout Seventh Day Adventists.

Oh, yes, the chrome. The engineers said coldly that Mrs. Moroney didn't have any more chrome than a rabbit. What little chrome there was in California, they reported, was of such poor quality that it wasn't worth mining.

This report to the Government was more than even the patient Dorothea could stand. She made another of her furious sorties on the Capital and had a couple of perspiring taxi drivers lug sacks of chrome into the Treasury Department and present all doubters with large hunks of black chrome ore. "That held them a while," she volunteers. It certainly did.

The startled Procurement Division of the Treasury handed her the largest contract for chrome ever awarded in this country: \$846,000 for 25,000 tons.

Since the entire United States had produced less than two thousand tons the year before, it wondered where Mrs. Moroney was going to get 25,000 tons. At times she wondered herself. Because she had just sold her largest mine, and the rest of her California chrome was too low-grade to meet specifications.

Fortunately, she had quietly gone out and leased the great Red Mountain chrome mine near Seldovia, Alaska.

She climbed out of a sickbed, chartered a plane and arrived to find that her mine, just as the engineers' reports said, had

150,000 tons of ore. There was only one catch. It also had thirty feet of snow which the engineers had neglected to mention. The snow was on top of the ore. This presented quite a problem, since the property covered seven miles.

She tried to borrow the money to develop her mine. Wall Street turned a deaf ear. Finally her contract ran out.

The feminine invasion of the mining field appeared to have landed on the rocks. Dorothea Moroney had spent more than five years and \$100,000 trying to prove the case for Western chrome. And she had wound up flat broke. She retired to the northern California hills to lick her wounds. She had \$11 and a feeling that something would turn up.

Just about this time, she was approached by a Japanese delegation with an offer to buy chrome. Dorothea turned them down cold because her Chinese houseboy said the Japs looked crooked. "One of these days," she said, "the right guy will come along and really do things for the chrome business."

She never dreamed the guy would be Adolf Hitler. About that time he invaded Poland. World War II had come.

Washington began to cast an apprehensive eye on its chrome supply. A couple of officials wondered what ever happened to Mrs. Moroney. They didn't have to wait long for an answer. Presently she was back in Washington, shaking her fingers at procurement officials and saying, "I told you so."

This time she got a better hearing. Treasury officials conceded that she probably had a good deal of chrome in northern California but that it was too low-grade to mine. Dorothea admitted that it only ran around forty percent but that the Government had better take that or it would wind up with nothing.

Finally Congress passed the Strategic War Minerals bill to buy \$100,000,000 worth of critical war minerals. Partly by dint of her persistent haranguing she got them to tack on the "Buy American" clause to pay twenty-five percent more for domestic war minerals.

This made it worth while to mine low-grade Western chrome. When Dorothea had started five years before, the price of chrome was \$18 a ton. Today she gets \$40 for every ton delivered.

Her properties are high in the Coast range, more than a hundred miles from a railroad. The only road to the mines is the winding Klamath River highway which miners call "the worst damned highway in California." For years Dorothea had yammered at Washington and California officials to fix the road. Nothing ever happened.

Finally she and some cronies from Yreka and along the river decided to revolt. They announced that Siskiyou County was seceding from the Union to form a forty-ninth state, "Jefferson."

The revolt spread rapidly through northern California. It was going great guns and echoes of it were filtering back to Washington when word of a grimmer fight reached the Capital. The date was December seventh; the news, the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Despite heartbreaking handicaps Mrs. Moroney has mined and delivered thousands of tons of chrome. Her production is increasing every day. And every carload dumped on the stockpile at Yreka is a double triumph for Dorothea. Each ton is a body blow to Hitler and the Japanese and an unpleasant reminder to the engineers who said all along that she didn't have any chrome and couldn't mine it if she had it. They now frankly admit their mistake. Says one, "It's a nice feeling to have her fighting on your side for a change! Poor Hitler!"

CAUTION!

Tuberculosis usually increases in Wartime



DOCTORS KNOW that tuberculosis usually increases in time of prolonged warfare. Such increases occurred during the last war, and have already been reported in some of the nations now at war.

Thus forewarned, the people of our country can forearm themselves with the facts about tuberculosis, to help avoid this dangerous disease.

Discovered early, tuberculosis is not often hard to cure. Unfortunately, early tuberculosis seldom advertises itself. Weeks or months may pass before even such vague signs appear as "touches of indigestion," a tired out feeling without good cause, or a steady loss of weight.

By the time more definite symptoms appear—a cough that hangs on, persistent pains in the chest, or blood-streaked sputum—severe damage may have been done. Curing the disease will then take longer and be more difficult.

Furthermore, during this period of development an infected person may have spread the germs among his family, his friends and his fellow workers. For tuberculosis is a germ disease and it may be "caught." Often, the germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, only to become active at some time when bodily resistance has been lowered through sickness, undernourishment, or unusual physical strain. Wartime demands upon our energy make it doubly important to

guard against such conditions.

How to be forearmed

If you have the slightest suspicion that a member of your family has tuberculosis, or if any member has been in contact with someone who has active tuberculosis, have him see the doctor at once. By means of a thorough physical examination, including the use of the X-ray, the doctor usually can determine whether the disease is present. His advice regarding treatment or subsequent "check ups" should be followed to the letter.

The modern treatment of tuberculosis makes use of rest—complete rest for 24 hours a day. This gives the infected lung a chance to heal. The natural resistance of the body is built up by a well-balanced diet of nourishing food. While it may not be necessary to "go away" to be cured, the doctor sometimes advises a stay in a sanatorium. The latter assures scientific treatment, educates the patient in self-care, and protects members of the family from possible infection.

In both peacetime and wartime, the best preventive measure against tuberculosis is to *keep physically fit*. Sufficient sleep, rest and exercise, and a well-balanced diet build up the body's resistance to most kinds of disease.

Metropolitan will send upon request a copy of a helpful booklet, 43-B, "Tuberculosis."

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Red Cross Home Nursing Courses. Red Cross Chapters are offering women practical instruction in Home Nursing. Learning to nurse the sick in your own home and to keep your family well is a patriotic service, which will release more medical and nursing aid for the armed forces. If interested, apply directly to your Red Cross Chapter.

My Solution for the Tax Problem



Harris & Ewing

BY SENATOR HARRY F. BYRD

SOME PEOPLE in this country, even some in high places, seem to think we can meet the cost of the war with a painless panacea—a magician's trick. They think that one class or one group can pay for it. They persist in the illusion even in the face of the billions, yes, the hundreds of billions that are being spent in this greatest of all wars.

It is time that all Americans faced up to the facts. We cannot begin to pay even a fraction of the cost of the war and at the same time avert inflation with one kind of tax or even with a half-dozen different taxes. Income tax rates are approaching the point of diminishing returns. Special excise taxes on luxury goods will yield less as luxury goods go off the market. Some further yield may be found in the lower ranges of the estate tax but this is a limited field.

The plain fact is that we must come to the sales tax, and as with any unpleasant necessity, the sooner we do it the better. I don't like the idea of a Federal sales tax. I don't know of anyone who does. It is only justified as an emergency tax. But it is our last ditch in the fight for solvency.

There is no use fooling ourselves any longer. The British adopted a general sales tax in the fall of 1940, at the beginning of their second year of war. If we try to look realistically at the \$109,000,000,000 that the President has said will be spent in 1943, it is difficult to see how we can avoid the same step.

The simplest and most practical method is to apply a general sales tax on all commodities. How high this should be is a matter for Congress to decide. It would apply, roughly, I estimate, to about \$50,000,000,000 of consumer spending. A 5 percent tax would raise two and a half billions. Ten percent would raise five billions. A bill has been introduced which calls for a 10 percent tax.

This differs somewhat from the sales tax adopted by the British. In England the rate varies on different types of commodities and certain essentials are exempted altogether. Goods regarded as luxuries which could be replaced after the war—perfumes, furs, etc.—are taxed at a rate equivalent to about 24 percent of the retail price. And a number of commodities—food, coal, children's clothing, essential drugs—are exempt.

To make such exemptions in a country as large and as diverse as ours would, in my opinion, raise immediate difficulties. Collection of the tax would be far more complex. Definitions—as to what is food or what is work clothing—raise troublesome questions and open possible loopholes in the law. We would find the total returns inevitably whittled away.

The chief argument against the sales tax is that it puts the burden on those least able to pay. But a glance at the figures on spending at various income levels tends to weaken the force of this argument. The average expenditure per individual for food in 1941 at the income level of \$1,500 to \$1,750 was \$437. At the income level of \$5,000 to \$10,000 it was \$864. Now, that difference is not wholly in quantity of food consumed. It is a safe surmise that a considerable part of it represents a difference in quality—luxury foods, foods out of season. With average expenditures for clothing the comparison is the same. In the income level from \$1,500 to \$1,750 the individual spent \$168 in 1941 and in the bracket from \$5,000 to \$10,000 the amount was \$534. Those who have more income and who therefore spend more money will pay more sales tax. That seems to me an equitable tax.

It may be argued that rationing will do away with these differences in the volume of spending. But that is not true. One individual will not be able to buy more in quantity than

another individual but again quality will make the difference. With one ration coupon, let us say, a man will be able to buy one wool suit a year whether his income is \$1,500 or \$10,000. But Jones with \$1,500 will buy a \$25 suit while Smith with \$10,000 can still spend, if he chooses to, \$75 or \$80. And Jones will pay \$2.50 in sales tax while Smith will pay \$7.50.

Moreover, income per capita in the lower brackets has greatly increased under the impetus of the war boom. The estimated average wage income per employed industrial worker for 1942 was \$1,766. This compares with \$1,484 for 1941 and \$1,268 for 1940. The way in which the farmer's income has risen is even more striking. In 1940 the average net income for each person engaged in agriculture was \$527; in 1941 it was \$742, and in 1942 an estimated \$1,052.

While there have been increases from top to bottom, that is where most of the twenty billions that must be mopped up to prevent an inflationary price rise is to be found. When all arguments pro and con have been rehearsed, the fact remains that the sales tax is one of the few ways in which this new money can be absorbed. Incontrovertibly, the sales tax will raise a large revenue with comparative ease. If food, clothing, medicine and fuel are exempted, the volume raised by the tax will be only about half that produced by an overall tax.

Twenty-three states have resorted to one form or another of the sales tax. In Illinois it produces 36.2 percent of all the taxes collected in the state. For Mississippi the figure is 20.4 percent, for Washington 32.6 per cent, for West Virginia 33.9. In England for the first full fiscal year that the sales tax was in effect it yielded nearly a half billion dollars, and that with a population about one-third that of the United States.

The spending tax devised by the Treasury has been put forward as a substitute for the sales tax. I am opposed to the spending tax because it would dictate to the taxpayer how he should spend his money. It is essentially a leveling tax that would reduce all Americans to the same common denominator. I do not believe that the American people want such a leveling down even in time of war.

One thing that has interested me especially is that a number of associations of retailers have abandoned their opposition to the sales tax and now approve it. I have in my files letters from a number of these associations urging the adoption of the tax. Here is a typical statement from John W. Dargavel, executive secretary of the druggists' association:

"While the National Association of Retail Druggists has a historical policy of opposition to the principle of a Federal retail sales tax, it recognizes that the exigencies of the times may make the imposition of such a tax more desirable than some other measures. In fact, this association believes that a straight sales tax, applied evenly to all purchasers, and safeguarded with provisions suggested in this letter, might be more desirable and workable than some of the complicated tax-raising proposals laid before your committee."

But inevitably one comes back to the big unanswerable argument: the revenue is there—the revenue badly needed to finance our huge war expenditures. And it is hard to find any place else. At present income tax rates a man with a large income pays \$19,000 of his second \$25,000 to the Government, \$20,000 of his third \$25,000 and \$21,000 of his fourth 25,000.

Let's face the tax music. Adopt the Federal sales tax as an onerous necessity of the war. Put a term on it so that it will expire at a fixed date after the end of the conflict. But get the money where it is to be got.

Third floor back...

● It's 4 p.m. on a quiet street.

A slip of a girl, with a suitcase a little too heavy for her, climbs the brownstone steps and rings the bell.

Her heart is beating fast, but it's not from the weight of the suitcase.

She's wondering what it will be like, in a furnished room, so far from home.

She's hoping she'll make good at her new job.

She's thinking that maybe now she understands a little bit of what Tom must have felt when he said goodbye and left for camp.

But she's not going back till it's over.

Millions of men and women today are finding themselves in strange surroundings—in situations they couldn't have imagined a few years ago. They are giving up their pleasures and comforts—and often much more—to bring future good to the whole world. And they don't mind—too much—because it will be worth it.

Industry, too, has put aside for the duration its never-ending job of supplying those pleasures and comforts which have helped to make life fuller and better in

America than anywhere else in the world. Industry is working today with strange new materials, toward grimmer goals—but working with the *same ingenuity and skill, organization and experience, initiative and resourcefulness*. For these things are as much a part of American industry as they are of Americans.

And because they are, we have not found today's production task, big as it is, too big. Because they are, we shall not find tomorrow's challenge, great as it will be, too great. With new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics, offering hope and fuller opportunity; but with the old American ingenuity and courage and enterprise—we shall face the task of building a better world. General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

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Family Quiz



FATHER

1. What is the winning move at chess called?
2. Who said, "I was born an American; I will live an American; I shall die an American"?
3. How can you tell a cheroot from an ordinary-shaped cigar?
4. What country ruled by a dictator is fighting with the United Nations?
5. When a man dead-ends home from his

- work, in what kind of work is he engaged?
6. In golf what does "sclaff" mean?
7. "Liberty" is a leave from Navy duty not exceeding how many hours?
8. What is the color of a dishonorable discharge certificate in the U. S. Army?
9. What domestic animal could become completely extinct, yet again inhabit the earth?
10. Where will you find the "gutter" of a book?
11. What is a kangaroo court?
12. What is the right of "eminent domain"?

(Answers on page 126)



MOTHER

1. What do asparagus, onion and hyacinth have in common?
2. Distinguish between misogamy and misogyny.
3. What were the first names of Paderewski, Mozart and Brahms?
4. What is the capital of Venezuela? Turkey? Switzerland?
5. What does the ore known as pitchblende yield?
6. What did Pandora, Lot's wife and Bluebeard's wife have in common?
7. Who wrote "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod"?
8. Would boiling water be hotter at Miami or Denver?
9. What language has the shortest alphabet?
10. Which one of the following songs was written in America? "Yankee Doodle," "Home, Sweet Home," "Mother Machree."
11. How many of the 102 Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock were women? 50, 28, 30 or 41?
12. Why is grapefruit so named?

(Answers on page 66)



BROTHER

1. In musical parlance, the note of C is a high note; in gangster parlance, what is a half C note?
2. What place, once gallantly defended by American soldiers in this war, is often called "the Rock"?
3. Where is the Alcan Highway?
4. What is the lowest commissioned officer in the U. S. Navy?
5. Who issued the first

- presidential Thanksgiving proclamation? When?
6. If "carnivorous" means flesh-eating, what is a person called who feeds on fruit?
7. Which is farthest north—Kiska, Spitzbergen or Tromsø?
8. What is the only walled city in North America?
9. We call a lion's home his den or lair. What is the home of an eagle? a rabbit? a penguin?
10. Does the U. S. own the Panama Canal?
11. In Navy slang, what is a "tin can"?
12. How many feet are there in one nautical mile?

(Answers on page 84)

1. Are there any vitamins in a watermelon?
2. What is Adam's ale?
3. What New England college grants free tuition to selected Indian youths?
4. Why is there no closed season on Scotch Woodcock?
5. When is the penultimate day of the month?
6. What special attraction has the island of Hondo, in the Pacific, for every American flier?
7. If you lie on your back are you in a prone or supine position?
8. If rickrack is a trimming, what is tricktrack?
9. What do we eat every day that is composed of two deadly poisons?
10. What are cloves made from?
11. What organ controls the sense of balance in the body?
12. How many countries now comprise the United Nations and what is the most recent one?

(Answers on page 74)



SISTER

We will pay \$2 for each original question submitted which the Editors find acceptable. Please give the source or proof of your answer. All questions submitted will become the property of Cosmopolitan. Address FAMILY QUIZ, Cosmopolitan, 959 —8th Avenue, New York, N. Y.



It's no use, Mr. Photographer—pack up your camera!

No, NO, it's not because the picture is upside down. We know a picture always looks that way in the back of a camera.

It's because even you, with all your skill, can't possibly take a picture that does justice to a Four Roses Whiskey Sour. In fact, we've never seen a picture that looked half as enticing as this grand drink really tastes.

So we suggest you forget the picture—pack up your camera—and, you guessed it, enjoy one of those

wonderful Whiskey Sours yourself!

How to make the world's finest Whiskey Sour

First, make certain that you have some Four Roses on hand—for only a whiskey that is perfection itself can impart true magnificence to this glorious drink.

Then, put one part lemon juice and three parts Four Roses into a cocktail shaker. Add sugar to taste.

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glasses and then, if you wish, decorate each drink with a cherry and slice of orange.

And now let your palate luxuriate in the sparkling flavor of one of the world's greatest mixed drinks—a Whiskey Sour made with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses!

FOUR ROSES



Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



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Never before have the women of America witnessed proved results so startling and sensational!

AT LAST! Not just a promise of beauty . . . but actual proof! For scientifically conducted tests on 1285 women, under the supervision of 36 doctors, have now proved conclusively that *in 14 days* a new method of using Palmolive Soap brings better complexions to 2 out of 3 women . . . *with spectacular ease!*

Yes, after separate scientific tests on 1285 women with all types of skin—old, young, dry and oily—these doctors report: “Softer, smoother skin! Less oiliness! Less dryness! Clearer skin! Complexions more radiant . . . glowing . . . sparkling! And these were just a few of the specific improvements which we found to be true.” Conclusive proof of what you have been seeking—a way to beautify your complexion that really works. So start this new Palmolive way to beauty—today.



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Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive. Then each time take one minute more, a full 60 seconds, and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin . . . *like a cream*. It's that 60-second massage with Palmolive's rich and wondrously gentle lather that works such wonders. Now rinse—that's all.



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Naturally, you wonder “Will Palmolive's New Beauty Method work for me?” Well, here is the answer—not from us, but from hundreds of women all over the country—women who tried out this new method, right in their own homes! And 683 of them have already reported to us—with results every bit as sensational as those reported by the doctors! Actually, far more than 2 out of 3 of these women write that, in only 14 days, Palmolive brought them *greater* skin beauty than anything they had ever used before! Chances are, it will do the same for you! So start using Palmolive Soap . . . today!

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS **PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!**

What's New in the Theatre



BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



NOT SINCE Eugene O'Neill's controversial "Strange Interlude" all of fifteen years ago has a play come along that has exercised the effect upon its customers of Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." Proclaimed by its enthusiastic admirers to be a landmark in the American drama and by its detractors to be little more than a paraphrase of the old morality play "Everyman" done à la "Hellzapoppin," it has caused such verbal fist fights as haven't been heard anywhere since Erwin Piscator two or more decades ago put on in Berlin and in the name of new dramatic art the hash of drama, musical comedy, motion pictures, loud-speakers, burlesque and what not that went by the name of "Hooray, We're Alive!"

People come out of the Plymouth Theater shouting their approval and bumping into other people shouting that they have been swindled and demanding their money back at the box office, while on the curb, groaning for having turned the script down, stand a full dozen producers and angels. The press assists in the box-office stampede by heatedly arguing pro and con the play's derivation from James Joyce's novel, "Finnegans Wake," its echo of Saroyan at his looniest, the dubiousness of having one of its characters, played by Tallulah Bankhead, step periodically to the footlights and tell the audience that the whole thing seems awful rubbish to her, etc., etc.

What kind of play is it that has caused this unwonted rumpus? To report that its basic theme is man's struggle for self-preservation and security down the ages isn't at all sufficient, since any such theme would hardly excite any particular commotion. To report further that Wilder tells his story in terms of Adam, Eve, Lillith, Cain, et al., in modern dress and modern speech isn't sufficient either,

since Bernard Shaw to a degree hinted at the same business in his "Back to Methuselah," which didn't create any commotion that anyone could notice. To go on and report that the play bears a resemblance to Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress," with Christian named Antrobos and, like Christian, not only seeking salvation but encountering dire calamities in the long road equally offers no explanation, since the dramatization of "The Pilgrim's Progress" when shown in New York attracted few ticket buyers. And to report still further that the play's kinship to the Joyce novel may attract devotees of Joyce's art is nonsense, since not one out of every ten thousand who go to the play has read the novel.

But if none of these things accounts for the hubbub, what does? First, Wilder hasn't written a play so much as shaken one up like an oversized cocktail, and the effect is just as boozy. His present-day characters, the post-types of Adam, Eve, Lillith, and so on, are set into timeless space; they suffer the Ice Age, the Flood, all the disasters of mankind since its beginning, in their New Jersey surroundings; dinosaurs and mammoths the size of St. Bernard puppies inhabit their parlor; they face the end of the world on the gay Atlantic City boardwalk; and at the play's conclusion they rebuild their little home that has fallen apart and resolutely go forward to meet the future.

Comical magic-lantern slides, loud-speakers, a brass band stationed in the theater's aisle, a runway leading to a beach tent in the orchestra pit—these and other mad devices are brought in to galvanize the performance. About the only thing, in short, that is absent is the hen out of "Sons o' Fun" that from aloft drops an egg on whoever happens to be

sitting in the middle of the sixth row.

There is more, however, to Wilder's box-office strategy than merely this. What he has succeeded in doing is the conversion of a straight, serious and even solemn dramatic theme into a big, roughhouse show. Adam, or Antrobos, succumbing to the blandishments of Lillith, or Sabina, would probably bore an audience if related literally. But Adam, or Antrobos, succumbing to a Lillith, or Sabina, dressed as Miss Atlantic City, a beauty-contest winner, brings down the house, particularly when both descend into the pit, enter a cozy canvas cabaña, and presently set the walls of it shaking like a load of amorous jelly.

But above and below all this shambles there is one thing that may explain the Wilder curio's great popular appeal. And that one thing is its elemental message of hope in a period of hopeless world confusion. That message now, as in the past, is generally box office plus. In plays of other days it was usually interpreted by the coming of dawn just before the final curtain, or by a white shaft of light projected downward from the flies and intimating that God was ever on the side of the faithful, or by some such last curtain line as the hero's "Don't be downcast, my love; when all this is over, know that I will be waiting for you, and together we will climb the mountain road to happiness."

Mr. Wilder raises all that a couple of thousand. He not only proclaims hope in his own words, but just before his curtain falls brings in the resounding words of Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza to help end any possible audience doubt about the matter.

Now let's expect the inevitable imitations of this hugely prosperous four-ring circus.



When the truck convoy stopped,
the little Javanese nurse was
there to look after Renny.

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

PREVIEWS AN

The Story of Dr. Wassell



COSMOPOLITAN
IMPORTANT FORTHCOMING
PICTURE

Here is fiction at its finest
for the basis is heroic fact—
a brave and tender story of the American Navy

THE MEN from the Marblehead looked up from their cots and wondered what the doctor would be like. They were wounded, burned and suffering; thousands of miles from home, in a strange country among people who spoke strange languages; their ship had been smashed up, and the battle lost for their side. Pain, defeat and loneliness had leagued against them during the journey from Tjilatjap, on the south coast of Java, to the inland hospital; there they had been skillfully patched up by Dutch surgeons, and a certain measure of sad tranquillity had come upon them. But what had really cheered them, after so much disaster, was the news that an American Navy doctor had been assigned to take care of them all.

When you are in pain and have to have things done for you, the personality of a doctor becomes of absorbing interest. So the men looked up with wistful eagerness at the sound of new footsteps along the corridor.

For a fraction of a second before they saw the doctor they saw his cigarette in a long white holder. Then he came into the ward. There was nothing striking about him, the men saw, except perhaps his ears, which were rather large (McGuffey, the ship's cook, whose right ear had been partly burned off by a bomb blast, noticed them especially).

The doctor leaned over the rail of one of the end beds and began in a slow, drawling voice, "Morning, boys." He then gave his name, adding,

BY JAMES HILTON

Author of "Random Harvest" and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"

"But just call me doc or anything you like. The main thing is for you to know that I'm here to help you. So cheer up—our number's on top; everything's going to be all right from now on. Of course the Dutch doctors are in charge of your treatment. My job's just to look after you in a general way. So don't worry; we'll have you all well again in no time."

The men from the Marblehead sighed. The old stuff. Nothing wrong about it, of course, but in that drawl, it carried a whiff of unconvincingness.

McGuffey thought: Just our luck, on top of everything else, to get a fellow like that!

And the doctor was thinking much the same thing about his job. To begin with, he could not size up what he had to do, for the Dutch staff of the hospital were so competent there did not seem to be many tasks left for him. That, in a way, caused his initial misgiving—not a cynical one, but rather a degree of humility based on the plain fact that all his life he had had jobs that had come to nothing much (like the amoebic dysentery research in China) or had just failed to click into anything that could be called success.

Actually, it had been sheer luck (or unluck, whichever way one looked at it) that had handed him this present job. He had been sorting out medical supplies on the docks at Surabaya when he had come across a case labeled "Iodine" that, when opened, was found to contain torpedo noses. Such a thing was serious, with its possible implications of sabotage, and he was just entering the Admiral's office to report the matter when the Admiral himself chanced to be desperately looking for a doctor. The conversation that ensued did not reach the torpedo noses.

"Ah, a doctor! Good! You're just the man I'm looking for."

"Yes, sir, but I've come to—"

"Don't care *what* you've come for. I *must* have a man at the Dutch hospital inland—our men there, mostly from the Marblehead. Must have a doctor as liaison officer. You'll do. Go there at once."

"Yes, sir, but what I really came for was to report about a case of—"

"No time for reports. There's a plane leaving in half an hour."

"But—"

But the Admiral had gone, leaving the doctor with a torpedo nose in his pocket (just to prove his case if he had ever been able to get as far), and an unmistakable order ringing in his ears: "Go there at once. There's a plane leaving in half an hour."

So he had caught the plane, and here he was at the hospital. Well, he thought, there was one thing about the Navy: if you simply obeyed orders, you were all right.

Another thing he made up his mind about (remembering certain incidents in his past career): he would keep on the right side of the red-tape machine, even if it meant hours at the job he hated most in his life—filling out official forms. And forthwith, he took out a notebook and began to walk between the rows of beds, taking down particulars of name, age, rank, record, from all who were able to give them.

Thus the doctor met the men from

the Marblehead, and perhaps all save one of them were disappointed in him. The exception was Sun, a Chinese mess attendant, terribly burned by a bomb explosion that had flashed through the Marblehead's galley several days before. Sun had made no murmur since then. Even when the doctor spoke a few words in Chinese to him, he did not seem surprised.

Afterwards, when he came to Sun, he made his jokes in Chinese, laughing at them himself, while Sun remained respectfully impassive. "One of these days," the doctor announced, "I'll make this fellow smile if I have to stand on my head to do it."

Now the doctor went away and copied all the necessary information from his notebook into the official documents that he would later take to Navy headquarters in Surabaya. Then he visited another ward where some less serious cases from the Marblehead, and also some from the Houston, had been placed. He made similar notes on these, for he was liaison officer to the whole bunch, forty-two in all. But he felt drawn to those who needed him most, and he was soon back in the "serious" ward for a second, less formal visit. He chatted pleasantly from bed to bed. During this second visit the men began to like him. He seemed especially interested in where their homes were, and when one of them said Arkansas, the doctor immediately asked what county, and when that was named also, answered in triumph, "Sure, I know it! I had my first practice near there thirty years ago. Plantation job—mostly Negro patients; couldn't pay me anything, often as not. I used to get 'em to dump a load of wood in my yard, or a sack of potatoes, or maybe a chicken for Sunday dinner."

The Arkansas boy, whose name was Hanrahan, had too many facial bandages to smile, but his one visible eye lighted as the doctor went on gossiping.

Presently Hanrahan's neighbor, who had been listening, interrupted. "Was that Chinese you were speaking just now, doc?"

The doctor swung round. "Sure it was. I lived in China for years; I was a medical missionary out there. But I'm a regular Arkansas razorback, for all that."

Before he left the ward he addressed the men again from the rail of McGuffey's bed nearest to the door. "You boys remember now, I'm here to help you. Anything you want, you've only got to tell me and I'll do it if I can—that is, if it's not against the rules." He saw that McGuffey was giving him an impudent look. "Well, McGuffey, what's on your mind? Anything you want?"

"Plenty, sir, only you wouldn't like to hear about it."

There were a few laughs. The doctor ignored the reply. He waited a moment, hoping somebody else would say something. Then, from far down the ward, came the deep melancholy voice of Goode, who had lost an eye.

"There's one thing all of us want, doc, and that is to get home."

Nobody laughed at that or even echoed it, but it was as if their very silence was an echo. Of course these men wanted to go home. But there was nothing the doctor could do about it.

He said, "I understand, son. But you

see, that's out of my province. I've got the job of looking after you *here*—Navy orders. You know what that means. Maybe there'll be different orders later, but in the meantime, you're lucky. This is a good place; all you've got to do is to hurry up and get well. Now, then, is there anything *else* anybody would like—something I can do? Thought of anything yet, McGuffey?"

McGuffey answered derisively, "Aw, don't worry about me, doc. But I wouldn't say no to a chocolate malt."

Half-hearted laughter flickered along the ward as the doctor walked away.

Across the corridor there was a small room which the Dutch authorities had allotted to an officer named Wilson. He was badly burned, and the doctor did not think he would be conscious after the ordeal of the dressings; but when he entered the room a gruff voice came through the bandages.

"Morning, doctor."

"Good morning. How do you feel?"

"Just like a truckload of scorched earth. But tell me about the men. I don't even know *who* they are. Are they all going to be all right? And shut that door so you can speak the truth."

The doctor shut the door, then came back to the bed and gave the names of the men and a summary of their injuries.

"But they're going to recover—all of them?" asked Wilson.

"Hope so, but burns are nasty things. Bailey's pretty bad, and I'm worried about Edmunds. He's already lost an eye and he may have to lose a leg as well. Dr. Voorhuys wanted to amputate tonight, but I begged him to give it a chance. Goode's also lost an eye, and Muller's arm is smashed up. I don't like the look of that, either. But the rest might be a lot worse."

"What about *me*? Nothing but the truth, mind!"

The doctor did not tell Wilson the truth, because he honestly thought Wilson might not recover. He said with a smile, "You'll be all right if you keep quiet."

The doctor took the car and the Javanese chauffeur who had been assigned to him and searched the town for ice cream.

He found a shop in the main street and made his purchases. The ice cream came in a little cardboard cup—it cer-





"At this point," the girl said, "the worst American sailor in the world looks wonderful." The doctor winked at McGuffey and chuckled.

tainly wasn't a chocolate malt, but the doctor didn't think it was so bad for the middle of Java in wartime.

He carried it carefully back to the hospital and woke up McGuffey. The boy blinked and stared, and a little Javanese nurse whose name (in Javanese) sounded like Three Martini began to giggle.

"Well, for the love of Mike," said McGuffey. "Did you really think I was serious?"

"Eat it," answered the doctor. "It's very good ice cream. I had some myself."

McGuffey sat up in bed and smacked his lips appreciatively after the first swallow. One of the other men called out, "Hi, doc, where do *we* come in?"

The doctor smiled. "I'll tell you what. As soon as you're all well enough, I'll get ice cream for the whole bunch of you—and you too," he added, nodding to Three Martini.

Then he went out and wondered what the auditors would think. Navy money spent on ice cream! He had drawn a thousand guilders in Surabaya when they assigned him to the job—a sum to spend in looking after the men; but of course the authorities would expect medical items, transportation expenses, almost anything, in fact, except ice cream.

So the days went by during which the British were falling back on Singapore, and Chiang Kai-shek was visiting India, and the Japs were already landing in

Borneo. There was little the doctor could do for the majority of the patients except watch their condition and make his daily reports.

Bailey's case was the worst. He had some bad shrapnel wounds.

One night he cried out in his sleep and the doctor was sent for; he touched the boy's hand and forehead, calming him.

When Bailey woke, the doctor was still with him, "Hello, doc," the boy said cheerfully. "I had a bad dream. Hope I didn't disturb anybody."

"That's all right," answered the doctor. "No harm done."

Perhaps this was why the eighteen-year-old Bailey lay quiet and comforted, after that, until he died.

Javanese workmen dug the grave in the local cemetery, and the doctor attended a service conducted by a Dutch padre. There were no Navy men to make up a firing squad, but an Air Force detachment came over from the neighboring airfield.

The time of crisis came for most of the men; each came through it gamely.

The doctor felt so exultant because the men were recovering that when Hanrahan asked him if he could get them some smokes, which were against the hospital rules, he exclaimed, "By golly, I don't really see why you *shouldn't* smoke! I'll ask the boss about it today."

He caught Dr. Voorhuys after lunch. Voorhuys was a big man with steel-blue eyes and apple-red cheeks; a fine surgeon.

"Your men are getting along nicely," said Dr. Voorhuys.

"Very nicely indeed, sir, thanks to you. There's only one thing they ask for. Will you relax the rule about letting them smoke?"


"I am afraid that is impossible," said Voorhuys. "It's a strict rule of the hospital. A question of fire insurance."

"Fire insurance?" The doctor from Arkansas took a deep breath. "Dr. Voorhuys, I understand how you feel about a strict rule, but a billion dollars' worth of oilwells and rubber trees are burning like hell's delight this very minute. And yesterday there was another air raid on Surabaya—the Japs are in Borneo, and the Dutch Government's in London and Queen Wilhelmina's in Canada and the Repulse and the Prince of Wales are at the bottom of the sea. I hope your fire-insurance policy is a good one."

Dr. Voorhuys gulped and said, "I get your point, sir. The men may smoke."

The next day the doctor had to go to Surabaya to present his official reports to the Navy authorities, but before beginning the journey he bought a quantity of American cigarettes in the town and left them at the hospital for the men.

The trip turned (Cont. on page 123)



**They clung together in the
starlight, frightened of the
clamor in their blood.**

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

First Love

What is the magic of first love
that no woman can ever forget?

BY
MARGARET
COUSINS

MARY'S MOTHER bent and kissed her. "Get a good night's sleep," she said. "Tomorrow is the most important day of your life." There was a suspicion of tears in her voice. She picked her way among the pieces of packed luggage and went down the hall to her own room.

Through the open closet door Mary could see her wedding dress, draped in a sheet. She shivered, switched off the light and sat down by the window, looking out over the moon-drenched lawn, down the street toward the corner.

"Tomorrow is the most important day of your life," her mother had said. As all girls must on that last night, she thought about her life. She threaded her way backward down its brief span, and she remembered things. She remembered this.

When she was young and romantic, she had dreamed of a knight. She lay on the floor of this same room and dreamed with her eyes wide open, seeing his noble face through the smoke and flame of battle raging in her imagination, hearing his voice calling her name above the clash of lances. He was handsome, that knight, and brave, and good, and he had a name right out of poetry—Gareth or Gawaine or Roderick Dhu. Being a woman, she dreamed and dreamed, always a dream of love.

It is hard to account for the fact that when it happened it was Joe Grimes.

Joe was an unkempt, black-haired boy, wiry and slight, with a thin sullen face on which freckles stood out in bold relief. A lock of hair fell perpetually over his wild dark eyes, which looked at you remotely and without trust. He walked with an arrogant, self-conscious swagger, one shoulder held a little higher than the other, as if to fend off an inevitable blow, so that he seemed more cocky than brave. He was not even good in that sense of obedience and docility with which the term is oftenest associated. But not one of these things seemed to make the slightest difference.

Mary didn't have any illusions about Joe. She had been hearing about him all her life, murmurs from neighbor to neighbor over the neat hedges which separated the comfortable, well-kept houses in that street, murmurs from her parents' room as they lay in bed and talked before sleeping.

"That Grimes boy broke a window in the Whidden house today."

"He's incorrigible—headed for serious trouble, that boy!"

"Poor Mrs. Grimes. I think she tries, but she can't control him."

"Like father—like son."

Oh, Mary knew about Joe, all right. He was the neighborhood terror who lived in the neighborhood eyesore—the dilapidated old Grimes house on the corner, where the lawn grew up in weeds and the screen door squeaked on disconsolate hinges. It was the house that ruined the looks of the block, and Joe went with it.

Not that anybody could blame Mrs. Grimes. She was a decent, hard-working woman and her life appeared to be a rugged cross. It was not enough that the shiftless black-browed man who was her husband had disappeared, leaving her penniless, or that her beautiful and lazy daughter had eloped with a questionable member of a road-show company. Now there was Joe, growing into a bad boy.

Mary knew about Joe.

"You just keep out of his way," her mother warned her. "He's bad. And you might get hurt."

Joe was three or four years older, but before Mary had finished high school, she had caught up with him. He was an indifferent student, not stupid but uncaring, so that he dropped backward instead of progressing.

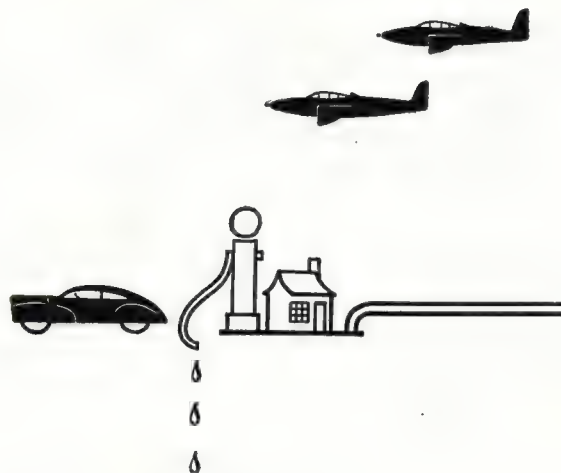
She could never forget the day when she was assigned to the seat in front of him—the thrill of fearful excitement that went through her. There was a brassy fascination about his perpetual revolt against the rules. Joe's misdemeanors had piled up until he was blamed for everything untoward that happened in town, and he had been haled before one bar of justice after another, a circumstance he bore with stoicism, but without much grace. He would stand there, cold and sullen, while irritated school-teachers, principals, and even the juvenile-court officers lectured him and his mother cried. On all sides, patience with Joe was almost at an end.

Right after her name in roll call came his name. "Mary Garrett—Joe Grimes," day after day, like a dark prophecy.

She was fair game for Joe's peculiar talents—young and soft, with large blue eyes and hair like melted gold. She had never had anything but loving care, and she had no equipment for dealing with his tormenting. When he pelted her with stinging paper wads, or pricked her ankles with a pin stuck through the toe of his sneaker, or put a dead mouse on her seat, she stifled her cries and smiled at him uncertainly.

Joe appeared baffled at the failure of his tactics, and quiet settled on him which could only be regarded as ominous by the teachers. He even began to study, or so it seemed. But nobody (Continued on page 71)

The Cold Hard Facts About OIL



Have you been bewildered

by all the conflicting reports about our gasoline and oil supply?

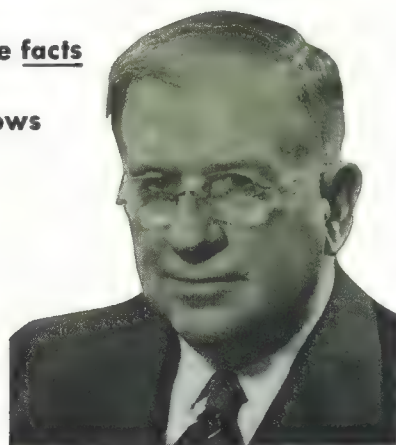
Here are the facts

from the one man who knows

BY

HAROLD L. ICKES

Secretary of the Interior
and Petroleum Co-ordinator for National Defense



I WISH I could make a prediction with respect to gasoline that would be popular, but I cannot.

Even while worrying about a sufficient supply of fuel oil, automobile owners are wondering whether, when warmer weather comes, they will have some compensation in increased rations of gasoline that will permit at least some driving to enjoy the waking of the frostbound earth from its long winter sleep.

But so far as I can look ahead over the coming months, I can see no hope of anything except tightness in the gasoline situation.

The East Coast will be called upon for more and more supplies for ourselves and for our Allies, not only in North Africa, but wherever else they may be fighting like Titans against the Huns. And barring discoveries of important pools that have not yet been made, California is faced with the prospect of having to import oil in the not far distant future. This would institute a further drain upon our Eastern and mid-continent supplies.

With the coming of warm weather, our primary duty will be to fill our storage tanks with fuel oil against the demands of next winter. This duty will be even more imperative than it was last summer. The use of gasoline save for the most essential purposes is out for some time to come!

Incidentally, I have been wondering if perhaps the Government might not make some arrangement for the purchase of those cars which are forced into retirement, paying the owners the current Blue Book value thereof instead of the low prices prevailing today in the secondhand market. Payment might be made in the form of some Treasury certificate that would be accepted on account of income taxes.

Many car owners this year will be paying income taxes for the first time. When March fifteenth turns up on the calendar many may not know where to find

the money to meet their obligations to the Government. In such contingency an unusable automobile, which is a considerable capital asset to most owners, would come in handy. The strain on the domestic budget would be lessened; the Treasury would get its money, and the Government would have an accumulation of cars and rubber tires for war purposes.

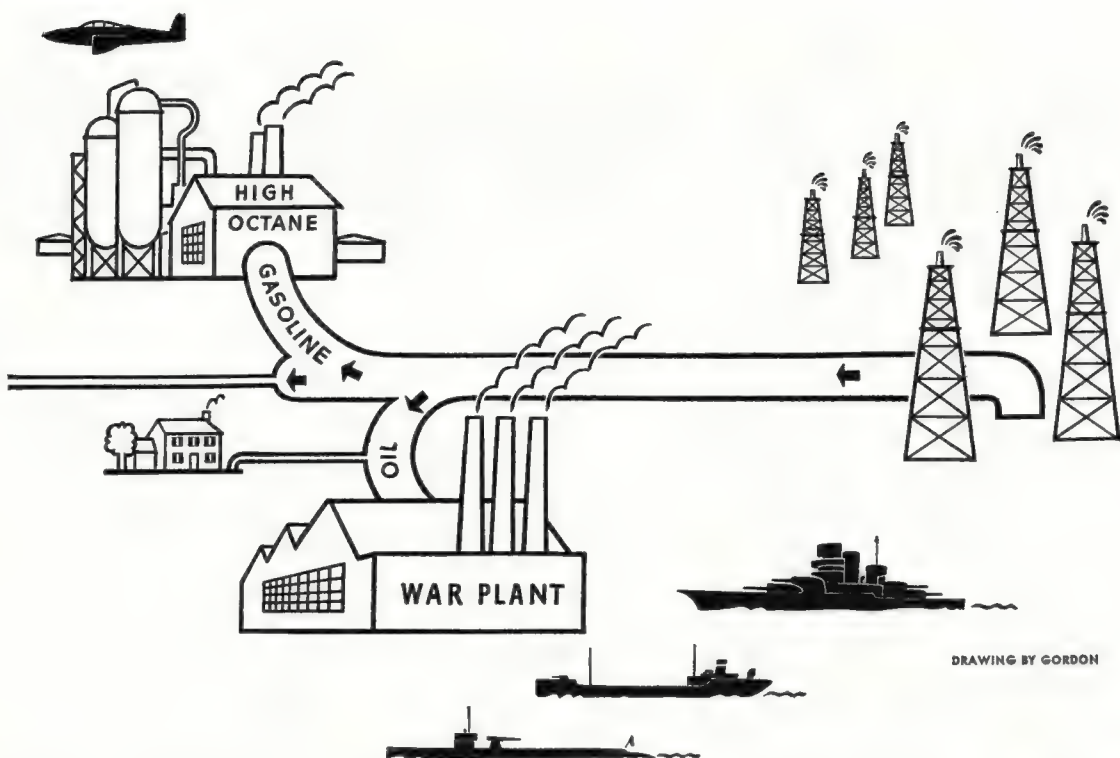
At the time the American people were happily surprised by the landing of American troops in North Africa, the demand for a second front to relieve the pressure on the valiant Soviet troops was developing into a public clamor. It was not in the American tradition to be in a war but not of it. So it was with exultant pride that we realized our leaders had not only planned but carried out the greatest military offensive of the sort in all history. A second front demonstrably had been established, a front that was going to be maintained at all costs.

However, so far as petroleum products are concerned, we had already taken in our stride the opening and maintenance of any number of "second fronts." As a vital ammunition, American oil had already "shouldered arms" and gone to war

in a dozen battle lines. It was supporting American and Allied troops in Australia, in New Guinea, in Guadalcanal, in the Hawaiian and the Aleutian islands, and in the Far Eastern areas where American submarines stalk their nervous prey.

High-octane gasoline today maintains our air superiority in Northern Africa. It makes it possible for our Flying Fortresses to strike terrifyingly at the war plants of the Huns in France and Holland, and in Germany itself. Fuel oil is propelling our battleships, our merchant ships and the tankers that carry necessary supplies to all parts of the world. Without American petroleum products, Great Britain might long ago have been destroyed by the Nazis. We are producing gasoline and oil to train our armies in preparation for the further grim task that lies ahead. Never has there been such a demand upon us for a vital war necessity as exists today with respect to oil and all the products that may be derived from it.

Even while the global battle rages, we must maintain a wide home front where, also, there is no substitute for petroleum. Millions of barrels of heavy fuel oil for our war factories, of light oil and kerosene to heat our homes, of gasoline to keep necessary automobile traffic rolling,



must be in constant supply if we are to maintain the rate at which we are turning out munitions of war for our Allies and ourselves.

This is the obverse side of a roughed-in sketch. The reverse is equally interesting and of almost as vital concern. We know what supplies of oil we have now, or in prospect, but we are less sure of the inventories of Germany and Japan, the former of which must also keep Mussolini in a state of mind that makes it possible for him still to bluster that he is an important factor in this war. As to the enemy, who undoubtedly can reckon pretty accurately how we stand with respect to oil, we can venture some guesses—some of them wild and some shrewd. My own guess is that those who believe this war will come to an end because of the exhaustion of the petroleum supplies of the enemy are living in a fool's paradise.

When the war started, "experts" hopelessly predicted that the Nazi war machine couldn't possibly run longer than the spring of 1941, assuming that Hitler was making some allowance for home defense and civilian consumption.

Came the spring of 1941, but no sign that Nazi tanks and planes were being stalled for lack of fuel. This was explained by the "experts" on the theory that the Germans had probably stolen enough petroleum from the conquered countries to keep going until the winter of 1941-42—but no longer.

When that winter arrived, the enemy was driving desperately toward the oil fields of the Caucasus area, and although he failed in that objective, the "experts" nevertheless revised their predictions to read that if Hitler did not obtain new sources of supply by the spring of 1942 or, at the latest, by the following summer, he would be in a bad way and victory for the United Nations would be as good as hanging in the smokehouse with the smoke from a hickory fire mellowing it to the taste.

The predominant opinion of the "experts" has been that the Nazis' principal goals in 1942 were the Grozny and Baku oil fields. Premier Joseph Stalin has disagreed with this opinion. He has said that the capture of the "black gold" in the Grozny and Baku areas would have hurt Russia much more than it would have helped Germany; that the Nazi master plan was to outflank Moscow and cut it off from the Volga and the Russian rear in the Urals rather than to augment Germany's own oil supplies. Whatever their objective, the Nazis didn't attain it, except for the capture of Malkop, which represented about seven percent of Russia's oil. However, by the very desperation of their drive the Nazis gave color to the opinion of the heavy experts that they had to tap an oil supply somewhere and soon.

Rommel's rout by the British in Egypt was due primarily to a lack of oil at the points where he needed it. The fact that he didn't have it at those points did not prove, nor are we now justified in asserting, that the Germans didn't have the oil to ship him. All we know about this is that the German High Command wasn't able to get oil to Rommel's army. Tanker after tanker was sent to the bottom of the sea by the Allies.

It is one of the theories that the Toulon fleet of the French was unable to get away, for all that it had two weeks' warning, because its oil tanks were dry—perhaps had been drained so that the fleet would lose its mobility.

There may be something to the speculation that Hitler has cast many a covetous glance toward the oil fields newly acquired by the Japs. But these former British and Dutch possessions lie far beyond the horizon so far as Germany is concerned, what with the Allies in control of the extended sea lanes.

If I suggest that Nazi Europe is doubtless in distress because of its lack of petroleum products, whether due to a diminishing supply of such products at

the source or to the inability to deliver them where they are needed, I don't want to be mistaken for an optimist. I am not depending on the evaporation of the Nazi oil supply to end the war soon, and I wouldn't advise anyone else to do so.

Despite the relative poverty of the Axis partners with respect to current supplies and subsol reserves of natural crude oils, it must not be concluded that available supplies, measured in terms of liquid fuels and lubricants, are as seriously deficient as their crude-oil position would suggest. In this connection, it should be remembered that when Germany overran Poland she acquired oil resources of about 3,800 barrels a day (now being drained out at the rate of 7,500 barrels a day), and when she captured Rumania she beat Great Britain to the draw, thus gaining possession of oil fields that were yielding 45,000 barrels a day. Then there were the oil stocks of Hungary and Austria, to name only two of the other half-dozen countries that yielded up petroleum supplies to the Nazis. However, one must probe deeper than this for the answer.

Germany has developed, over the course of the years and in preparation for just this eventuality, a very large plant capacity for the treatment of bituminous coals, lignites and coal tars, and the products resulting from this treatment give entirely satisfactory results. In fact, Germany's output of oil from synthetic and hydrogenation plants has increased 400 percent since 1938, and will reach a new high this year. This new high, while very much below our own production of natural crude, is still sufficiently high to keep the murderers on the prowl for a long time to come, other things being equal. Germany's present daily production from natural crude is in the neighborhood of 18,000 barrels.

In addition to its synthetic sources, Germany depends (Cont. on page 112)

We think you'll like the Carringtons.
They're just the family next door.
You've been in their home, perhaps,
but never, until now, in their hearts.
Begin the adventures of—

THE FAMILY ON

Maple Street



ALIX CARRINGTON took a hasty glance at her reflection in the hall mirror. The green wool was definitely tighter since it had come back from the cleaner's. I don't see why middle age has to be a constant blitzkrieg against one's figure, she thought. Someday before I die, I am going on a diet of gravy and spaghetti and chocolate eclairs.

The lovely sharp sunlight of early November came through the fanlight, making a pattern of gold on her coppery hair. Not a thread of gray, and the new gamine cut curling softly about her beautifully shaped head. Her eyes were gray, and her mouth looked always as if it were ready to smile.

"Well," she murmured, "say not the struggle naught availeth," and she pulled her belt a notch tighter. Then she went to the kitchen, avoiding Tommy's roller skates, Pen's umbrella, her husband's hunting boots with which the hall was cluttered.

"Good morning," she said, keeping her voice happy.

Bessie looked up, and her black face couldn't possibly have darkened, but it did. "Mis' Carrington, what we goin' to do about coffee this day?" Alix hovered over the package. "Maybe there's two tablespoons," she said hopefully.

"No, ma'am." Bessie was a realist.



BY GLADYS TABER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF AND HARDIE GRAMATKY



Alix smiled at her. "Well, we'd better have it all for breakfast and then put it through again for dinner. Mr. Carrington's in a better mood at night."

"Not lately he ain't. He's been mighty bothered all the time lately."

"These times are hard for a man." Alix poured the coffee into the pot. "There," she said, "you know Mr. Roosevelt believes in boiling it up twice."

Bessie's nose went up. "I ain't sayin' Mr. Roosevelt ain't a smart man, Mis' Carrington, but he better just preside and not try to be a cook."

Alix said suddenly, "Bessie! Sugar! It must be time for the next coupon. I forgot again yesterday. Bessie, write it down for me. I'll stop for it when I take the children to school."

I wish I were one of those efficient women, she thought; a nice feminine filing cabinet. She went to the front door and admitted Priscilla, the cocker. Priscilla came in like a golden maple leaf, very breezy and gay. She bounced against Alix, as extravagantly pleased as if she hadn't seen her ten minutes ago. Then she dashed to the kitchen.

The house was fully awake now. Alix thought it sounded like a freight yard at switching time. Jim was busy not finding something in his dresser. Tommy had his radio on, obviously gathering current events on the fly. The newscaster was announcing loudly that the bill for drafting eighteen-year-olds had passed. Tommy was fourteen, a freshman in high school. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Alix was limited in her mathematics by having to count on her fingers, but she could count this very well.

Penelope was singing in the bathroom.

"I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," she sang. That meant she had the date she wanted for the evening; what she called a smooth one. Because usually she was impossible before breakfast. Alix concentrated. John Westcott. The sophomore at the university, the football player.

"Breakfast's ready!" Alix called up the stairs. "Come on down!"

Jim came first. In his brown tweeds, he looked nice and big and clean and steady. Usually he had a pleasant smile on that firm mouth and a twinkle in his brown eyes, but today he was frowning.

"Alix, where did you put the B book for the car?"

"B book?" asked Alix vaguely. She kissed him. "You smell good, darling. I like that shaving lotion."

"Don't go off on a tangent," he said, knowing her very well. His hand pulled at a curl. "You had it last. I distinctly remember giving it to you on Tuesday. There's only a gallon in the car now."

"It must be marvelous to remember distinctly," Alix admired him. "I never can. I mean, knowing it was Tuesday. I must say I did well to marry an engineer. Engineers are smart men."

"Alix, try to think!"

"I'll think like mad all through breakfast," she said, "if you concentrate on the children."

The radio went off, and Tommy came down the banisters, upset the telephone stand, narrowly missed the lamp. "Part of the Commando practice," he explained. "Hi-yah, Pop. Could you advance me next week's allowance?"

He was growing out of all his clothes. He was thin as a shad

and still awkward, but any minute now you might look at him and see not a child, but a man.

When the three of them were drinking their tomato juice, Pen drifted in. They all looked up at her; she was meant to be looked at. She wore a yellow sweater, brown pleated skirt, faded brown socks and the eternal dirty saddle shoes. Everything seemed to change among the girls in the course of time except the passion for dirty saddle shoes.

Pen had her father's brown eyes and her mother's coppery hair—in a manner of speaking. She really had her own of both: the brown darkened to soft velvet; the hair burnished. Her mouth was sensitive and sweet; her nose turned up a little, and in turning, caught a spatter of gold freckles from somewhere. Pen was a sophomore at the little college at the edge of town, and she considered that Hitler had personally waited until she was grown up to wage this war, simply demolishing the young secure world she wanted.

Now she said, "Daddy, could I possibly have the car this afternoon for an emergency?"

Jim put down his cup. "Coffee's too weak," he said. "Now, Pen, you know about using the car."

"But this isn't pleasure," she said breathlessly. "We have to gather evergreens for the Harvest Dance. Daddy, we can't carry evergreen trees by hand! I'm chairman of the whole committee."

Jim put down his napkin. "The gas ration has been cut again," he said, "and besides, the coupon book is lost. Can't you rent a horse?"

Pen's lower lip quivered. "Daddy, it's fearfully important! John Westcott is taking me. I mean, it kind of is special. This is a very smooth date, Daddy. And I'm chairman!"

Jim said, "Take it up with your mother. If she finds the book."

"I can practically put my hand right on it," said Alix. "I've thought of four places it might be already."

Pen said tragically, "And next year we won't have any dance at all. This is the very last one."

"We're only young once," murmured Alix.

"What?" asked Jim.

"I was just remembering," said Alix. "Drink your milk, Tommy."

"Milk," he snorted, "at my age!"

"You think the Commandos get coffee all the time?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, sure they do, Pop."

"All right, they need it."

Tommy took a third piece of toast. "More jelly, Mom?"

"No, dear. But there's honey." She got up and brought it.

Bessie took out the empty cereal dishes. Alix detested cereal, but she had given her egg to Priscilla. Alix got along marvelously with her conscience. If eggs were only bought for the family and were eight cents apiece, she ate her egg in imagination or by proxy, and Pris ate it in reality. Nobody was deprived, actually. But cereal was fattening.

Breakfast over, they all piled into the car. "Car runs better," said Jim. "But even a good car needs gas."

Jim and Tommy had spent a whole day working on the car. Taking the

knock out of the engine. Jim explained.

"Well, you must have, you took out everything there was," Alix had commented doubtfully, looking at the eight thousand, four hundred pieces spread over the lawn.

Pris bounded in too. She couldn't see why they never took nice long drives in the country any more.

"If you don't locate the B book by afternoon," said Jim, "phone me and I'll try to bum a ride home."

"Oh, I'll find it," Alix promised.

The house looked serene and lovely as they drove away. It was at the end of Maple Street, a remodeled white farmhouse, and in the piping times of peace they had a gardener to tend the flowerbeds and lawn. Now, Jan was in Africa.

Alix thought: The Iris ought to be moved. What would Jan say? But when can I ever get the time to do it?

Jim got off at the corner of Main and hiked to the Medical Arts Building where his office was. Even with the whole economic life of the country jerking around like a cracked phonograph record, Jim kept his business going.

Alix breathed a thankful sigh as she realized the careful saving of years meant that now they would be able to get along, even if the business went. She dropped Tommy at a corner near Riverview High, with two other children picked up en route.

Pen got off at the bus station to catch her cross-county bus. It took a lot of time. Life is rather like a crossword puzzle, thought Alix, waving to Pen, and some of the words seem to be missing. Alb, now—alb is a fine word. What is an alb? It's in every puzzle in the paper. Something to do with llamas—or are *they* animals?

She called to Pen, "Phone me. I'll see about the gas! It might be—"

She went into a huddle with her conscience and came out happily. I can walk to club, she thought, and to Red Cross. I'll save enough gas so Pen can get the trees. It won't come out of anybody or be bad for the war or anything. Let the children have what they can while they can.

She went to the market. No more ordering by phone these days. You bought and lugged.

"Whatever you have," she said to Mr. Marshall, "I'll take some. Just don't ask me to multiply two and a half by four again like you did last week."

He grinned. "I got a bone extra, a soup bone for the dog."

"Oh, wonderful—a real bone!" Alix nearly clapped her hands.

He said confidentially, "It's old Mrs. Watkins' bone. Out of her veal. She can't chew anyhow, her teeth being so peculiar, so I just slipped it out and there it is! Isn't it a sweetheart?"

Mr. Marshall was really a poet about meat.

"It is a sweetheart," Alix was enthusiastic. "I do thank you."

"Oh, well," he said, "that nice

little dog, she don't know about these days. A dog's world, I guess, is always around home."

He gave Alix the package. She dashed out and went home, watching the gas gauge sink slowly toward the fatal red line.

She phoned the radioman that the best radio was having hiccups. He was sympathetic but helpless. His last repairman had gone in the Navy. Bessie reported that the vacuum cleaner had the blind staggers, and Alix stopped to help with the downstairs cleaning.

Then she hunted the gas book. With fierce concentration, broken by three phone calls, one visit from a war-bond committee, two telegrams for Jim, and one brief sally into the attic, Alix spent the rest of the morning hunting.

Bessie was very gloomy. "Them little



books," she said, "how's anybody going to lay hands on them?"

"I'll try the bedrooms," said Alix. "Yoicks, away!"

She found Pen's birth certificate and Jim's discharge from the last war. In our house, she thought, you can always find something. She found Tommy's last report card, and an open letter in Jim's desk from Roy McIntosh. Odd Jim hadn't mentioned it.

Roy was Jim's college roommate; they had left college together for the Rainbow Division. As Alix stuck the letter back in the pigeonhole, the first sentences stood out sharply in Roy's scrawl:

Well, sorry to hear you can't come with me. No furlough from your family, eh? I get my commission on the . . .

Alix closed the desk. The very idea, she

thought. Furlough indeed! What did Roy mean? He surely didn't think Jim would—Jim wouldn't dream—Jim had a family. Jim was doing his job right at home. Jim was forty-six, with three dependents. She shifted the cigarette box on top of the desk and laid her hand on the B book. She stared at it, not seeing it at all after all the feverish search.

Roy and Jim. The Argonne. Saint-Mihiel. Château-Thierry. They sounded like words from an old song after all these years, the agony and fear diminished by time. The words now were all new words. Dakar. Stalingrad. Guadalcanal. Wake Island. Midway. A new vocabulary but the same old pattern. Roy and Jim.

Alix shook herself from the queer sick fear and phoned Pen about the car. Then she went out to get the gas and

had the tires cross-switched while she was at the garage.

"I heard from Bill," said the garage-man. "He says he saw a wallaby."

"You were in the first war, weren't you?" Alix asked abruptly.

"Yeah. Wish I could go now. We got to clean them out good this time."

"Oh, I hate war," said Alix passionately.

"Guess we all do," he agreed. "But we're in it."

Alix drove back slowly. The little town looked secure and peaceful in the sunlight. It was like a thousand other little towns.

But the sky was different. A formation of bombers swung across it, flying like wild ducks in a flawless V. Their flight was swift and beautiful and terrible.

But Roy has no family, said Alix to the sky. He can pick up and go. Jim's got his job here. Jim can't get away. He's needed here. Who would organize the war-bond sales, head the civil-defense board, serve on the local draft board? Men Jim's age—they belong in the home front.

All the little jobs I do aren't important, she thought humbly, but Jim contributes so much all the time. Still, it was odd that he hadn't mentioned Roy's letter. Jim didn't just forget things the way she did. It was very odd.

When she called for him, she told him she had decided not to get a new winter coat. They could buy an extra war bond. Jim said all right, without much interest. He was abstracted, his mouth tight and his eyes dark. With one brown hand, he kept tapping the car window.

And all the time fear grew in her like a dark weed bearing heavy dark flowers. She couldn't just say, "Tell me, Jim." She had to ignore the strangeness. All these years, and now they were suddenly apart, separate. Why? What was it?

Sorry to hear you can't come with me. No furlough . . .

She brought him a whisky and soda before dinner. Pen was still out. Tommy wasn't home; he was always in detention nowadays. He was too restless, whispering, writing notes.

Jim picked up the paper. Pris flopped at his feet and slept, nose twitching after dream rabbits. Alix lighted the fire. Saving heat made the house cold at night.

Jim said, "Toulon. What do you think of that? The French fleet going down. It says four subs got away."

Alix said, "I always liked the French people. Do you remember the Street of the Fishing Cat in Paris?"

Jim threw down the paper and his voice was suddenly harsh. "I don't think the eighteen-year-olds are enough. They need older men too. Engineers. Alix—"

"There are lots of single men," said Alix in a whisper, "and they can draft the rest if they—if they really want them to go. The thing is to be sensible about it."

He looked at her and looked away. "You think a man shouldn't go—an older man like me, with a family and all the rest?"

"Jim," said Alix, "you've had your war. Remember?"

He looked at her again, a quick, direct look. "Roy's going."

Alix touched (Continued on page 120)

John was telling Alix about his quarrel with Pen when Jim suddenly appeared.





Mary McIntyre's eyes were moist—it couldn't be tears. "You look beautiful, Madame Arnaud," she said.

This story upsets all the rules,
for here it is a mirror that lies,
and a woman who tells the truth

Fitting at Noon

BY RITA WEIMAN

IT WAS strange to be walking along Fifth Avenue looking into the shop windows. It gave Letitia Arnaud the remote sense of walking in a dream, as if she must wake up and find herself again on the Rue de la Paix, pausing at haberdashery and leather, perfume, jewelry and blouse shops, flirting with the temptation to buy useless and beautiful things. During all the years of her absence, the fashionable Paris street had become so much more familiar; those few short blocks from the Opera House to the Place Vendôme where the circle of old buildings held more lure for a woman than any similar area in the world.

Within that magic circle for sixteen years famous French designers had made her clothes; longer, because as a girl, long before she married Raoul, she had gone abroad every summer to select her winter wardrobe from fabulous collections. It had been a sort of ritual, like going to London for the season, to Scotland for golf, to Juan-les-Pins for the hot lazy Riviera summer. Forgotten names now were the houses of Polret, Cheruit, Drécoll, just as her own name was forgotten.

Would any of these people hurrying along sunlit Fifth Avenue have the slightest recollection of Letitia Gregory? Even the older ones who might have been among the jam that almost knocked down the awning when, sixteen years ago, she had stepped from her limousine up the carpeted steps of the very church she was passing, would they remember? Would they give a glance to the proud foreign-looking woman in shabby black? Or if they did, would they connect her in any way with the dazzling bride they had elbowed one another to catch a glimpse of?

At least the church was standing. So many other buildings she had known like old friends were gone. The old Tiffany. Red Cross workers sat behind the plate glass she had just looked through and tried to visualize the girl she used to be, whirling in with Raoul, excited and important in their love, as if no other couple had ever stormed the counter where wedding rings were displayed. The pair of them bending close, while she tried on flexible diamond links and platinum circlets engraved with orange blossoms. In the end Raoul had designed her ring. "It must be like no other woman's, my darling. Because you are like no other woman." And it was like none she

had ever seen, a crown with a tiny square diamond in the center. Of all the jewels he had given her, it was the only thing she had left.

She walked up the church steps, pausing in the dim vestibule, looking up the aisle along which the girl who had been the lovely Letitia Gregory had traveled to marriage; the altar under the stained-glass window with winter sunlight streaming warm through the colors. "I, Raoul, take thee, Letitia..." His voice with its irresistible French accent came to her as it had come that day. They had taken each other "till death us do part." No mere words, that pledge. The world might call it another international match, another European title attaching itself to an American heiress. They knew better. They knew they were taking each other for no other reason than their love and that it would be for all time.

She could not see the altar now and so she bowed her head until her eyes were cleared. Without glancing up the aisle again, she stood in the doorway listening to the voice of the past to which at thirty-six she belonged.

Raoul's voice, "My wife," as they drove away from church. Raoul's voice in her father's home answering toasts to the bride and groom in bootleg champagne. Raoul's voice on the deck outside their suite that night whispering his love as they sailed for his France. It had become her France too and all the pattern of her life had conformed to his. They had traveled casually, lavishly, throughout Europe, losing thousands over gaming tables and at the races. Her money, but what did it matter? There had never been any question of whose income they spent. What was hers was his just as she was his without reservations. When Raoul had funds, he flung them into gifts for her. Insanely extravagant gifts that could never be measured by the price he paid for them. Raoul never bargained. He never bargained for anything, even his life when he could have exchanged it for information to the enemy.

Only once had they returned to her country. That was to settle Hilliard Gregory's estate, sadly depleted by the 1929 crash.

That was in another existence. This Letitia Arnaud had come back by Clipper only a week ago, her visa obtained through the political influence of distant cousins, the Keith Hilliards, who cabled her, "Come home," and sent her the funds to get here. But before that, long before, she had escaped into unoccupied France and then into Switzerland, and then, after months of waiting, she had managed to get to Lisbon. Always escape, yet there was no escape. She had found that out.

She went down the church steps. Ahead, the miracle of Rockefeller Center rose more startling than anything she had ever seen except the Taj Mahal. They told her that before the dimouts, the mass of skyscrapers had shown white under a blaze of illumination against the night sky. When she and Raoul were last here, whole blocks (Continued on page 114)

They Also Serve

The boys in 1-B are proving to be A-1 soldiers
even if they weren't 1-A in the draft—
the inside story of the training
of the physically handicapped

BY
HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE



Major General Sanderford Jarman, who turns 1-B's into first-rate fighting men.

THE SIREN screamed an air alert at a gun battery of the Antiaircraft Artillery Command, Eastern Defense Command. Soldiers rushed from barracks and recreation rooms.

They all whooped and hallooed like the huntsmen they are as they ran—and before the first fading echo of the siren came back, the range finders and other secret devices had been manned. This was a surprise alert, using Air Force bombers, with which AA officers test the alertness of their units.

Sergeants began to bawl:

"Range section in order!"

"Guns in order!"

"Battery ready for action!"

"Target—leading element of bombers—approaching from north!"

"On target!"

Then, from the battery commander:

"Dummy ammunition, fire five rounds!

Commence firing!"

With machinelike precision the gun

crew passed the dummy ammunition; rammed the shells home, slammed the breeches.

It was a magnificent exhibition of team co-ordination.

Watch in hand, Major General Sanderford Jarman, commanding general of the Antiaircraft Artillery Command, noted each passing second and each passing shell, and when fifteen rounds had been fired, he held up his right hand.

"Cease firing," ordered the battery commander.

"Fine work, men!" the General exclaimed.

With obvious pride, Major General Jarman turned to me. "These men whom you have seen in action were classified in Selective Service as 1-B's—men with physical handicaps barring them from

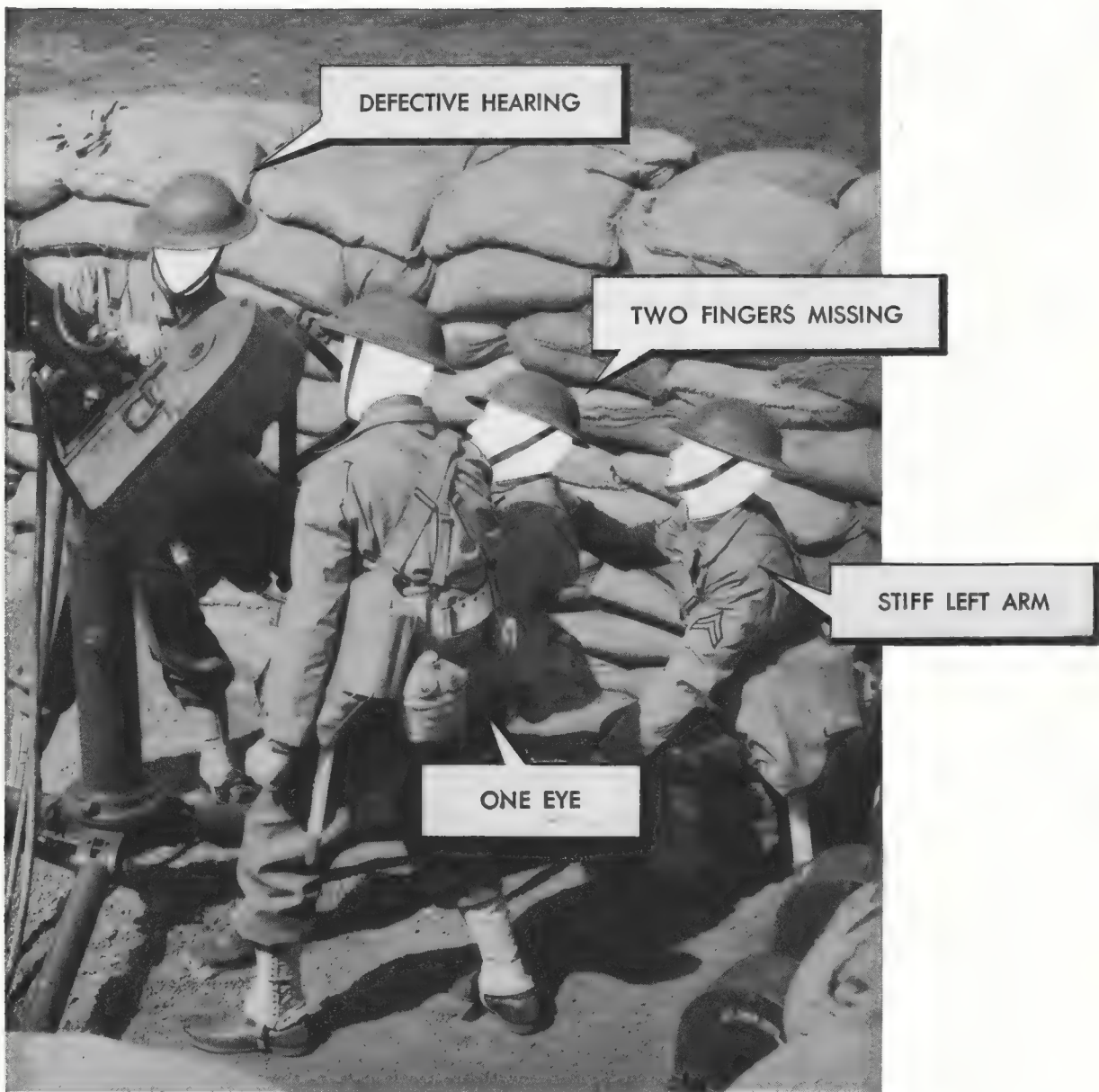
the armed forces except for limited service. Limited service originally meant jobs as clerks and such at desks. Have you any doubt these men can serve their country with honor in the Antiaircraft Artillery Command? Does their job look like something 'limited'? True, most of them couldn't march thirty miles a day or qualify as Rogers' Rangers; but these men are ready to man antiaircraft guns. There are some 700,000 of these limited-service men in this country, clamoring for combat service. And what a job they will do! I know, because the first unit was sworn into service in my command. Let's stroll over to the parade ground and talk with some of them."

We walked. A bitter wind was whistling off the ocean. Snow swirled. Four football teams—limited-service men all—were battling in the snow. Others were drilling—left, right, left, right. Awkward squads, directed by hard-boiled sergeants, were trying to make their feet track in



BROKEN ARCHES

AAA Command photo



the same direction. Red-faced, wind-tanned soldiers were being instructed by soft-spoken officers in the use and mechanics of mobile antiaircraft guns. The General and the writer paused at an instruction group.

"T-e-n-s-h-u-n," barked a sergeant.

The men—with three days of service behind them—snapped to attention. Heads erect and smiling, the recruits felt with cold fingers for the seams of their trousers—seams not to be found in fatigue uniforms.

Major General Jarman smiled back, looked them over, and spotting a better than six-footer, beckoned him.

The rookie stepped forward, saluted, grinned.

"You look like a husky coal miner from Pennsylvania," said the General. "Are you?"

"No, sir, I'm from Brooklyn, sir," came the answer.

"Have you had any formal education?"

"Yes, sir, I have two university degrees, sir."

"Two! What was your vocation?"

"I was a corporation lawyer, sir."

"Good. You sound like officer material.

What is your physical disability?"

"I have a bad eye, sir."

"Which eye?"

"The right one, sir."

"It looks like a good eye."

"It is, sir—but it's glass."

The General looked again at the group and called another rookie. "What was your vocation, son?"

"It was an avocation, sir."

"Just what do you mean?"

"I was a manager of prize fighters."

"What is your physical disability?"

"General, sir, I've got the flattest and coldest feet in America. I've got a bad left eye, too, but I figured, sir, when I volunteered, I'd need only one eye to sight a gun. It's good as gold for that."

The General gazed about, his eyes

fixed on another recruit. "Come here, young man," he called.

The kid stood at attention.

"What is your physical disability?"

"I have a stiff left arm, sir."

"What do you mean—a stiff left arm?"

"I can bend it only halfway to the shoulder, sir."

"Is it a handicap in this service?"

The boy beamed; his eyes brightened.

"Oh, no, sir! It was made to order for catching discharged projectiles from the big guns."

The General beckoned an unusually obese young man. "And what was your vocation?"

The fat chap grinned sheepishly. "Bar-tender, sir."

"Oh-ho! Any good at old-fashioned?"

"With bourbon, sir?"

"Decidedly."

"I'm quite handy, sir."

"What is your disability?"

"A really dry (Continued on page 94)

The Inside of the House

Once the gracious English house had closed its doors to romance.

**Now within its ruins a boy and girl
find the foundation for a lasting love**



ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

BY
MARGARET
CULKIN
BANNING



A COSMOPOLITAN NOVELETTE

NOT UNTIL Lieutenant Jones of the U. S. Army rounded the corner was he sure that this was the same Square. He had not been in England for three years, and this part of London had never been his stamping ground. But the minute he saw that little oval park in the middle of the Square he knew that he was not mistaken. It was permanently marked in his memory. He had walked up and down that very gravel path one spring night in 1939, almost afraid to enter the house on the other side of the Square, not because of its size and stateliness, but because he had been wondering how he would look to Joyce when she saw him in her own environment.

He had certainly found out, he said to himself, and the thought could still raise a mental welt. But he had stopped blaming Joyce for that.

The house was not visible from here because the trees in the tiny park this June were as green and flourishing as if there had been no blitz. But the church on the corner had caught it, Tawny noticed. It was now only the shape of a church, roofless and burned out inside. Joyce had told him that her mother had been married there, but no fashionable marriages would be solemnized in that deserted shell for a long time to come. Perhaps Joyce herself had been married in the church before it was bombed. She had probably found a gentleman soon enough.

I could have given her more than a lot of manners, thought Tawny. I loved her to beat hell then, and I'd have kept right on loving her. He knew that was true because, even now, when he was breaking his resolve not to think of her any more, she seemed more alive and real and desirable than any girl he had seen since. She spoiled the other girls for me, he thought. I guess I didn't do as much for her. I was pretty raw that night. Probably rawness in an American boy doesn't matter as much to these people now as it did then. Now we're all wearing uniforms and are lined up on the same side.

Shock stopped his thoughts. He whistled in surprise and dismay. For there wasn't any house on the corner. An iron fence, a few walls and partitions were all that remained of the one-time town residence of Sir John Seafield, that center of a strictly chosen society, that repository of choice furniture collected by generations of a wealthy family.

Tawny Jones of Minnesota stood in front of it, staring. He was hard to shock after what he'd already seen in England; after what he had seen in Spain in 1937. It wasn't the ruin of stone and timbers that overwhelmed his imagination, but the evidence of the upheaval in the lives of those people who had dwelt here with such sure confidence.

Right there—where that piece of mantel hung—must have been the room where Sir John stood, making his speech about the Empire, getting under Tawny's skin, acting as if he had the power to be right. I talked back to him, all right, remembered Tawny. Poor Joyce couldn't shut me up.

He saw something else clinging to the skeleton of the mansion: a rag against a back wall. It was a dirty, sooted piece of wall covering, but it was still yellow after long months of exposure to weather. Its color recalled to Tawny the way that room had looked with the yellow silk stuff on the walls. Joyce's mother had sat on a sofa that was pale yellow too, like her hair. She had been very polite to him. I really believe

After dinner the antagonism between Tawny and Sir John was carried to the drawing room.

she was trying to be nice to me, thought Tawny regretfully. She did her best. But I



was on edge from the minute I entered that house.

The memory of that evening was sharp and clear. The house was almost before his eyes again, not only in structure, but with the people moving about inside it: Sir John with his graying mustache and thin red cheeks; his wife Vivian not quite so beautiful as the oil painting of her in the same room, but anyone could see that she had been. There was the smooth old bird of a butler who no doubt got everyone's number; the other fellow in the dining room who seemed to be wound up and started going automatically every time he moved, and the cute maid who was all dressed up, just like one in a play. And Joyce.

Joyce had been panicky at first at the way things were going, and then she began to get angry. She had had on a long white party dress that night. Tawny had never seen her in evening clothes before. She was so lovely she had seemed out of reach. Quite out of the reach of an American boy at Oxford on a Rhodes scholarship, with a home background that she'd never fit into, and a career yet to be made.

He had met Joyce Seafield at Oxford. She had been there for a week end visiting some people and he saw her twice, on two successive days, which was long enough for him to be sure he'd never met a girl who seemed more what a man would want for himself. Of course at first it was because of her looks. Her skin was clear and there was honest color in it

when she was out in the wind, as they were on that first afternoon in Barrington's car, and when they played tennis as they did on the second day. Her brown hair fell away from a white, innocent forehead, and she had violet eyes under black brows. It looked too good to be true but it was all real, Tawny soon decided. She had brains too. She was a girl who was interested in things.

"What are you doing over here?" she asked.

"What am I studying? Economics and government."

"To teach?"

"No," said Tawny. "I wouldn't make any sort of teacher. No, I want to help put some of the ideas in the books into actual circulation. When I get through here I have a notion of getting a job that will give me a close-up of government machinery at home. I'd like to get into politics. Run for office. Maybe that seems a funny idea to you—"

"Why, no. Why should it? Lots of men in my family have had government jobs. It's a very useful kind of work."

"That's what I want. To be a little useful as well as to make a decent living, of course."

She said, "Do you suppose we'll have to go to war?"

"I don't see how England can keep out of it."

"My father thinks we may be able to settle things without war."

"He's just hoping," said Tawny, but not gloomily. He knew that there had to be trouble ahead, but it wasn't here yet, and

at the moment he was with the prettiest and sweetest girl he'd ever met. It was only May in 1939, and Great Britain was still struggling with conscription and nonaggression treaties, and fears and hopes like Sir John Seafield's, though Tawny didn't know then that Joyce's father had a title. He never paid much attention to the parents of his girls at home.

But he did want to see Joyce again. It didn't seem impossible, for he was going to London within a week to listen in at some sessions of Parliament. She seemed to like the idea of a meeting, and they made an engagement for lunch.

"I know a place where they have good food," he said, "right off Piccadilly. Called the Hanover Grill."

"I've never been there. That would be fun."

"It looks as if I have to show you your own town. Where shall I call for you?"

"Wouldn't it be better if I met you there, if you're going to be in Parliament all morning?"

"Would you just as soon? Would you rather?"

She met him that day, and the lunch lasted a long while. Then they took a walk through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. They stopped to listen to a soapbox orator who was prophesying the end of the world, but it didn't seem to them that it was very likely. The world was looking better to them every minute; more as if it were beginning. They fed the swans and sat on a bench and decided things about democracy.

Finally Joyce realized what time it was. There was something she had promised her mother to do and she was going out to dinner, so she had to take a taxi. They were going in different directions, so she wouldn't let him come with her. But she promised to meet him for lunch if he stayed over and told him to telephone her in the morning. He found the address in the telephone book and wrote down the number before he went to bed in his inexpensive hotel that night.

She said, next day—it was raining and there was no chance of a walk, so they lingered for an hour over coffee—"I was telling my mother about you and she'd like to have you come to dine."

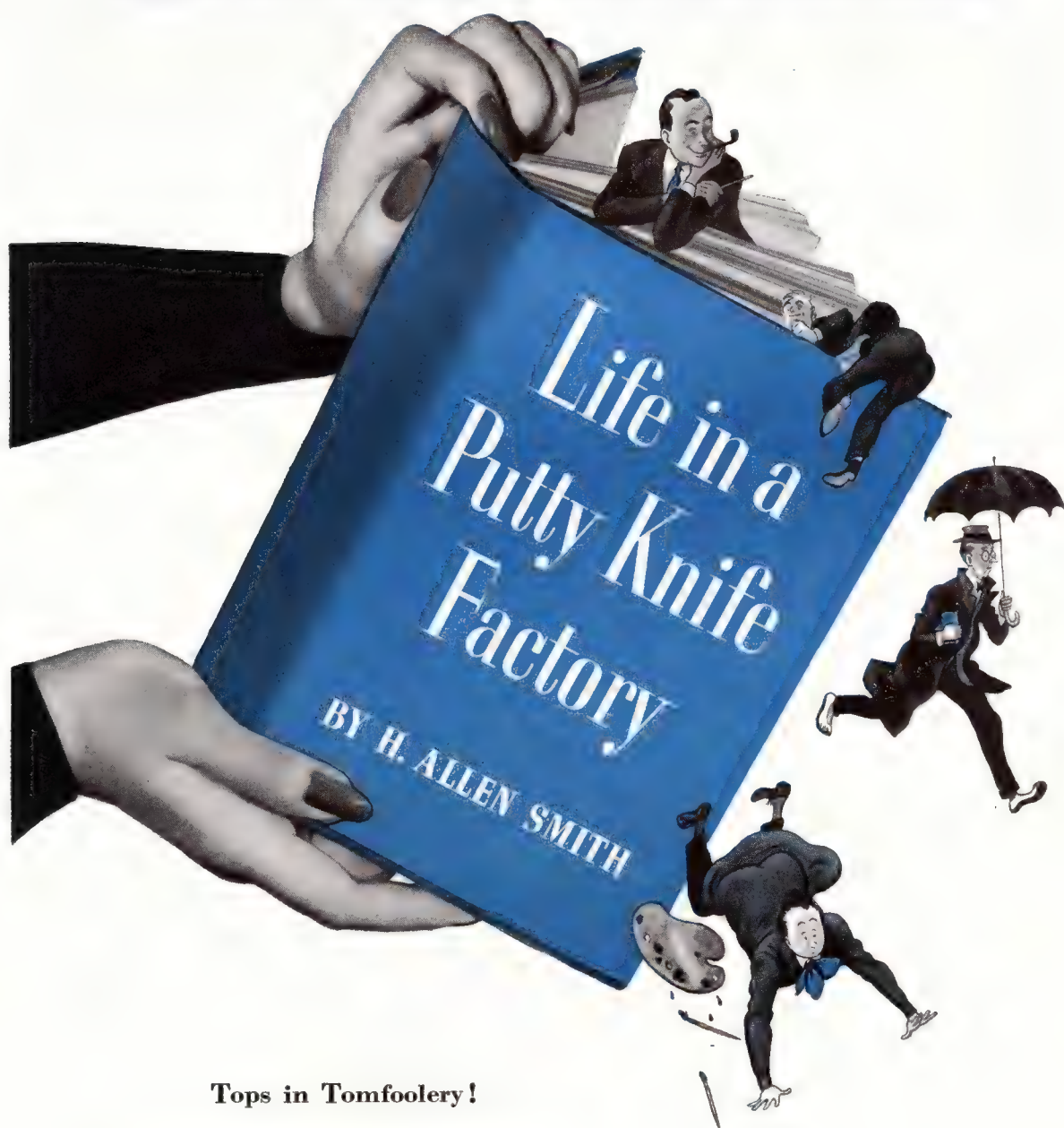
"That's grand of her. But look—I didn't know your father had a title until I saw his name in the telephone book. He's Sir John. isn't he?"

"Yes, but—"

"It doesn't matter to me," said Tawny, "but I don't know (Continued on page 81)



"I'm leaving London in an hour, darling," Tawny said. "Will you follow me, Joyce?"



Tops in Tomfoolery!

New chapters from the secret life

of the author of "Low Man on a Totem Pole"

SOME TIME ago I finished writing a conglomerate mess of letterpress called "Low Man on a Totem Pole." I sent the manuscript off to the publisher and went about my ordinary pursuits and frivolities.

Almost at once I began thinking of things that should have been included in that book—things which fitted perfectly here or there but which I had forgotten. Sometimes I'd sit down at the typewriter and peel off a dozen pages of stuff that should have been put into "Low Man on a Totem Pole."

This sort of thing went on for a long time. Then one day last summer I found myself with nothing to do. So I picked up my box of notes and began rummaging through its contents. This book came largely out of that box.

It is not, therefore, precisely a sequel to "Low Man on a

Totem Pole." It is more of a companion piece. If you could take the chapters of "Low Man on a Totem Pole" and the chapters of this book and riffle them together in the manner of an adroit card-shuffler, you'd come close to fitting them together properly. I'm confessing, in other words, that this book is technically imperfect and, in fact, a botch. It lacks continuity. A chapter here and a chapter there . . . that's the way it was put together out of The Box.

If you are not a literary critic, you probably don't know that lack of continuity is a serious defect in a book. There are several recognized methods of correcting this defect—technical or mechanical devices which writers use to make their chapters flow together. I'm not going to bother about any of these corrective methods.



Two barrels of apples and two small boys create a miracle in a cherry tree.

Hoaxing as a Fine Art

Practical jokers are as common as bum spellers around a newspaper shop. Hoaxing, in fact, seems almost a part of the business. I have worked on more than a dozen newspapers and each had at least one practical joker on the premises.

My initiation into journalism was by way of a fairly common joke. It came on the second day of my employment at the Huntington Press. I remember that it was a steaming afternoon and I was applying myself to the hen-scratches used in proofreading when Mr. George Wood, foreman of the composing room, stepped into the editorial department and engaged the managing editor in conversation.

"I've got to have that nonpareil spaceband," said Mr. Wood, "and I've got to have it right away. You'll have to find somebody to send."

The two of them looked at me, and I was all eagerness to serve. At last they decided I was trustworthy and the managing editor told me to trot down to Rox Cartwright's print shop and get a nonpareil spaceband for Mr. Wood.

Rox Cartwright's print shop was a good half-mile away but I got there in handy time. Mr. Cartwright was a tall, solemn man and when I told him I had come to get a nonpareil spaceband for Mr. Wood, he looked me up and down and said, "Where's your truck at?"

I assured him I had no truck, whereupon he sighed heavily and led me around to the rear of his shop. There he dug an old wheelbarrow from a pile of junk, and pointed out a huge piece of machinery as being the nonpareil spaceband. I helped him load it on the wheelbarrow, thanked him and started off with it.

The nonpareil spaceband proved a greater burden than I had ever been called upon to handle before, but I tugged and shoved and sweated until, at last, I arrived in the alley alongside the newspaper office.

Mr. Wood came into the alley, took one look at my unwieldy cargo and began to purple the neighborhood with strong language.

"Take it back!" he cried. "Take it out of my sight! Take it back to Rox Cartwright and tell him, for me, that he's gettin' old. I said nonpareil spaceband and what does he send me! A pneumatic slugline!"

The trip back with that pneumatic slugline was much worse than the original journey. I could only make it a few feet at a time and nothing but a single hope bore me up. I figured that the genuine nonpareil spaceband would not likely be as heavy as the pneumatic slugline Rox Cartwright had given me by mistake.

Finally I reached the print shop, gasping for breath, barely able to tell the proprietor what Mr. Wood had said.

Rox Cartwright shoved the wheelbarrow to the rear of the shop and dumped the huge hunk of iron—actually part of an old flatbed press—onto the ground. He was looking over an even bigger chunk of machinery when human compassion caused him to turn and examine me.

It must have been fairly obvious that I would never be able to stand up under another trip with a nonpareil spaceband. Rox Cartwright stood and studied the thing over in his mind a bit; then he spoke:

"You better go on back to the shop. This is a little joke they played on you. You go on back and tell George Wood that enough is enough, and also tell him for me that he's an old goat. There is no such thing as a nonpareil spaceband, and if there was a nonpareil spaceband, it wouldn't be no bigger than the blade of a pocket knife. Now, go on back."

Years after the affair of the nonpareil spaceband it was my privilege to make the acquaintance of the most accomplished practical joker of the contemporary scene. He is a thirty-five-year-old artist named Hugh Troy.

Hugh Troy's father was a professor at Cornell and Hugh's penchant for pranks dates back to his boyhood in Ithaca.

"When I was a kid," he said, "the people next door closed their house and went off to Europe for six months. They had a big cherry tree in their back yard. We heard they were coming back two weeks before their arrival in Ithaca. My brother and I spent those two weeks hard at work. We filled that cherry tree full of apples, fastening them onto the limbs with bits of wire. We used two barrels of apples and when the people came home and saw their cherry tree bearing apples, they called in half the town to look at the miracle before they found out it was a hoax."

Hugh attended Cornell and his years at the university were made up of a succession of gags. The skipper of a dinky trolley car came to resent Hugh's presence in town. Whenever the car approached, Hugh would step forward and signal it to stop. Then, with easy nonchalance, he would place one foot on the car step, tie his shoelace, utter his thanks to the motorman and wave the trolley on its way.

A certain professor of architecture at Cornell—prototype of the absent-minded pundit—habitually wore rubber overshoes to class if the weather report even hinted at rain. One very wet day Hugh purloined the rubbers for a few hours and painted them to resemble human feet. He then covered them with lampblack and put them back in the locker room. That afternoon the unsuspecting professor started home in the rain. He had walked no more than a block before the



The headwaiter was horrified to see the grimy workmen in his sedate precincts.

LIFE IN A PUTTY KNIFE FACTORY

lampblack was washed away and such citizens as happened to be abroad were startled to see him sloshing along, so it appeared, in his bare feet.

When he had finished college Hugh Troy came to New York to make a name for himself as an artist. Usually he shared living quarters with other college men and usually they were up to no good.

Early one morning Troy led four companions down Fifty-fourth Street to Fifth Avenue. They wore overalls, carried picks and shovels, and had provided themselves with red lanterns and "Men Working" signs.

Opposite the old Rockefeller town house they set to work ripping up the pavement. They labored through the morning and by noon had dug quite a hole in the street. Hugh posted flags and signs and they knocked off for lunch. He led his fellow laborers into the dining room of a fashionable hotel near by. The headwaiter was horrified as the grimy workmen tramped into his sedate precincts. Hugh quickly identified himself and whispered:

"It's all right. It's a little joke the manager wants us to put over."

After a hearty meal, during which many of the other guests sniffed in the general direction of the chandeliers and then stamped out of the place, Hugh led his boys back to the diggings. They worked through the afternoon until they had a hole big enough to drop a car into; then they put up their lanterns and signs and quit.

Troy confessed to one great frustration. He was walking on Fifth Avenue one day when the window display in a fashionable beauty salon caught his eye. In the foreground was a single flickering flame—the flame of eternal beauty or some such thing. For a long time Hugh schemed and plotted ways of getting into the salon window unobserved, but he never made it. He wanted to hang a frankfurter over the eternal flame.

In Defense of Horse Opera

The attitude of the New York movie critics toward the horse opera (known in Variety as mustang mellers and giddy-appers) has always been a source of chagrin to me. These critics scarcely recognize the existence of Westerns unless they are high-budget pictures with Gary Cooper playing the lead.

Once I wrote an attack on the critics, along these same lines, and it came to the attention of a Mrs. Polly Robichaud, of Mill Valley, California. Mrs. Robichaud wrote me a letter. She said that she and her husband were regular customers at a little movie house which played nothing but giddy-appers. They liked them. She said that their friends chided them about their low tastes, but the Robichauds were always amused, when the lights went up in the little movie, to find several of those same friends trying to sneak out, unseen.

Mrs. Robichaud said she'd quit going to the movies if they didn't have Westerns, and she told about a dandy she had seen the night before. I'm sorry I missed it. In this one the sheriff is sound asleep in his little bedroom. Suddenly the door is pushed open and in comes a horse.

The horse goes over to the bed and begins nudging the sleeping sheriff with his nose. Finally the sheriff awakens, sits up in bed, stares at the intruder, and then says: "Wal, I swan! Th' crittur wants me tuh foller him, I reckon!"

That's what it was! The sheriff strapped on his guns and the horse went ahead of him—leading him to an abandoned mine where the hero was hanging by one foot directly over the mine shaft and the sputtering fuse was within two inches of the dynamite.

That, pardners, is the way it should be. There's no room for the Hemingway treatment in Western movies or Western books. There's no room for realism because a real-life cowboy is a pretty dull citizen. I know.

Your hidebound theatergoer usually sneers at motion pictures and in so doing afflicts me with all the symptoms of hydrophobia. I go to the legitimate theater two or three times a year, not to look at the people on the stage but to contemplate the deodorized ladies of the audience and the silk-hatted weregoats who serve those ladies as escorts. Thus the most interesting part of an evening at the theater—to me—is intermission, when the customers gather in the lobby to smoke and to smell up the premises with their conversation.

I've had a real hot yen to see but one stage play and it was never produced. It was written by a pleasant man named Frank White, who used to hang around the Denver Press Club. Frank White was a former newspaperman who played a good game of poker and, if pressed, would recite the play he had written. I don't remember the title of the opus but I do remember the way the script goes. Of it, Frank White used to say: "I can always lay claim to one distinction. I am the author of the shortest play ever written."

The White drama has a single stage setting: the dreary living room of a New England farmhouse. As the curtain rises two characters are on stage. Lying in front of the fireplace is Eb, the son of the family. He is writing with chalk on the back of a shovel. Seated in the rocking chair is the daughter of the family, Marybelle.

Suddenly the door is flung open, revealing at one and the same time a blizzard and Paw. Paw holds the door open long enough for the audience to recognize the full fury of the storm outside. He is a tall geezer with chin whiskers. He slams the door, stamps the snow from his feet, crosses the room and confronts Marybelle. He stares down at her a moment, then lifts his arm, points to the door and says:

"Git out!"

Eb looks up from his shovel and says, "Whatsa matter, Paw? She ain't done nuthin'."

And Paw replies, "I know she ain't done nuthin', but it's a snowin' out, an' out she goes!"

There's a play I could enjoy, though given my choice of seeing it on the stage or on the screen, I'd take it on the screen.

People who are stage-daffy strike me as being of the same caliber as autograph bugs. If they ever go to a movie I have an idea they sit for ninety minutes, saying to themselves, "That's not really Joan Crawford up there. That's not anybody at all. Nobody. Only a bunch of photographs. No more Joan Crawford than I am. Joan Crawford's out in Hollywood." If they were seeing Joan Crawford on the stage, they'd apparently get a tingle from the fact of their being within a few yards of Joan Crawford in the flesh. I think such people suffer from the disease called Vicarious Vertigo. I know all about that disease because I've had it for years.

I am personally acquainted with Irving Berlin through Vicarious Vertigo. Know him well. (Continued on page 149)

DRAWINGS BY RICHARD DECKER



I did everything but crawl up on the table trying to watch Emily Post take on fodder.



The friends who sneer at horse opera are often caught trying to sneak out unseen.

MICHAEL LONG shifted in his seat and settled down for a spell of steady flying. Conditions were not good. It was raining; the windshield and escape hatch were leaking badly; the clouds were infested with up-currents, and static on the aerial set up an unholy oscillation in the intercom.

Michael's silence reacted on the crew. Usually he kept them amused with his conversation, but tonight he was bad-tempered. It was not the weather; he had often flown through worse. It was not that the target was Berlin; he had often been to Berlin, and gunfire had never frightened him.

He was bad-tempered because he could not get Potter out of his mind. Potter was a pest, and a rich one at that. He worked in a government office and talked as though he were running the war. Pamela was his secretary. How she stood the man Michael could never comprehend, but lately the two were never very far apart. Michael loved Pamela, damn it! It had never occurred to him that he would not marry her, but today for the first time he had begun to wonder.

Suddenly where there had been nothing but cloud, there was a break and below it a coastline. Michael shrieked down the intercom, and the navigator dived into the turret. He pressed his nose against the bomb-aimer's panel and stayed there during the few seconds that the coast remained in sight; then he came back to his table and switched on the light. Impossible; it could not be, and yet it was. There was no mistaking the bay he had seen below; he knew Nordstrand of old, and it was dead on track. Never before had they met with luck like this. Even Michael recovered his good temper as they turned onto their course for Berlin.

They steamed on across Germany, through the searchlight belt of the Kiel Canal, past the defenses of Lübeck and Hamburg. The clouds faded out, searchlights reached unhampered far above them, and the moon revealed her naked splendor as they turned onto the last sixty-mile lap. A few miles ahead the outer defenses of Berlin were in action.

Michael looked at his watch: five past one; in twelve hours he would be having a drink with Pamela.

Forty-three miles from the Potsdamer Station, the first predicted gunfire of the night spattered the fuselage. Searchlights traced a weird pattern across the sky, some of them circling in clusters, others moving steadily in one direction, as though with a purpose. Perhaps they were looking for Michael, perhaps not. He took no chances. He dived, he turned, he climbed and then he turned again.

For thirteen minutes they flew southward through a torrent of shells, and then the navigator shouted: "E.T.A." The barrage reached the height of its fury, so did the tension in the aircraft. Occasionally the control column shuddered in Michael's hand as a shell burst within range, but the barrage now was indiscriminate and not predicted. He opened the window and turned his attention to the ground below him.

Berlin stood out like bas-relief, and the Germans knew it; their gun crews probably had never worked faster in their lives. Michael completed his identi-

A SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

The Face in the Sky

**They couldn't believe
that such a badly damaged plane
could have been flown back
from Berlin by a wounded pilot.
But that is Michael's story—**

BY

WING COMMANDER E. L. CHESHIRE, D. F. C., D. S. O.

fication of the town, and went straight for the Potsdamer Station.

He banged the bomb-door lever down, pushed the stick forward to readjust the trim and listened to the navigator telling him which way to turn. As each bomb in turn fell off, the aircraft kicked upwards, so did the hearts of the crew.

The navigator said "Bombs gone," and Michael turned steeply round to port to watch the bursts. Twelve thousand feet: twenty-three seconds to reach the ground. No one noticed that for the past minute there had been no gunfire in the sky. The twenty-three seconds were nearly up, and the aircraft was almost on its side. Potsdamer Station was clearly in view, but none of them saw the bombs burst. Instead they heard a sickening staccato crash, and the starboard wing tip jerked up and over the vertical. That was the first shell of a Berlin barrage . . .

Back in England, Pamela woke suddenly from a fitful slumber, and for the first time in her life she felt, unaccountably, the pain of real fear . . .

As the force of gravity pulled Michael from his seat, he wondered what connection the gun flashes he could see on the ground had with the shells in the air. The escape hatch in the roof had blown away: between him and Berlin there was nothing but the power of his

fingers on the control column, and inside the aircraft there was pandemonium as the ammunition and accumulators crashed from their stowages.

Blood blackened Michael's eyesight, but with all the strength he had he pulled the control column back against his stomach. And when the gun flashes on the ground began to drop away in front of him, he fell back into his seat; the aircraft had started its inverted dive.

As the air-speed soared past the three hundred mark and on to four hundred, Michael's mind cleared. There was undeniable danger. The aircraft was vertical, screaming down towards Berlin. Somewhere on the starboard there was a persistent flicker of red. Something was on fire; something had been hit, probably an engine. The aircraft was heavy: it had not been built for aerobatics. If Michael pulled too heavily on the stick, the wings would come off, and if he did not pull heavily enough they would never come out of the dive. He clenched his teeth and tightened his hold on the stick. That bloody man Potter! Potter had said, "What you're doing is very brave and all that, but it doesn't really count when you compare it with the brainwork needed to run the war." To hell with Potter!

The searchlights staring up at Michael were very bright, but through them, dimly, he could see that the gun flashes





Michael fought the controls desperately as his bomber bucked through the hail of antiaircraft fire.

on the ground were falling further and further beneath him. Four thousand feet. They were past the vertical. They were pulling out. The dive was over at last.

A tall grim man appeared beside Michael as a shell burst close. On the starboard an engine belched flames. The engineer at Michael's side seized the petrol cock by the bulkhead door and slammed it down, but it sprang up again. He tore the panel off with his bare hands and looked at the rod. It was not moving, but merely bending. Somewhere along the line a connection was jammed; petrol was still pouring through and the flames were spreading. The engineer stood as if paralyzed. Then he remembered something. There was another cock which led to the tank itself. He raced back down the fuselage. The aircraft was bucketing from side to side. He tripped and pitched into the well, splitting open his head. Pain stabbed through him; the dark became darker still. For a while he lay and groaned. Then he reached his hand under the seat; he felt the petrol cock spring back behind the catch before unconsciousness encompassed him.

Michael felt the thrust on the rudder when the motor went dry. He pulled back the throttle, pressed the fire extinguisher, and waited. The flames died down, burst forth with a new, vicious energy and finally disappeared. Unconsciously he

had been flying east, and the altimeter read twelve hundred feet. It was a desperate situation: his power of maneuver was limited, his speed was slow, and the guns had him cold. From all sides they smashed into him, but still he kept flying. He feathered the dead engine to reduce the drag, turned west, and embarked on his mad break for freedom.

The minutes ticked by; one by one the guns closed down, and Michael and his crew limped on westward, through the Berlin defenses, across the two hundred and seventy miles of Germany, and finally out over the North Sea. Battered, torn and bleeding, they struggled through the December night. With each mile they fell a little lower, for one of the three remaining engines was damaged and losing oil. From nine hundred feet the breakers looked inviting, but there were other men, only names now, who had learned the deceptiveness of appearances. Inside the plane there was only the roar of the engines and the mumbling of the wireless operator as he tried to repair his radio set. If they landed in the sea, they might still be saved, if they succeeded in passing a message to base.

An hour went by: then another, and the engine was still running. Michael sat rigid and silent at the controls. Once he thought of Potter. But for the most

part his thoughts were fixed on the control column and the gyro.

The ambulance orderly who lifted Michael out of his seat wondered how an aeroplane so damaged could have flown so far, but it wasn't his job to wonder.

An hour later a nurse settled Michael down to sleep. She had heard of his flight across Berlin, when in the face of impossible odds he had looked into the sky ahead of him and carved a way to safety through the shells. And being young and beautiful she was interested.

Michael felt her warm breath on his cheek and painfully opened his eyes. Through the mist he saw a soft round face and a mass of blond hair. He stared at it and a strange, unaccountable recollection swept over him. "It can't be true, can it?" he said.

"What? What can't be true?"

"The face. Over Berlin there was a face in the sky ahead of me, and a voice saying, 'Follow me, and you won't come to any harm . . .'" His voice trailed off.

An orderly came in and whispered to the nurse. She looked down at the boyish face among the bandages, then said gently, "Yes, I think it was true. Her name is Pamela, isn't it? She's sent a message to you. She says she was there with you all the time, and she knows all about it. She's waiting outside."



Congratulations

Bill didn't believe Lydia until he looked into her eyes. Then he took her in his arms.

LYDIA sat in the deep chair by the window taking notes. The late December sunshine high-lighted her brown wool sweater, and her velvety brown lashes, and made little motes dance before her eyes. You had to concentrate when Captain William Jeliffe sat behind his desk, talking along in that half-serious, half-ironic way of his. Tomorrow morning she would make a résumé of these notes and hand them over to her employer in the Office of War Information. If she missed anything she'd be sorry . . . But the motes of sunshine danced before her eyes, and she hated herself royally.

Nothing, she knew, could be more evanescent and one-sided than the helpless misery that wound through everything Bill Jeliffe said to her and everything she wrote and every waking moment. He had taken her home four times, and they'd stopped for a cocktail each time. They'd sat opposite each other in dim, tailored little bars and Bill had talked, in his slow, drawing way, of this or that aspect of the world situation.

That was all there was to their friendship—if you could call it even that. And it certainly didn't entitle her to a lot of idiotic, schoolgirl dreams.

Bill worked as a liaison officer between Washington and the rest of the globe. Though he did not wear his uniform in the office, she was constantly aware of the dangers he had faced. He had been forced down in the Pacific, and torpedoed in the Atlantic, and he'd flown over countless battle fronts. Sometimes he'd be away for months at a time. But in Lydia's dreams, whenever he returned to Washington he came straight to her . . . "Did you get that last, Lydia?" he asked abruptly.

The question jerked her back. "Yes, I believe so," she said uncertainly. "But perhaps you'd better repeat it."

"Gladly!" Bill frowned, as though searching his memory. His homely, intelligent face seemed suddenly very remote. "I just said," he repeated carefully, "that when a girl has brown hair and brown eyes and sticks a pencil behind her ear, she interferes with the concentration of the party of the second part who is sitting behind a desk trying to think."

Lydia made a face at him, and then wrote it all down. And you would never

have guessed at the heavy, helpless pounding of her heart. "Anything else, Captain Jeliffe?" she asked demurely.

"Certainly," he said stiffly. "Put this in the form of a question. Who was the big, blond young man who took Miss Lydia Barton dancing last night?"

"Did you see us?" she asked in surprise.

He grinned. "I saw you getting into a taxi. You had on a white dress, and something shiny in your hair."

She wrote it all down, and he couldn't know that her hand was trembling. "Anything more?" she asked brightly. Because she couldn't think of anything else to say. Bill had been ironic often, but never as personal as this before.

"Just one thing more," he asked solemnly. "The young man looked both dependable and devoted. He also looked as though he was planning to kiss you in the taxi."

Maybe Bill was trying to hurt her. She didn't know. And Larry hadn't tried to kiss her. He had just sat there, looking very miserable. And after a while he had said, "If you won't marry me, Lydia, does that mean there's someone else?"

And she had said quickly, "Oh no, Larry." Because you couldn't call it "someone else" when you'd merely had cocktails four times with a man. Bill Jeliffe went everywhere. He was very much in demand in Washington. But he'd never asked her for a real date. He'd never taken her dancing or even to dinner. Their relationship was all like this—half bantering, half business. Loving him was the silliest, most improbable thing that had ever happened to her.

"He also looked as though he wanted to marry you," Bill went on. "And I should say, offhand, that he'd make a very acceptable husband. Or am I wrong?"

"No, you're quite right," she said crisply. "Shall I write that down, Captain Jeliffe?"

He grinned, and began to look a little ashamed of himself. "I'm sorry, Lydia," he said, "but I couldn't help seeing you last night. This world can be a pretty uncertain place, and you looked safe and protected with that young man. So if congratulations are in order, I want to offer mine."

She understood then, quite suddenly and clearly. Bill realized that she was in

love with him; he had seen right through her transparent little emotions. And he was trying to let her down easily. This was his not too subtle way of advising her to snap out of it.

If she'd had any hopes before, they died then. Even the dreams vanished, leaving a bewildered emptiness underneath a strong, tight armor of pride.

The late December sun made little motes of brightness before her eyes. And she said, without even a tremor in her voice, "I'd say you were practically clairvoyant, Bill. Because as it happens, congratulations are in order."

And even as she said it she realized that that was the inevitable and right thing to do. She had known Larry Bishop for over two years. He was, as Bill said, dependable and devoted. He was a good friend too. It didn't make her sick inside with a kind of fever every time she thought of him. But that wasn't necessary, perhaps it wasn't even desirable. After she had married Larry she'd realize that this other thing had been a mirage—a silly infatuation.

At night she used to lie awake and think of Bill Jeliffe tossing about the Pacific on a rubber raft. She'd heard that he'd refused his share of water because he'd said he had a sort of pouch, like a camel, somewhere in the region of his esophagus . . . She'd think of bravery like that, and of Bill, rangy and dark and awkward, trying not to take up too much room on the raft with those incredibly long legs of his . . . and she'd go all weak inside wanting to make him happy.

And all that was absurd, and utterly unsubstantial. Not a sound basis for marriage, not even a sound basis for dreams.

"Thank you very much," she said, after he had repeated his felicitations. "As a matter of fact it isn't announced yet. Though I imagine we'll have the wedding in a couple of months. Larry's in the department of economics, and he's expecting some kind of winter vacation."

"You have a dimple when you smile," Bill Jeliffe said unexpectedly. "I suppose that means you'll go to Florida. People in departments can always get places."

"That's so," Lydia murmured. She hated him now, and she wanted to run away. It seemed suddenly unbearable that he should (Continued on page 92)

are in Order

BY

ANNE HOMER WARNER

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The office is no place for romance,

as any good secretary knows,

but the rules don't cover falling in love



Photographs by Halsman

Miss Carroll proves she can take it when a lucky sailor comes home from the sea.



In the USS canteen at 30 East 37th Street, New York, Archie Gibbs (with pipe) tells of his unique experience as a prisoner in a Nazi submarine.



The man with the beard, Jack Ziereis, just back from India, meets his brother Joe at the canteen. They hadn't seen each other for six years.

Why I Joined the United Seamen's Service

FIRST OF all, I have always loved the sea and ships. I married a sailor. Since Pearl Harbor he has been carrying government cargoes in his own schooner, across the Caribbean, and I actually accompanied him on one of these trips (listed, incidentally, on the crew lists as "sailmaker"). During this and other trips, I was able to see the conditions under which merchant seamen were expected to work—in foreign and American ports—and was greatly distressed at the lack of accommodations and service these men were getting.

While my husband was at sea, I looked after his business and this necessitated many visits to Washington to talk with the Maritime Commission. Admiral Land, Chairman of the Maritime Commission, was so kind and helpful to me that I asked him if there was any way I could repay the Maritime Commission for their help to me and my husband—and incidentally repay my debt of gratitude to America. He then asked me if I would work with the newly formed United Seamen's Service, which has been created by the Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration to provide health and recreation facilities for merchant seamen both here and abroad, as well as aid in repatriation and other services so long needed by the men who are delivering the goods to our fighting fronts.

He gave me the job of Entertainment Director and also asked me to be a member of the Board of Trustees.

BY MADELEINE CARROLL



The boy with Miss Carroll is 14-year-old Fulton McKilligen of Edinburgh, Scotland, who acts as mess boy on a Norwegian freighter.



The hottest time at the canteen is on Wednesday nights when the Merchant Marine lads turn out in full force with their girls.



Miss Carroll busy signing her name for some of the boys who will shortly be signing their own for another perilous voyage.



The Great Daniel, famous magician, one of many professional performers from stage and screen who are glad to volunteer their services to the USS.

The Sin of the Angels

The marriage of Kim and Tick Farrell was turning out surprisingly well, people said—considering everything.

Only Kim herself knew when the first shadow fell over their happiness, and wondered

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

IN THE FIRST INSTALLMENT: "My sweet," said Tick Farrell, "I love you so very much, and I'm no good to you. I shouldn't have kissed you like that . . ."

They were alone together on the Golden Gate Bridge, Tick Farrell and Kim Lansing. This meeting, Kim had promised herself, would be her good-bye to the born adventurer who had crashed into her carefully mapped life at Mrs. Calhoun's reception, causing her to miss her chance to interest the wealthy Abroughs in her dream about another San Francisco fair. Causing her, too, to incur the anger of Clay Jackson, the young shipping magnate who wanted to marry her.

"I love you," she said, now, awkwardly. There it was. She who for years had hoped to become a great architect had given her heart to "a notorious man that's not received in decent society," as her aunt Lady Grossville called Tick Farrell. A gambler. A ne'er-do-well who eight years before had been engulfed in scandal when Veronica Abrough, another man's pampered, faithless wife, had killed herself for love of him.

"Listen to me, will you?" Tick said brutally. "I am the guy who doesn't believe in anything. Remember me? I love you. And I'm a gambler, but the price on that one is all wrong. I'd gamble with your shining future and the things you've dedicated yourself to. Sandy was right."

Sandy was Tick's grandfather Sandy Farrell, famous builder of great projects, who even in this year of 1937 was trying to interest Washington in fortifications on Wake and Midway. Old Sandy was disappointed in his grandson, the last of the fighting Farrells. There was no fight left in Tick, Sandy thought. He had run away from scandal—to the Orient, the

Islands—and had returned gay with belittling humor for such things as ideals of honor or work or loyalty.

"You are a girl for whom love wouldn't ever be enough," Tick continued to Kim. "You'd start trying to reform me, and then I'd hate you—"

He broke off. He had to kiss her again. "I'm going to take you home," he said.

"Then will you let me know what you're going to do with my life?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BEING DUMMY, Mrs. Peter Calhoun leaned back from the bridge table and became conscious of the soft sound of the piano. At the far end of the luxurious room, young Mrs. Farrell sat under a piano lamp that high-lighted the distinguished streak of silver in her black curls. The Dowager—always spelled with a capital *D* in San Francisco society columns—was glad her granddaughter, Pet Travis, had asked the Farrells this week. She was tremendously fond of the former Kim Lansing.

She was glad to see Kim, and she gathered that the young Farrells were popular in the hard-riding, hard-drinking circles of Pebble Beach. As far as the world could see, the marriage which had closed a good many doors to Kim Lansing was turning out well enough. But Mrs. Calhoun wondered if this sort of existence suited Kim, who had abandoned San Francisco society for the Beaux Arts immediately after her formal debut.

"Play me some Chopin, Kim," she called.

Kim nodded and slipped into the Nocturne in E-flat major. Music paced and cleared her thoughts. Tonight it walled her into solitude where she could



"We won," Francesca said excitedly and gave Tick a hug. "Isn't he wonderful?" she asked Kim.

think, and it had suddenly become a necessity that she should think. For a long time she had been flying through storms of thunder and lightning, and she must now look at her instruments and find out not only where she was, but where she was going.

Behind her lay the honeymoon. Those days must be among the great moments of every woman's life, glorious or tragic. Kim Farrell knew her luck, for she had found herself flesh of Tick's flesh; they were one flesh as marriage decreed. She knew that for her it would be forever and ever amen.

Was it as it should be that this passionate aspect of her marriage still dominated them, swept them into wild happiness far from the realities of every day? Or weren't the realities important when love filled life so completely?



In truth, there had been much else in these months of marriage to Tick Farrell. They were hardly past the Farallones before Tick's bride knew that he was at his best on a boat and blessed his grandfather, old Sandy, for this wedding gift of the trim forty-footer. Tick loved the little ship almost as much as he loved the sea. Kim was amazed that he knew so much, technically, about ships and shipbuilding, and probing a little, found a boyhood crammed with boats he had built himself, races on the bay and dreams he had had then of building ships. She thought Sandy might well have used that bent—and had not.

But Tick had grown restless. Would he always grow restless? They had spent hectic weeks at Ensenada, at Agua Caliente, where he had amused himself with the racing; at Santa Barbara and Holly-

wood, in which famed spot Tick Farrell had been enormously popular and his wife had been regarded as extremely high-hat.

Her husband!

Little sharply etched memories so fresh they were hardly memories, but rather like hearing a song over again.

"The thing I'd like most to see again is sunrise in Yosemite," she had remarked one night after they got back to San Francisco. "Why not?" asked Tick. So within the circle of his arm she had watched the next sunrise above Half Dome and El Capitán.

Leaning side by side on the stretch rail at Santa Anita to see an early workout, and Tick saying casually, "I'm going to

like being married to you very much." Startled, because she thought he had forgotten her in his preoccupation with the horses, she said, "Even though I can't figure out why it is so important to know which horse can run faster than the other?" "Even though," said Tick.

Long, lazy mornings in their gilt-and-green suite atop the Mark Hopkins, with coffee at their bedside, and young Mrs. Farrell feeling a little wicked before the impersonal waiters. And now, endlessly, Pebble Beach, the Del Monte Lodge, houses like this one of Pet Travis'. Vintage champagne and epicurean food, polo and sailing, and a sort of narcotic gaiety.

Kim hated it.

It was as though the Nocturne in E-

flat major had swept the space around her clear, so that she could see and think, and in that space she found herself face to face with a burning discontent and the old, cold loneliness of spirit. Or perhaps it had started when she saw Mike Archineff again.

Meeting Mike here at Pet Travis' house party had been like hearing her own language spoken again after months in a foreign land.

As always when she thought of Tick, she wanted to see him, touch him. The bridge players did not note her exit. From the sunroom, she heard excited laughter and wondered how long Chet Norris proposed to put up with his wife's maudlin preference for Jo Saladine's husband—and at that, Bred Saladine

ought to be less obvious about his infidelities as long as he rode the polo ponies poor Jo bought him.

My teeth are on edge, Kim thought. I must do something about this.

But she did not know what to do, which was unusual for her.

She was no longer her own woman. That, she thought furiously, was what old man Abrough had meant when he told her to her face that she could have a part in the fair—on condition.

"I simply will not have an architect who's infatuated with Tick Farrell." He had looked at her with cold eyes and added, "That letter they read in the courtroom wasn't the only one Veronica left."

The Travis cardroom was long, paneled in white pine. Dolly Howard was playing billiards with Massey Fitch. Her diamond-and-emerald bracelets glittered as she made a perfect shot.

Mike Archineff was sitting alone at the bar, his shaggy black head bent. He looked less than usual like a great modern playwright, but how did you know what a modern playwright looked like? How did you know in this strange welter of glittering unreality what anything looked like? Only a little more than a hundred miles north of this exclusive playground, the battle between the C I O and the A F L for control of the water front had begun and would end with the shattering Bridges trial, but if you mentioned that here they would say you had lost your sense of humor.

Sam Travis, Pet's husband, shouted at her:

"Your husband's got the three-of-a-kind-aren't-good-enough blues, Kim! Better cheer him up."

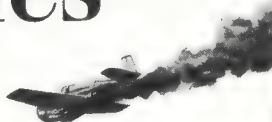
But you could never, never tell what kind of luck Tick was having. He sat there smiling, eager for the next card. The red, white and blue chips were just (Continued on page 65)



"I trust you, Brick," Sandy said. "Out there on Midway you are the Farrell Construction Company and you are serving your country."

Shot Down in Flames

You wouldn't believe this
if he hadn't lived to tell it



BY LT. (j.g.) JOSEPH RAYMOND DALY, U.S.N.R.

THE SITUATION had reached an anticlimax. For weeks we had all been looking forward to a merry little ball game on this, the opening day of our attack on Guadalcanal, but as yet we had had no aerial opposition. The morning flight had just returned to the carrier with nothing to report except the slaughter of ten cows which one of the boys had mowed down with his machine gun, mistaking them in the half light of early dawn for a troop of Jap infantry. Our fighter pilots wanted bigger game than cows—and we got it.

At twelve noon word was sent down to our ready room to launch fighters to cover our transports, which with their supporting cruisers were landing troops on Tulagi and Guadalcanal. We took off and flew to a position over the transports. Once there, we circled above the channel between Tulagi and Guadalcanal and waited for what might come. Seven hundred miles to the west was the Jap base of Rabaul, which was infested with swarms of bombers and Zero fighters. From there we were expecting the long-range bombers to dispute the presence of our ships, but it didn't seem possible that a fighter could fly such a distance and return. We live and learn. The Zero can!

"Enemy planes approaching at twelve thousand feet!" crackled over the radio at 1:20. We were ordered to intercept them, so we headed west, climbing to get as much altitude as we could. Quickly I ran over my check-off list: "Mixture rich, drop that belly tank or it will burn, electric gun sight in, guns charged, gun switches on—all set for the ball game—let's go!"

And there they were. Twenty-seven twin-engine bombers resembling our B-26's, only these had a large red ball painted on each wing. They were in a solid V formation, flying a few hundred feet above a cloud bank and looking almost too pretty to shoot at—except for the fact that a few miles directly ahead of them our transports lay in the channel below. Together with "Wild Bill" Holt, who was flying with me, I pushed over and attacked.

As I closed in on them with all machine guns blazing, a thin line of gray smoke tailed each plane—their turret gunners were all firing back at me. But they couldn't hit my small twisting plane and, although my bullets were hitting them—it was almost impossible to miss, so tightly were they packed—none of the Japs fell out. Just as I was starting a second run the wing of the leading bomber suddenly burst into flame, and the plane fell dizzily into the water below. Holt had been doing some good. I closed again with the Japs and on this run was rewarded by seeing one of them drop out of formation trailing smoke. He crashed into the sea.

By this time, the flight of bombers had come within range of our cruiser's AA, and all around the Japs—and me—black bursts of it were mushrooming. Yet somehow, although the range was right on, not a single plane was hit.

As I was flying alongside the bombers, endeavoring to get position ahead for another run, they all dropped their bombs simultaneously. I found out later that not a single hit was scored on any of our ships. I made two more runs on the re-

maining bombers, and another Jap went spinning into the sea. In the meantime, their tail gunners had put quite a few holes in my wings and tail surfaces, but had done no serious damage. Two of my guns still had ammunition left, so I decided to make another attack before calling it a day.

I had no idea what had become of the rest of my division, not having seen any of them since we first started the action. But now, far to the rear, two planes were coming up and I thought: "At last the boys are arriving to give a hand!" However, I was flying at full throttle, just as fast as the Grumman would go, and still these "boys" were cutting down the distance between us at an amazing rate.

I took another look behind, still reluctant to give up my position on the bombers, and decided that these weren't the boys at all. They were Jap Zero fighters—which couldn't fly seven hundred miles from home, but had. Eighteen of them, as I was to find out later, had been escorting the bombers, and they were the reason the rest of our gang weren't around.

The Zeros were still a good way behind me, and I started to turn toward them, when suddenly—*wham!* The whole plane shook as a 20-millimeter shell exploded beneath the cockpit. The next second I was sitting in a flame. My clothes were on fire; my pants and shirt were burning; I could see nothing but red fire all around me. I remember vividly the thought that ran through my head: "Sonny boy, you're not going to get out of this; this is it!"

But I did get out—how, I'm not exactly sure. I managed to open the cockpit hood, unfasten the safety belt and leap out the side of the plane. The terrific rush of air from the slip stream extinguished the flames that were eating at my clothes, and afforded a blessed relief from the awful heat in the blazing cockpit. My body shot by the tail surfaces of the plane, clearing them by a few feet, and I was falling toward the water 13,000 feet below.

We had been taught to delay opening our parachutes in situations like this, in order not to afford a sitting target for the Jap planes to strafe as they do at every opportunity, but I had often wondered whether I would be able to restrain the almost reflex action of pulling the ripcord. However, now that the hypothetical case had materialized, I was surprised to find how clearly and coolly the brain functions. I did not pull the ripcord but let myself fall freely through space. A Jap fighter flashed past about one hundred feet away from me, but he had no chance to get his sights on me, and then I fell into and through the cloud bank, which formed a perfect screen, hiding me from the Jap planes above.

My body was spinning dizzily, rotating about the parachute pack, and although I stopped this momentarily by kipping, the spin began again almost immediately. I now kicked off my shoes, realizing that I was going to land in the water, and when I had got down to about 6,000 feet, I pulled the ripcord.

The chute opened with a terrific jerk and left me hanging seemingly motionless in air. Above the cloud bank, I could hear the droning roar of the Jap (Continued on page 88)



The Hard Case

**Willie was tough and the Nazis found out
you can't push around a guy who has nothing to lose**

BY LEON WARE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

WILLIE ARNOLD leaned against the warden's desk with the air of a man who is listening because courtesy demands it. Only with Willie it wasn't courtesy. It was five minutes before twelve and his four-year sentence didn't expire until noon.

The warden's chair squeaked as he leaned back. "You don't mind if I mention something before you leave us, do you, Willie?" he asked drily.

Willie shrugged. His eyes were cold and his lips hardly moved when he talked. "You got"—his blue eyes flicked to the clock on the wall—"five minutes." "That's right." The warden looked up at Willie thoughtfully. "You've got five minutes to change your life, Willie. We've made a pretty fair electrician out of you, but if you go out of here without getting wise to yourself, I'll keep your cell warm—because you'll be back."

Willie laughed mechanically. "Go ahead. Talk. I've done all my time. When I get outa this dump, I don't have to report to the parole board. No flatfoot can push me around. Go ahead, talk. For four minutes."

"You're a hard case," the warden said. "Things have changed since you came in. They aren't playing cops and robbers out there any more, Willie. There's a new game on—a rougher, tougher game than any you water-front boys ever thought of. They're playing for keeps outside now. I'm warning you, Willie: a smart boy like you can get himself into a lot of trouble—fast."

"Don't gimme that 'there's a war on, you know' stuff."

"Okay, Willie. Just remember this: you won't be the hot-shot you used to be. There's a tough old gent with whiskers calling the turns, now."

"Time's up," Willie said. "Gimme my discharge papers."

The warden handed over the papers,

and the guard opened the door. Willie put his hat on and lifted one finger. "Come see me, sometime, warden."

"I'll wait here for you, Willie."

Outside on the walk, Willie took a deep breath and grinned. He was free. He'd stayed a year longer than necessary—he might have been paroled, but he'd showed them that nobody could push him around. Not Willie Arnold. He signaled a cab and got in. "Station, bud."

There was a new bartender in Mike's, and a couple of fellows Willie didn't recognize were sitting at the table in the corner. Otherwise the place was empty. Willie walked up to the bar.

"Scotch—straight," he said.

The bartender slopped out the drink.

"Mike around?" Willie asked.

The bartender looked at him. "Why?" Willie's jaw set. "I asked you—is Mike around?"

The bartender didn't bat an eye. "I wouldn't know." He took the fifty cents Willie had put down and rang it up.

"Where's the change?" Willie asked.

"Scotch is fifty cents," the bartender said. "Where you been?"

Willie swallowed his drink, his anger sharp inside him. "Smart guy, eh?"

The bartender shrugged. "Oh, I manage to keep out of jail."

Willie had turned to go, but spun around. "What do you mean by that crack?"

The bartender leaned both hands on the counter. They were big, scarred paws. "Look. I don't know who you are, or if you're a friend of Mike's or not. But if you're looking for trouble, kid, I can accommodate you. If you want to take what I say personal, okay, go ahead. For all I know, you may have picked up that nice white skin in a coal mine." He straightened up. "Who'll I say was looking for Mike?"

"J. Edgar Hoover," Willie said. He went outside.

He couldn't find any of the rest of the boys. Bert had disappeared, and Gil had gone into the Navy. The draft had caught big Tom Fellows, and Marty Brink was in the Marine Corps. Mrs. Brink told Willie about that herself. He met her outside the corner grocery where they all had played as kids.

"He's gonna be one of them Marine paratroopers," Mrs. Brink said proudly. "He's gonna jump outa planes and kill hundreds of Japs. He's like a cat on his feet, my Marty."

"He'll break his damned neck," Willie said. He walked off, leaving her staring after him. He was fifty feet away when Mrs. Brink recovered herself.

"Anyway," she yelled, "you couldn't get in, Willie Arnold. They don't want jailbirds—not in the Marine Corps!"

Willie whirled around. Just then old Mrs. Finnebaum stepped out of the drug-store and heard what Mrs. Brink yelled and began to laugh. There was something about the way she laughed at him that burned Willie up. He started to go back, but two other people came around the corner and looked at him curiously. Willie ducked down a side street and headed for the docks. He might as well look in on the old man and the old lady. They hadn't written to him during the last two years. He didn't even know if they were alive or not.

When he turned into the dead-end street on which he had lived as a boy, he saw a sign in the middle of the street:

**RESTRICTED ZONE
RESIDENTS ONLY**

Willie walked past it, and ten yards ahead of him a soldier stepped out of a doorway. He was a tall, lean guy. He swung a billy from a strap on his wrist. "Just a minute," he said.



Willie walked up to him and stopped. "See that sign back there?" the soldier asked.

"I can read," Willie told him. He was still boiling inside.

"Okay—then turn around and be on your way."

Willie came up on his toes. He looked the soldier in the eye and laughed. "Outa my way, cowboy," he said.

He put out his hand to brush the soldier aside, and there was a white light before his eyes and his head rang like a bell. When he came to, he was sitting on the sidewalk, propped up against the building. His head throbbed and seemed to swell and contract slowly. There were two soldiers standing in front of him, now.

"On your feet," the new one said. He seemed to be in charge.

Dazed, Willie got up, still leaning against the wall. "What's the idea?" he said. It made him a little sick to his

Willie fired three times and the Nazi commander staggered across the deck of his sub.

stomach to talk. "What's the idea of pushing me around?" Aside from the headache, he was bewildered about this. With a cop, you could talk up to him and he wouldn't lay a hand on you; with these guys, apparently, the rules weren't the same.

"What're you doing here?" the soldier asked.

"I was just going down the street to see my old lady," said Willie. It was a long time since he'd felt called on to explain anything he did. "I was going home."

The soldiers eyed him. The first one said, "Why didn't you say so?"

"Let's see some papers," the other said. Willie handed over his papers. The

soldiers looked at the prison discharge and studied him.

"Just out of jail, eh?"

Willie flared up. "So what?"

The first soldier handed the papers back. "So keep out."

The other one nodded. "And you'll stay healthier, brother, if you'll think twice about making a pass at a soldier, another time."

Willie went down the street to the end tenement and climbed the stairs to the second floor. He opened the old door without knocking, and there were his father and mother, just sitting down to the evening meal.

"Hello," said Willie. He dropped his hat on a chest and pulled a chair up to the table. "What's for supper?"

"Why, Willie!" His mother was so pleased there were tears in her eyes, but she looked at her husband to see what to do. Frank Arnold (Continued on page 78)





IF I could have ONE PERFECT DAY

— this is how I would spend it

IF I HAD one day to live, it would certainly be wise of me to figure out religion better than I have to date. I'd try to find some wise good person who would give me the answer to the Whys and Wherefores.

After that, I'd spend my last day, every minute of it, tasting, touching, smelling, looking at and hugging to me the things of earth. For they are the things I love.

This makes me a complete materialist, I know. Well, so I am. I love, I passionately love **THINGS**. Chairs and carpets and bric-a-brac and kitchen utensils and black chiffon nightgowns and linens and shoes and blankets.

I would walk round and round our house, Oleg's and mine, rubbing my hand over the old wood of the cobbler's bench, the old silver of the Lazy Susan, the backs of the books we have bought together, committing to memory these things I love.

Because I love smells, too—coffee percolating, bacon frying, bread baking, linen fresh from the laundry, the backs of babies' necks, expensive perfumes, Christmas trees and wood fires—I'd go about sniffing like a puppy.

I'd be sure to take a hot bath with gobs of rose geranium salts in it. I have a cat nature. I adore furs and velvets, and being warm.

So I'd try to realize my life as I had lived it, savor the things with which I have furnished it, every minute, every minute.

I'd want to take an hour or two for antique hunting. I have a mania for it. Some of my happiest hours have been spent, covered with cobwebs, exploring old attics and musty shops. I'd hope to find some lovely thing to leave.

I'd spend all my money, every cent of it, on some struggling young couple, hoping it would buy for them some of the happiness Oleg and I have.

The early morning hours would be spent digging in my garden with my hands, getting heavenly hot and sweaty, then showering with ice-cold water.

I'd want a lot of children around me, the cute little fat

ones. I'd be sure to inspect the dog for ticks, then have a romp with him.

I'd eat all my favorite foods: oysters, beet borsch with sour cream, ice cream with chestnuts on it, chicken livers and spare ribs. I'd have them all, and not worry about my waistline or a tummy-ache.

I imagine I'd pick the most beautiful spot I'd ever seen and there, with Oleg (for of course I'd be spending the day with him, every splintered second of it), I'd have a picnic of all the divine food.

Perhaps I'd engage an orchestra to play wonderful music for us. Schubert's "Ave Maria," and maybe a few songs. "There Are Such Things," for example, which is a favorite of mine, and would be both touching and appropriate.

I wouldn't be sad or frightened. On the contrary, I'd be more intensely alive than I have ever been, and more aware. Which would be terribly exciting.

I'd want to read aloud to my husband the poems I love—"Sonnets from the Portuguese," Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar"—and for once he couldn't refuse to listen. Some of Napoleon's Letters to Josephine, too. Oh, and Mildred Cram's "Forever," which I first read in *Cosmopolitan*. Then, like the characters in that little book out of another world, I would make a pact with Oleg—that we would meet again where I left him.

I'd repeat to myself, over and over, some of the things he has said to me, in the hope that the echo of them would follow me.

Naturally, I'd be all dressed up. I'd wear the most wonderful dress I own. As I'm sure I'd be trying to look ethereal, the dress would probably be white. And I'd have white flowers in my hair. Dramatize myself? Of course I would. Every moment would be spent trying to create an illusion so that I'd leave nothing that wasn't lovely in my husband's memory.

You say "I love you," so many times. It has been said too often, and is never sufficient. I would spend some of my precious time, the last hours of it, trying to get all of human love into one new phrase.

BY GENE TIERNEY

Plain Girl

If you've ever wondered,
"What can he see in her?"
you'll understand this story

BY JERROLD BEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



A SHORT STORY

ANN STOOD against the wall, apart from the gay throng that filled the room. She had been tortured by fear of this moment since Valerie invited her to this party earlier in the day. She remembered how shocked she had been to hear that throaty voice on the phone: "Hello, Ann, remember me? It's Valerie Hobbs . . . Yes, darling, the weary traveler has come home again. I hear you married the handsomest man in the world while I was away. I'm simply dying to meet him. Will you bring him over for cocktails this afternoon? Everyone's dropping in."

Ann had let the phone slip from her hands thinking: We won't go there. I won't even tell Stan we were invited.

But then she had forced herself to call him. It was foolish to let an old childhood fear influence her. Now that she was grown up she could face the truth. She had always been jealous of Valerie. She—such a plain, dark-haired child—had been envious of the beautiful golden-haired girl who had everything she wanted in life.

Laughter rang out now from the opposite side of the room where Valerie stood with a group of admiring friends about her. She had been in Paris and London until the war had brought her home. Just a few moments ago Ann had come into this room, shaken hands with Valerie, trying to down the panic she felt within her. Valerie was more beautiful than ever, with hair that hung in a golden cascade to her shoulders, luminous blue eyes and full curving lips.

"How nice to see you, Ann! Where's your husband?"

"Stan's been delayed at the plant, but he'll be along soon." She imagined the words in Valerie's mind: "Why, you're just as plain as ever, aren't you, Ann? It can't be true that you're married to such a handsome man. Produce him! I want to see him!"

She had backed away to the seclusion of this corner, to combat her fear.

There was no use denying the truth. She was afraid of Valerie Hobbs. But she had gone through this agony, this fear of losing Stan to a beautiful girl many times before. No matter how she tried to convince herself that Stan loved her, that he would never leave her for anyone else, she couldn't get over the idea that she wasn't good enough for him. The torturing fear of not being able to hold him had been with her since their moment of meeting.

She and Stan often laughed about that first meeting, making an open joke of it to their friends. "It was a blind date," Ann would explain. "A friend of mine was going to the country club dance, and I hadn't been invited. So she persuaded her beau to ask someone for me, and it turned out to be Stan."

"I'd never been on a blind date before," Stan would laugh. "If I hadn't gone I might never have met Ann at all."

She always felt sure that under any other circumstances he would never have noticed her. She remembered the shock of coming down the stairs that night to

find Stan waiting for her. Only a few minutes before she had been sitting before her mirror, feeling rather bitter about having to accept a blind date. It wasn't that she was an ugly girl, but she had plain features that didn't particularly attract the boys. It wasn't much consolation to have her father say, "Don't worry, Ann. Someday a young man will come along who'll appreciate how sweet and fine you are."

In her wildest dreams she never imagined anyone like Stan falling in love with her. She couldn't believe her eyes when she saw him. Blind dates were usually social misfits—not Greek gods, not an Apollo!

No other words described him. He was an Apollo, towering over six feet, broad shoulders, and slim hips. He had dark, deep-set eyes, brown hair and teeth that flashed against bronzed skin as he smiled at her, saying, "You're Ann Chalmers, aren't you? I guess we have a date with each other for this evening. I'm Stanley Marshall."

Was it a dream that she was in his arms, dancing at the country club? She kept expecting it to end, but the music went on playing gay lilting tunes, and

Fearfully, Ann watched her husband with beautiful, radiant Valerie Hobbs.



COMPLETE ON THESE TWO PAGES

Stan continued to dance with her. He even led her out to the darkened veranda and kissed her.

There was nothing casual about that kiss. They were both impelled to it, instinctively, knowingly. This was the love they had both been searching for. He asked, "Can I see you again tomorrow, Ann?" And then laughingly added, "And the day after and the day after that?"

She couldn't believe it. She had stared at herself in the mirror again before going to bed. There were stars in her eyes that had never been there before. It couldn't be true. With all the beautiful girls there were in the world, why should he fall in love with her?

The only time she felt almost lovely enough for him was when she came down the aisle in her wedding gown of shimmering ivory satin, with the veil of fine lace that her mother had worn.

It was hard to believe that life could be as wonderful as it was in the months that followed. They bought a house on Barbary Road. Friends flocked to them, attracted mostly by Stan, she knew, though she was a gracious hostess.

Why couldn't she rid herself of the idea that one day he would leave her,

would fall in love with a beautiful girl?

"That Mrs. Sayres is awfully pretty," he commented casually before they went to bed one night.

She lay beside him, staring into the darkness, unable to sleep. Was this the end she had been expecting? Was he in love with that attractive young widow?

The Sayres girl left town to marry someone else. But that fear still clawed at Ann's heart. Why—why wasn't she beautiful enough to be sure she could hold him forever?

She tried to tell herself that she was being foolish, but the obsession persisted. She couldn't walk into a roomful of strangers without thinking: Tonight Stan is going to meet that girl!

And now there was Valerie Hobbs, beautiful, radiant, all the men and even the women clustered about her. Why should Stan be any less susceptible to her charms? He would be arriving any minute, and that would be the beginning of the end.

She decided to have another cocktail to fortify her for the moment when Stanley finally arrived. Her heart glowed at the sight of him in the doorway. Stan, so handsome in his dark business suit,

his eyes searching the room for her.

But someone grabbed him by the arm before he found her. He was led across the room to Valerie.

Ann stood gripping the stem of her glass. It was like watching a scene from a movie. A silent movie because she couldn't hear their voices. But she saw Valerie and Stan meet. She saw their hands touching.

She closed her eyes, afraid she might cry out. Afraid to look at them again. Would Stan be leading her out to the terrace? Or would they just be talking together, trying to probe the depths of each other's heart?

She opened her eyes to see Stan and Valerie—but they were no longer together. They had moved apart and each was surrounded by a group of people. Ann's eyes widened as she saw a strange phenomenon take place.

Some of Stan's group left him to go over to Valerie. His voice rose, louder, gayer. But Valerie was telling some amusing tale that made everyone around her laugh. It attracted more people from Stan. He was suddenly standing all alone, staring at Valerie with jealous eyes, like a frustrated, angry child.

But then he looked up and saw Ann. He beamed with delight and hurried toward her. "Darling, have you been here all the time? I was looking for you."

She stared at his handsome smiling face. He still loved her. He hadn't fallen in love with Valerie Hobbs. But there was no rejoicing in her heart. There was only a sharp thrust of pain as realization swept over her. He would never fall in love with anyone like Valerie—because he couldn't stand the competition of a beautiful woman!

She knew now that she wasn't going to lose him. All her fears ebbed away. But she felt sick, disillusioned.

She let him lead her out to the terrace. He was saying, "This party bores me, darling. I'd much rather go home."

His arms were suddenly about her. He was holding her close, his lips seeking hers. She was dazed. This man was a stranger whose love she did not want. But then, as she felt the beating of his heart, her own slowly flamed to life. She remembered the first time they kissed. She remembered hours of complete ecstasy since their marriage. She must weigh those things against what she had just found out about him.

Found out about him? What was it she had found out? That he wasn't a Greek god. He had fallen off his pedestal and stood before her now, a handsome man but one with weaknesses and failings—a human being.

He was murmuring, "I love you, Ann. Let's leave this place; let's go home."

Home. Her heart was suddenly burning with courage, with a confidence in their relationship that she had never had before. Standing together, level to level, loving each other, he needing her as much as she needed him. She answered, "Yes, Stan. I'm ready to go home."



BY
ALBERT
PARRY

**It may be hard to believe
but there are certain so-called Americans
who preferred to sell out to the Axis.
Here in a startling exposé they are named and identified**

A PLACE was waiting for him on a train bound for Lisbon. Another berth was ready on the Drottningholm. Suddenly he refused to leave. He, an American, said that he no longer felt free among Americans. He was remaining in Nazi Germany—"in the interest of history," he announced pompously to the men of our State Department who tried to arrange for his return to the United States with other American correspondents.

As he broadcast from Berlin on the night of May 21, 1942, he said it was a great relief to say what he felt without beating around the bush—now that he had broken with Uncle Sam. "The satisfaction which comes with a realization

of freedom!" he short-waved his rash greetings to far-off Americans.

The name of this latest recruit to the traitors' roster is Robert Best. A native of South Carolina, he was an American artilleryman in World War I, and had written for the American press since the early 1920's, mainly from Austria. A Viennese countess twenty years his senior married him a while back. She—and, darkly, the Gestapo—have Bob Best in their clutches. They have "the goods" on him, dating back to the times when he profited uncleanly in the Credit Anstalt bank scandals. They have broken him; that is, if there was anything to break. In his broadcasts he now fulminates against the Jews—he who in the

old days' in Vienna was coached and helped with money and food by a Jewish friend.

Best was introduced by the Nazis on their English-language programs as "Mr. Guess Who." Such is the Nazi way of intriguing the public with pseudonyms and riddles. After a program or two, the Nazis usually divulge the traitors' names. Yet, having done so, they continue to use the pseudonyms as well.

Have you, for instance, heard of a Berlin propagandist who calls himself "Paul Revere"? His real name is Douglas Chandler. He was born in Chicago fifty-three years ago, and for a time he worked as a newspaperman in Eastern cities. In Europe since the fall of 1931,

SHORT-WAVE TRAITORS

in Germany off and on for the last five years, he still pretends to be an American patriot. In his broadcasts, "Paul Revere" goes 'way out of his field to slander Arthur Bliss Lane, our last minister in Belgrade, John J. Meilly, our consul in Zagreb, and Colonel William J. Donovan, President Roosevelt's special envoy at the time Chandler worked as a Nazi agent in the Balkans. In the summer of 1940 Chandler and his wife came to Italy, and from there returned to Berlin to act, in the man's own words, as "your devoted messenger" on the air.

Whose messenger? Chandler never says that he is a Nazi and Hitler's herald. Oh, no! He is Uncle Sam's "sincere friend," and he is concerned with the loss of American independence to that "Jew-dominated government" in the White House. He praises the advances allegedly made in Europe, thanks to Hitler and his conquests: unemployment gone, food rations up. According to Chandler, Americans are crazy if they think they can defeat the Axis.

A fellow Chicagoan of Chandler's in Herr Doktor Goebbels' employ is Edward Leopold Delaney. His pseudonym is "Your reporter E. D. Ward" (actually his first name). He hates President Roosevelt and the Jews. He blames both for the loss of his job with a film distribution company on South Wabash Avenue years back. The job, he says, went to a relative of his Jewish employer, and it was Roosevelt who encouraged all the Jews to act that way.

Delaney also used to be an actor with small road companies, a burlesque show barker and a writer of cheap fiction, but his drinking and the depression were against him, so he journeyed from Oak Park and Wabash Avenue to Berlin and its taverns. Soon Dr. Goebbels was paying for the drinks between which the Midwestern accents of "E. D. Ward" denounced "President Rosenfeldt" and "Old Lady Iskowitz"—his pet name for our Secretary of Labor. American correspondents in Berlin were plagued with his visits whenever he felt lonesome for the sound of a Yank voice.

Edwin Hartrich, now on the Chicago Sun, who in those years did some of the CBS broadcasts from Berlin, tells of Delaney: "After a while he became a rather tragic figure. He couldn't find an audience to listen to his line of preaching. Even the Nazis avoided him." William L. Shirer did not consider Delaney too dangerous. In his later days in Berlin this particular traitor was simply bored and boring.

He was less bored when the world's sea lanes were freer for Nazi agents than they are now. In those days Delaney was sent on various interesting missions. In September, 1939, for instance, he mysteriously happened to be aboard a steamer bringing to New York survivors of the Athenia. Hurrying back to Berlin, he broadcast "eyewitness" versions of the disaster that spoke well for the Nazis and badly for the British.

Dr. Goebbels does not pay Delaney any too well for his present task of haranguing Americans by short wave—only forty or fifty dollars a week—but values him nonetheless. For Delaney was born of a poor Irish family in southern Illinois. Thus, in him, the Nazis have three alleged advantages: poverty as an early background, making for a natural protest against "American plutocracy"; Eire's anti-British sentiment transplanted to the States; and above all, the strong isolationist prejudice in some sections of the Middle West. The threefold combination, according to Dr. Goebbels' scheming, cannot fail to win listeners and admirers for E. D. Ward-Delaney.

Similarly, another anti-British and isolationist element in this country is to be encouraged to disrupt the American war effort. Dr. Goebbels means the numerous German-American contingent, particularly in the Middle West. A forty-two-year-old Iowan, Fred W. Kaltenbach, is considered by the Nazis their best mouthpiece in that direction, for he does his Midwestern spiels in an exaggerated nasal tone—true prairie style, don't you know.

Unlike Delaney, Kaltenbach is not without education. A dozen years back, he came from his native Waterloo, Iowa, to the University of Chicago to take a master's degree in the Department of History.

In 1936, Kaltenbach went to Germany to take his Ph.D. One of the University of Chicago history professors was also in Berlin, but he and Kaltenbach did not see eye to eye on Hitlerism. The professor was Dr. William E. Dodd, United States Ambassador to Germany and passionate foe of the Nazis. Kaltenbach loved the Nazis—and soon married one of them, a German girl who worked on a Nazi aviation magazine. He settled down in Berlin, joining Goebbels' staff in 1938. In May, 1939, his bosses paid Kaltenbach's way back home to see his dying father and to tell Waterloo's Rotarians of Der Fuehrer's greatness. One of his listeners drily asked, "If you like it so much why don't you go back there?"

Fred W. replied, "I am going back." And a month later he did.

Since then he has become one of the most prominent American stooges in Hitler's employ. The Nazis came to rely upon his folksy broadcasts as a powerful weapon to keep Americans out of war. The passage of the Lend-Lease Act was a bitter blow, and Kaltenbach blamed "Franklin Delinsky Roosevelt, Emperor of All Americans." Last April he broadcast that as long as we were looking for a name for this conflict we should call it "Roosevelt's War" (a suggestion gratefully followed by certain sullen editors of isolationist newspapers in New York and Chicago).

The British listeners who occasionally dial in on Kaltenbach call him Lord Hee-Haw, or the American twin of Lord Haw-Haw. It may surprise you to know that Lord Haw-Haw, although addressing British audiences in a British accent on British topics, is in fact of American origin.

He is William Joyce, an Irishman born in New York thirty-six years ago. History, psychology and literature were his favorite subjects at the University of London. But much of his time as a student was devoted to street brawls, for he was one of the original "Britain First" Fascists under Sir Oswald Mosley, and the scar on his face—a long slash from his right ear to the corner of his mouth—is a grisly memento of those days. Shrewder than Sir Oswald, Joyce foresaw the war and did not stay in England to go to prison with his leader (as a matter of fact, he had broken with Sir Oswald some time before). Instead, he went to Berlin, renounced both his American birthright and British nationality, and in blind pride proclaimed: "We Germans." Some sixty dollars a week for ten to fifteen weekly broadcasts is his Judas-silver.

Not actually related to him, but equally venomous in front of the Nazi mikes, is an American woman known as Lady Haw-Haw. She is Jane Anderson, now in her middle years, who once charmed New Yorkers as the wife of Deems Taylor, music critic and composer. She used to be a friend of such good and illustrious British as H. G. Wells and Rebecca West. But by the middle 1930's something snapped in her. Married to the Marqués Alvarez de Cienfuegos, she was thrown into a Madrid prison by the Republican government, which charged her with being a Franco agent. Within six weeks our State Department (Continued on p. 119)

CONCLUSION: The lights were in every window as if there were a party going on. The road ended, so Bob Durand knew it must be the place and he turned in. The house was a small bungalow with a wide porch in front. The front door was ajar, and he stepped in. He didn't know why he didn't knock; he thought he had better call out, but his throat felt tight and dry and he was afraid his voice would be unsteady.

He looked into the front room. There were suitcases in the middle of it, and through an open door he saw into a bedroom. Peter Thorpe was in there, bending over something. Durand walked toward him, saying, "Hello!" and his voice was a croak, as he had feared it would be.

Thorpe spun about. His arm was out of the sling, and he was holding something red and silken. His dark eyes took in his visitor, and he said explosively, "What the devil are you doing here?"

"I wanted to talk to you."

Durand's voice was steadier now, stiffened by the antagonism that bristled in him at sight of Peter Thorpe. The red silk was one of Betty's dresses. Durand knew that dress. About the room were Betty's things. A pair of stockings trailed across a chair.

Durand felt the pulse in his temples throbbing. He thought: I'd like to kill you!

Peter said, "Well, come in. I'd like to talk to *you*." He put down the red dress. Then he demanded, "What the hell do you mean, coming to this town? What did you say to my wife?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Durand, in a taunting tone.

"I'll know, soon enough. What business is this of yours, anyway?"

"I'm making it my business. Betty was my girl before you took her."

"Yes, I know. High-school stuff. I know all about you."

Peter was contemptuous, and Durand's hands clenched. But you can't hit a man who has but one good arm.

He said, "High school be damned! Betty had been out of high school three years before she went to Chicago."

"If you couldn't get her in those three years, what do you think you could do now? You stop beefing about the past, sonny, and get out."

Durand said hoarsely, "You can't marry her. You ought to leave her alone. That's what I came here to say. Leave her alone! Do you hear me? *Leave her alone!*"

He was almost shouting it.

Peter looked at him more watchfully. He said, "I don't want to talk to you, after all. Take yourself out of here."

"When I'm good and ready. You can't give me orders. You think because you're a big shot you can get away with anything. Well, you can't. You can't go on with this. It's going to ruin Betty. You almost got found out this time—you had to make your wife come on to cover up for you. You're going to turn Betty into a tramp. She's too good for the kind of life you give her. You leave her alone or I'll show you up! I'll tell people what you're like!"

"You're crazy!" said Peter curtly. His face had reddened with anger. "I'll get you locked up if you don't shut your trap. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes; I do. I've watched you two. I've stood in the door opposite her place, and I know things. I've got the dates and times all written down. And I've followed you to other places. I could prove it."

"You poor sap, what of it? Who's going to listen to you? And you can't do a thing to me without hurting Betty. Now, you forget about Betty and stop following her around. And stop annoying me. If you don't, I'll have you locked up, and that's straight."

"You think your money can do anything, don't you?"

"It can do plenty. I can put you where you won't do any more harm."

Durand struck at him. He had for-

gotten about the bandaged arm, forgotten everything except the furious need to put his fist against that arrogant face. He struck shrewdly, scientifically, for he had practiced boxing at the gym, and Peter's dodge was not swift enough, so he caught the edge of the blow on his chin and his head jerked back. He cursed and jumped aside and caught up a revolver from an open suitcase beside him and leveled it.

"Now, you clear out of here!" he ordered.

Durand sprang. He tried to knock the gun from Peter's hand, but the hand clung to it and the wrist twisted, and then the revolver went off. The sound of the shot was like thunder in the room. Peter swayed, and Durand, reeling back from him, staring with fascinated eyes, saw him sinking slowly, like something in slow motion. He slumped on the floor, groaned and lay still.

Durand stared down at him. There was a hole in the tweed coat on the left side.

It seemed an eternity that he stood there motionless, staring, staring . . . Then he knelt, and with shaking hands undid the coat and saw the dark stain spreading on the thin stuff of the shirt. "God!" he said under his breath, and then, helplessly: "God! Through the heart."

He got to his feet. Peter's eyes, wide, glassy, unseeing, were looking up at him. He began to back to the door. Outside the cottage he ran. He did not look back but he could see the cottage, like a stage set, its lights streaming out into the darkness. He had the feeling that those lights were reaching out for him like the tentacles of some monstrous creature; stretching toward him through the wood; straining to catch him about the throat, the body, to haul him back into the presence of that still figure on the floor.

He ran till he thought his lungs would burst, stumbling, tripping and

Understudy

BY
MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL





"The bullet hit this instead of me," Peter said, showing Virginia the cigarette case. "You gave it to me, remember?"

finally, his wind gone, he collapsed against a tree, drawing great shuddering gasps till he recovered and went on.

At the crossroad he pulled himself together; he brushed down his clothes, wiped the sweat off his face, put his hat on straight. When the bus came he stood in its headlights till it stopped and said, as he got aboard, "They told me I could flag it here." He sat in the back, his hat pulled over his eyes, and tried to fix his mind on what might be ahead.

They would know he had been at the cottage; there would be fingerprints. Perhaps his fingers hadn't been on the revolver, only on Thorpe's hand—he didn't know. But he had touched the doors, and he had touched the back of a chair as he crossed the living room. They could prove he'd been there.

It didn't matter. They could take him. Instantly his flesh and blood denied that despair; his heart hammered, and he thought: I'll say I was crazy—temporary insanity. But they'd put him in the asylum as Thorpe had threatened.

Self-defense, then? It had been self-defense. Thorpe had pulled a gun on him. But who would believe in self-defense against a one-armed man?

What a fool!

He'd say Thorpe was all right when he left. He'd say he stayed only a minute or two, just long enough to give the message he'd mentioned to the clerk. They would ask him what the message was. He'd say it was confidential—something Mrs. Thorpe had asked him to tell her husband.

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SHORT NOVEL**

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**COMPLETE
BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL**

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That would sound all right. But what was the message? If he made up something, Mrs. Thorpe would deny it. But Mrs. Thorpe could not deny that she had said her eyes were opened. She had asked him to tell Betty that. He'd insist she'd asked him to tell her husband too.

The police could see that Thorpe was having trouble with his wife. He'd say Thorpe was very depressed when he left him. Depressed. That was the word. The death might look like suicide. Nobody had heard the quarrel. Nobody knew of any bad blood between them, nobody but Betty, and she certainly wouldn't give him away.

Mrs. Thorpe knew something. But she would want to hush it up. She wouldn't want any more notoriety. A suicide was bad enough.

Maybe Thorpe had business worries they could blame it on, though that seemed unlikely. Trouble with his wife was better. That might drag Betty in, and that would be too bad, but not as bad as the electric chair. And Betty was actually to blame for it all—no, Thorpe was to blame, but Betty was a cause too. You couldn't get around that.

He didn't know if he'd ever get back his feeling for Betty. It did not seem possible that he would ever know any feeling again except this awful horror and this hurrying fer . . .

He must have been crazy. He hadn't meant any such horror; he had thought: I'd like to kill you! but you can think that about a man and never dream of doing it. Nothing would have happened if Thorpe had not pulled that gun on him. It was Thorpe's own gun, and that would make it look like suicide.

He set himself to act naturally. Actually, he behaved conspicuously. He said, when he got off the bus, "Well, that was a short trip!" in a loud voice, and he walked very erectly to his boarding-house as if eyes were on his back. He let himself in and went upstairs to his room. There he lay face down on the bed. After a time he got up, took off his clothes, looked them over carefully, folded them and got into bed.

He could not sleep. In the first light of dawn he got up, dressed and went out. Before he left the room he eyed himself appraisingly; his face looked strained and

his eyes were bloodshot. He bought a paper. There was nothing in it yet. They hadn't found Thorpe, then.

At a drugstore, not his usual one, he breakfasted. Then he wandered about till it was time to go to work.

All the morning he wondered what was happening. Jim Burley said, "What's the matter—you got a hangover?" That was a joke because Durand never drank much, and Durand grinned and said, "Just up late, that's all. Trip to the country."

Nothing about Thorpe in the later morning editions that he slipped out to buy. It seemed horrible that Peter Thorpe might still be lying there on that floor. Perhaps no one would look for him for several days. They'd believe he was staying out there.

That was ghastly. Durand couldn't stand the suspense. He wanted the discovery over and done with; he wanted to know what would happen. Finally he thought of a plan.

He would call up and ask for Peter Thorpe. He would say it was important to get him to the phone. The clerk would say that Mr. Thorpe was at the cottage, and he'd tell the clerk to send for him and he'd leave a phony name and number. The plan looked all right. It would get some action.

He could not wait until the luncheon hour; he went down to the drugstore and put in a call to the hotel in Clearburg. When he got the connection he tried to make his voice very authoritative, yet casual. He said, "I want to talk to Mr. Peter Thorpe."

"Mr. Thorpe?" There was a doubtful quality in the clerk's voice. "I don't think Mr. Thorpe can be reached."

"He's got to be reached. This is important. Mr. Thorpe wished to be called

about it. He will want to talk to me."

"Yes, but I don't know what I can do. You see, Mr. Thorpe's resting now. Doctor's orders."

"Resting?"

What did the clerk mean? Had Thorpe been found, and were they trying to keep it quiet for a while? But—*resting!*

An unbelievable hope, so intense it was an agony, needed Durand. Perhaps Thorpe wasn't dead. Perhaps . . .

"Where is he?" he asked hoarsely.

"He's here at the hotel. But he's in bed."

Not dead, then. Oh, merciful God, not dead! He hadn't killed him. And then fear started up again, the more unbearable for that moment of seeming reprieve. If Thorpe wasn't dead he could talk. He could tell who had tried to kill him. And if Thorpe died—and he must be almost dying—then it would be murder. "What's the matter with him?" Durand said unsteadily.

"Well, he was in a motor accident the other day—guess his arm went back on him." The clerk went on, "Anyway, they're keeping him quiet. He can't talk to anyone. But if you want to leave your number?"

Durand said, "I'll call later." He tried to make his voice brisk and important, but he felt limp all over. Maybe the police were waiting for Thorpe to make a statement. Maybe he'd made it, and they were already on his trail.

Should he try to get away? No, that would be confession. They'd get him anyhow. Better wait and see. Maybe Betty could tell him what was happening. He'd call the hospital. Have to be careful, though—the girl at the switchboard would listen in. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to call the hospital. It would show he was worried about something. Thorpe might be too sick to talk, and Betty might be mad enough to say something that would draw suspicion. Better keep out of the picture and sit tight.

If only he could put the clock back twenty-four hours! If only there were any awakening from this nightmare.

Peter Thorpe lay half an hour on the floor, stunned by the blow from his fall. He came to, foggily aware of the strangeness of lying (*Continued on page 137*)

NEXT MONTH BEGIN

Louis Bromfield's New Serial

WHAT BECAME OF ANNA BOLTON? At the height of her social career ANNA BOLTON was known as "that fabulous American" whose invitations were sought by royalty and diplomats.

No one knew where she came from—except

DAVID SORRELL, foreign correspondent, who had loved her as the little redhead from the wrong side of the tracks in Lewistown, Ohio.

No one knew how she achieved her fame—except

MISS GODWIN, plain but aristocratic companion during her fantastic rise from a Nobody to an International Legend.

On the day the Germans marched into Paris, ANNA BOLTON was last seen fleeing in a luxurious limousine. After that she dropped from sight. Where did she go?

You will not forget the many memorable characters in this book—sure to become a best-seller



NEW RICHNESS FOR THE SOUP OF OLD NEW ORLEANS



MORE VEGETABLES... AND MORE CHICKEN THAN A CREOLE COOK EVER DREAMED OF!

Even the most lavish Southern hospitality never rose to a gumbo more delicious than this! It's Campbell's new, improved Chicken Gumbo—brimming with more than ever of the richness of plump chickens, carefully simmered. Thicker than ever with luscious, garden-grown vegetables—red-ripe tomatoes, celery and young okra. And just the right blending of savory herbs to give a distinctive flavor that people like, at first taste.

Ladle out big bowls of this excitingly different chicken soup as your main lunch dish on busy days. Serve it as the start of family supper. Tomorrow ask your grocer for Campbell's Chicken Gumbo—a new, improved soup, richer and more nourishing for these strenuous times.



LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO

When gay festivity's
At hand,
This different soup is
Simply grand!



Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$19.36 will buy a trench mortar shell

"But Omar, my blanket!"



OMAR: من ميگيرم

CAMEL: Please, Father of the Moon. I know that it gets cold in the desert at night. And I know that my blanket would make a fine pup tent. But...

OMAR: من ميگيرم

CAMEL: But, Brother Omar, it's my *business* blanket. I wear it to work. I *need* it.

OMAR: شما لازم داريد

CAMEL: Ah, Protector of the Poor, have you not heard? In this country I am the Paul Jones Camel. The living symbol of the dryness in *dry* Paul Jones Whiskey.

OMAR: انيطور انيطور

CAMEL: What's that got to do with the blanket? Listen, Son of the Prophet, I must wear the blanket when I go around explaining how the *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, in the wondrous Paul Jones brings out *all* of its flavor. How it permits you to enjoy the full *true* flavor and richness of a superb whiskey!

OMAR: ويسكي خوب

CAMEL: Good? Cousin, there's no whiskey like it in America! And it is so modestly priced that even your Uncle Ibrahim could afford it! Truly—Omar, *where are you going?* Hey! Oma—

OMAR: من ميخرم من ميخرم

CAMEL: But there's no liquor store up that way, Brother Omar! It's two blocks down th— Hey, Omar! My *blanket!* Hey, wait!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



red, white and blue chips to him, you could tell by the way he handled them. Hour after hour he would sit there, and each time he drew cards the adventure would be tremendous.

For the first time Kim Farrell felt something maternal in the warm rush of love that swept her, but still she didn't understand. It was so silly.

Sam Travis was purple with whisky and excitement, Massey's young brother looked green-white, and Bridgie Bekins gave a shrill crescendo of laughter as he said, "Not past the Iron Duke. It is my painful duty, Tick old boy, to see that and raise it five hundred."

Kim stood very still, her hand resting on the back of Tick's chair, and watched Tick glance at his cards with that unreadable smile, and with his right hand measure out a stack of blue chips.

"And a thousand, Bridgie," he said. But the fifth card was black! Kim felt Bridgie's eyes shift to her face. She looked icily indifferent, but—the fifth card was black against the red ones.

Bridgie said, "I'm a fool, I can feel it, but that's too steep for me. With my measly little two pair."

I wish Tick had lost, Kim thought furiously; even all that money—Sandy's money that he worked so hard to get; Sandy's money that we live on. I love Tick, but it would have been better for me if he had lost.

At her elbow, Mike Archineff said, "Come look at the sky."

The clouds were mother-of-pearl, and at the foot of the slope on which the great house stood were the weird black shapes of the cypresses. The dunes swelled velvet gray under the starlight.

"You're in a hell of a spot," Mike said, and Kim glanced up at his untidy bulk, delighted to find that the old telepathy between them still worked. He paced up and down, swaying like a bear. "You've just waked up to the fact that you're married to a man who must dominate his woman, and he cannot dominate you unless you become somebody else. He's not big enough. You're between two fires, my girl. You love Tick Farrell?"

"Yes," said Kim.

"Someday when I am no longer in love with you myself I will write a play about it," Mike said. "Didn't you know I was in love with you? Oh, yes, but I never had any chance. I shall call my play 'The New Woman and the Fallen Archangel.'"

"Don't you ever think except in terms of plays?" Kim asked impatiently.

"No," he said, "of course not. Tick is totally indifferent to the things that mean life to you—God, humanity, world affairs—and you cannot go back. The old-time woman was luckier. She could lie, cheat, steal, deceive, weep, to get her way. You have no guile. You have complicated sex, which is still the greatest force in the world. You see that?"

"You must rouse him; you must pour yourself into his heart; you must somehow stimulate him to become greater than you are or you will be destroyed. Yet if you drive and force and nag he will go to another woman. I felt sorry for Tick when he married you."

"Most people felt sorry for me," Kim said, smiling ruefully.

"Nothing is simple any more," said Mike sadly. "If Tick is really a weak man, you are doomed. When there is the sex urge mixed up in it, the tyranny of the weak can destroy the strong. If you love the weak, you cannot fight them. And only the weak are ruthless. But is he weak? I think not. I think he is a fallen archangel. And we know so little of that

sin of the angels by which they fell."

"What was the sin of the angels?"

"Was?" said Mike. "Is! Sins change. What sin do we choose today that casts us forth from the presence of God? I don't know. I must know. Promise me if you find the answer you will let me know! I'm going home now. If you need me, let me know. You and I are honest people in a world gone mad. Good-by, dear. Whatever happens, do something. If you drift, you are lost."

When he had gone, Kim walked to the sand dunes and sat down facing the sea. The sin of the angels. Pride? Ingratitude? Having to learn the hard way?

That worst of all nostalgias shook her—nostalgia for what could be; for better things so close within her grasp. Other people felt San Francisco's charm, though no one could quite analyze it. But Kim thought that perhaps it was because its possibilities were infinite; they fitted every man's dreams.

And she thought of something old man Abrough had said to her. It rang through her head in a trumpet call of challenge. "I was born south of the slot," he had said, "but I know better than most what San Francisco ought to be. You weren't here when we had the General Strike in 'thirty-four. There were a hundred fifty thousand men on strike, and the streets were full of soldiers and machine guns and blood. I knew as well as any man how much right and wrong there is on both sides of this labor question. But when the vigilantes rode again those nights, I rode with them because a General Strike is anarchy. We've never recovered from that, Miss Lansing. We haven't any heavy industry for shipbuilding. We're arrogant and insular; we want to keep our city for ourselves; we shut the door to outsiders, and we've withstood the siege so far. When Europe lies murdered by the next war, and trade swings back across the Pacific to the new China, to Alaska, to South America, San Francisco ought to be the greatest city in the world. That's worth fighting for. But we've got to have one thing: we've got to have young men and women ready to do the job."

SO SAN FRANCISCO WAS the real love of this cold, hard man who was supposed to love only money! Kim had thought.

And here she sat as useless as an unsaid prayer, and inside, Tick sat playing with pieces of pasteboard. Weariness filled her. There wasn't anything nowadays you could get your teeth into.

Tick found her there at dawn, when the poker game broke up, sound asleep. He stretched out beside her, stimulated beyond sleep as he always was after gambling. He wanted her to wake up; he blew a grain of sand off the end of her nose, so that she wrinkled it enchantingly and opened her eyes.

Her move into his arms was instinctive, but she lay very still because she remembered instantly the thing that was in her mind when she went to sleep. "Most people are just going to work," she said. "We must look awful in the dawn in our evening clothes." She sat up. "Tick, I want to go home."

"Give me a chance to win some dough or we'll have to hitch-hike," he said. "I'm having a lovely time. Has Mike Archineff been making love to you?"

She skipped that. "I want to talk to you, and the fact that I'm your wife makes it tough. Do you know, darling, we have practically wisecracked our-

selves into moral idiocy? Nothing is sacred to us."

"Should there be?" asked Tick.

"If I said, 'I'm your wife and also your best friend,' you'd say, 'And my severest critic.'"

"Oh, I hope not," said Tick. "Still, I might. I haven't had any sleep."

"It's the supreme irony," Kim said, "that all the bromides are true—didn't somebody say that?" He stared at her, but she laughed, trying to keep the tempo syncopated. "This time it's the old ones about fiddling while Rome burns, and the devil finds some mischief still for idle hands, and—darling, I want to go back to the city because, actually, I'm bored."

So that was the way he looked when he was angry! He said, "So my little career woman finds the honeymoon is ended. Well, well. Now, I've been as happy as a flying fish."

She saw that she had made a mistake. "I don't care about my career especially," she said, "though it wasn't a bad career as careers go. But I've got to have something to do with all I once used up in my work. If you were doing something and I could darn your socks, and it's—if you're angry, I shall make a mess of this, darling—it's not me. Nor even you. There's so much ahead—"

"Just what is it you want?" asked Tick.

"Please don't laugh," Kim said, "but you have such great gifts. It seems to me you are wasting your life, that's all. I think you'd be happier—"

"No, I wouldn't," said Tick. "I like it this way. I'm having fun. Are you by any chance starting to reform me? Or has Mike been talking in cosmic terms again? God, you're stupid! All you brainy women are stupid about people."

Confused, she said, "I haven't put it well, Tick, but—"

He took her in his arms, roughly. "It shouldn't be put at all," he said.

She said furiously, "I can't spend my whole life lovemaking."

"Oh, can't you?" he said, and put his mouth down hard on hers.

The bright clear morning was shot with thunder and lightning and wild, singing wind. The passion of their quarrel and the passion of their love mingled in a blind, aching desire to hurt, to possess, to win oneness, yet each be master.

They went up through the deserted garden. At the foot of the stairs Tick said, "Go on. I need a drink. I'll be up in a minute."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, she waited. He wouldn't come. He was angry. Nothing was worth that. She was a fool. Nothing could ever matter that much. Always, always she would do anything, be anything, live anywhere, as long as he wanted to hold her in his arms. There could never be any other man.

But all the time she kept remembering the picture, framed in silver, which she had seen on the grand piano in that formal drawing room where she had gone to get the final and fatal answer on her designs for the fair. The picture had shocked her, not because of the lush feminine beauty of the face, but because old man Abrough kept it there, a green wound. Now the thought of it awakened something cold and stubborn inside her. It kept saying, "That's all a lie. You can't sell out truth because it hurts."

When Tick hadn't come back by dinner-time, Kim went to Mrs. Calhoun's room. "Tick's gone on up," she said, "and I'm going too. Will you explain to Pet for me?"

The old lady nodded. Then she said bluntly, "Kim, don't be deceived by that

skin of sophistication Tick wears. From my experience, I can tell you that men who have specialized in love affairs are as a rule very immature about other things. Not grown-up at all. If you don't force Tick to fight against you, a great many things in him will fight on your side. I think you did a dangerous thing in marrying him, but since you did it—love, my dear child, often gains a great deal more by being than by saying. We live in strange times. We have to make our own rules. It's easy to make mistakes."

"Thank you. I'll remember."

Kim got out the roadster, and headed north for San Francisco along the Sky-line Drive. The city was incredibly quiet in the night hours. The streets were empty. The lobby of the Mark was deserted, and Tick wasn't waiting for her in their gilt-and-gold suite. She took off her hat and sat down wearily, her face buried in her hands.

What would she do if he didn't come back?

Perhaps tomorrow—or the next day—she would go to see Sandy.

The offices of the Farrell Construction Company were where they had been for a quarter of a century, down on Harrison Street near the majestic modern entrance to the Oakland Bridge. Going up the dark, uneven stairs, Kim heard Sandy's voice raised in a whirlwind of orders. "What's going on here?" she asked, as she walked into the untidy office.

Sandy grinned at her. "Going to Washington on the afternoon plane," he said, "and I can't get anybody around here to understand English."

A huge man, like an old redwood, said, "If you'd try speaking it and not shouting like everybody was deaf—"

"You know Winnie," Sandy said to Kim, with a gesture. "He's the man around here thinks he's what I am—the boss."

Winnie said, "Bantam roosters crow the loudest. How're you, Mrs. Farrell?"

Kim perched on the golden-oak desk. "Why are you going to Washington?"

"I'm going to make myself a perpetual nuisance till I get some action about construction on Midway and Wake and the Philippines," said Sandy. "It's a game now to make fun of private industry. But while the government's been foolin' around, even after what Hepburn told 'em, who has built seaplane bases and opened our air route in the Pacific? Pan American Airways, and that's private industry! Don't you sell private industry short, missy. It's the most American thing there is, and the best brains in the country are still in it, including mine." He cocked an eye at her. "You don't look pert as usual. Where's Tick?"

Kim's glance went involuntarily to Winnie. The big man said, "I've known him as long as anybody. I give him that name. Pesky little horn-toad; always hollering, 'Tick-Tick-Tick' at me. Wanted my watch. I'll go if you want, but if he's in trouble I'd as leave stick around."

"We had a fight," Kim said then. "It was my fault. I wasn't very tactful. He hasn't been home for three days, and I don't know what to do."

Sandy said to Winnie, "Where's Brick McMahon?" and Winnie went out. "Tick ought to be old enough to look after himself," Sandy went on, "but when he gets mad he always starts going places."

Winnie brought in Brick McMahon, who shook hands awkwardly with the wife of his old teammate at Stanford.

Kim said, "He'd been drinking some and—playing poker. I don't know much about these things. I got scared."

Brick McMahon said, "I'll find him."

"I'll drive you to the airport, Sandy," Kim said.

In the car, as they swung into Mission Street, Sandy said, "Tick's got brains, Kim, and he can handle men. That Brick McMahon—he's a good man; he done a fine job for me down in Fresno—he'd about die for Tick. My fool of a doctor says I ought to ease up, but we never started a job yet we didn't finish, and if I get these contracts I could use Tick."

"You take care of yourself, Sandy."

"I put that house on Walnut Street in Tick's name," Sandy said. "You might like to fix it up. Living in hotels ain't civilized. Maybe you'll need more room."

"I hope so," Kim said. "No luck so far. Sandy, the way Tick loves boats, did you ever think he might—I mean, if

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Family Quiz Answers MOTHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. They all belong to the lily family.
2. Misogamy means hatred of marriage; misogyny means hatred of women.
3. Ignace, Wolfgang, Johannes.
4. Caracas, Ankara, Berne.
5. Radium.
6. Curiosity.
7. Eugene Field.
8. Miami—water boils at a higher temperature at sea level.
9. Hawaiian. Its alphabet consists of 12 letters.
10. "Mother Machree."
11. 28.
12. The fruit grows in clusters.

Questions accepted from Mrs. Clair Pettit, Roseburg, Ore.; Thelma Babcock, Charleston, Mo.; Delbert D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Marie Brewer, Berwyn, Ill.; Alice Walsh, Los Angeles, Calif.; Frances Pircher, Witt, Ill.; Mrs. G. L. Miller, Ft. Worth, Tex.; Mrs. Alfred E. Frazer, Sellersville, Pa.; Lillian M. Jordan, Big Spring, Tex.; F. M. Percher, Nokomis, Ill.; Harriet M. Mooney, Columbus, O.

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he could build ships, it might seem more dramatic to him."

"Not much shipbuilding these days," said Sandy. "Besides, I need him. When Brick finds him, you tell him I said I'd like to have him around now."

They didn't speak again until Kim swung into the circular drive of Mills Field. Then she said, "Sandy, it's mostly wrong to interfere with other people. Leave love free—that's what you always hear. But with husbands and wives and people as close as that, how can you?"

"There's an awful lot of fiddle-faddle talked about freedom these days," said Sandy. "The other fellow's freedom ends where my nose begins. Tick's grandma always claimed it was her duty to see I made the best kind of man she could make out of me with what she had to work with. She said a man was always free to do right, but he wasn't ever free to do wrong."

Kim watched the plane take off and headed for the Lansing house. Driving home, she thought how utterly changed your life was when you were married. Tick wanted to be footloose still. But you couldn't isolate yourself from those who loved you. If Tick understood the return a man must make for love like hers and Sandy's and Winnie's and Brick's, it might give him back his soul.

Something big—big—would have to awaken Tick.

When Kim kissed her aunt Lady Grossville at the door of the Lansing house, she thought of Mike Archineff and the sin of the angels. Could that be

it—wanting everything for nothing; getting so arrogant you wouldn't even walk back to the Father's House, but expected Him to carry the fatted calf down to the pigsty?

"What are you laughing at?" Lady Grossville asked.

"Me?" said Kim. "Praying for patience, a virtue I abhor. Auntie darling, Sandy has given us a house. You and Wong will have to help me. I am—was—an architect, not an interior decorator."

"Me come work for you," said Wong, with a bland stare at Lady Grossville. "All knives, iron pots, belong me. I bling 'em."

"You'll do no such thing!" said Lady Grossville.

"Oh, yes," said Wong, "will do."

And ultimately he did.

Brick started looking for Tick Farrell that night. He drifted into a couple of places on Powell Street. After that he tried Chinatown and the high-class gambling joints. Finally, he went down to the water front.

A light fog was tumbling along the Embarcadero and there wasn't anybody around, but Brick felt trouble in the air. He heard shouts and scuffling feet, and he saw police moving with quiet, deadly speed. Oh, sure. The Chinese were picketing ships loading goods for Japan. He'd read a speech about it that morning by Clay Jackson, who was head of the Waterfront Employers Association.

Brick headed toward a water-front saloon whose lights blurred orange in the grayness. Tick Farrell was there, shooting craps with a couple of sailors off the ships tied up waiting for the longshoremen to go through the Chinese picket lines, and so far the longshoremen weren't having any. They liked the Chinamen.

Tick looked up, frowning. He needed a shave. He said, "You going to try wet-nursing me again?" The Greek sailor looked at Brick; he had been winning and didn't welcome interruption. He decided Brick was too big.

"I just know some better places," Brick said.

"E's going to sail with us," the little Englishman said. "E says 'e wants to see life."

Brick said, "Well, we might walk over and see how they're getting along."

Crooning "Marching Through Georgia," Tick walked with his head bent, sniffing the well-beloved smell of the water front—of sea and machine oil and spice and coffee and wet wood. The others trailed along. The opaque jet eyes of a Chinese picket glittered as they came up to him.

"How you doing?" Tick asked, with a grin. The Chinaman nodded. "Everybody's on your side," Tick said, "even if we are neutral. If we had an ounce of decency we wouldn't sell scrap to those brown imps of hell."

"You'll get it back someday," the Chinaman said.

A big dark car drew up, just beyond the fog-shrouded street light. Half a dozen men got out. The Chinaman challenged them quietly.

The big man at their head said, "I am going to take my men through to load that ship. If they want to go, you can't stop them."

A yell of joy made him turn. "Clay Jackson!" Tick shouted. "Why, you money-hungry shark, you'd shanghai your sister for a brass ring. You're going to make those guys load a ship? Brick, we got to stop Jackson again."

Brick had one flash of them—Clay Jackson big and square and solid; Tick's head emerging golden in the street lamp. He heard Tick laugh dangerously, and

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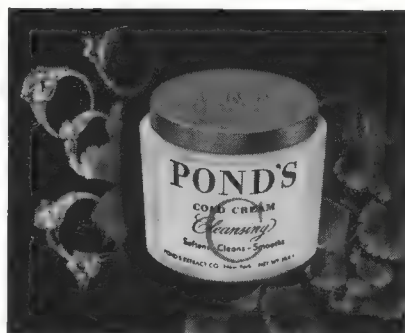
A LETTER FROM HER SOLDIER FIANCE, now "somewhere overseas," lights Martha's charming face with a happy remembering look

She's Engaged!

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then two of Jackson's men moved and he was very busy. There was the muffled clash of body against body, and Brick heard the sick grunt as he caught a man with his shoulder. The dark was full of the labored breath of fighting men.

A heavy voice said, "What's all this now?" and Tick, wiping the blood from his mouth, said, "Private fight, officer." Clay Jackson tried to speak, but had no wind for it. Whoever you were, you didn't argue with the San Francisco police, and they broke it up. But it had been a sweet scrap while it lasted.

In the saloon, Tick said, "That Jackson hasn't got imagination enough to explain two black eyes."

The tinny piano in the corner came to life under the hands of a ragged little man, and Tick stared at him.

"That's a pretty tune," the Englishman said. "I never 'ear that before."

"You don't really hear it now," said Tick Farrell; "it's just haunting me. It's an old San Francisco song called 'Towsee Mongalay,' and it means I won't be sailing with you, pal."

"Any sailing around here, I'll do it," said Brick. "I'm legally a bachelor. I'll take you home."

She was a good-looking gal, that wife of Tick's, Brick thought, as he went to get the car. But she wasn't the kind Tick used to go for. He liked 'em feminine. That was his word. Brick defined that as meaning lots of what nature had done to make a woman different from a man. Of course that Abrough dame had turned out to be a louse; but she had been feminine, all right.

The room was dark when Tick went in, but he heard a sound and found Kim curled up on the window seat. He went and knelt down beside her there, and when he felt the thudding of her heart against his cheek he groaned.

Her hands smoothed his hair, and then her lips touched his forehead.

"I'm a heel, Kim," he said.

"Sweetheart, you're such a dunce!"

"Look, Kim," he went on, holding her against him, "I know about you. You're different. You're kind. Most good people aren't. Are we too far apart to make a go of it? Don't stop me. I can't talk like this often. I want to change, but I don't know whether I can—I don't even know whether I want to. That doesn't make sense. I'm a little drunk, and I stopped one hard one with my chin—that Jackson can still fight pretty good—but what I mean is, I want to *want* to change. But I don't know yet if it's worth while."

"You will. It's more fun, really."

"I don't believe that, Kim, do you love me? Not just a little, but all there is?"

"Yes," said Kim.

"Because that's the way I love you, and it scares hell out of me. I could make almost any woman happy but you, and I had to fall in love with you. I get mad because you want so much; you aren't satisfied with me as I am, and it's so much easier this way. I'm awfully tired tonight; that's why I can say this. But next week and next year, when I feel good, maybe I won't."

She pulled him up beside her, and they cuddled there, San Francisco spread far below them. Its beauty brought hope into Kim's heart. Almost it might seem that they were making a mountain out of a molehill. But she knew better, and Tick knew better. They were like San Francisco; they were San Franciscans. All—or nothing. It was in the blood.

Sandy came home in triumph. "It ain't much," he said, "but it's better than nothing."

From behind the battered golden-oak

desk, he beamed upon them. But Tick thought he looked very tired.

"We're going to get a start on Midway. Later on, maybe Wake and Guam. And I got a couple jobs in the Philippines. I wish I could go out to Midway myself, but the doc won't let me."

"The doc's right," said his grandson.

"I wouldn't pay any attention to him." Sandy said, "only it wouldn't do any good for me to go out there and get sick. You want to go, Tick?"

"Take it easy, grandpa," said Tick. "I've only been working here a week. What about Brick? He is young, handsome, strong, and a bachelor, besides. He'll love it."

"You want to go, McMahon?" asked Sandy Farrell. "I guess there's a little mite of danger, maybe, out there in Midway, if we should happen to have a war. I don't ever send a man into danger without he's willing to go."

"Sounds all right to me," said Brick.

"Well, that's settled," Tick said. "We'll see you off in grand style."

SANDY looked at his grandson wistfully. He was glad Tick wasn't going. They had missed so many days—years—together. But it was impossible for him to understand why Tick did not want to go. It never occurred to him that his grandson didn't trust himself to stick to a job on a little island out in the Pacific, and that he was bitter because Sandy had to send Brick in his place.

The ship was to sail at midnight. She was a snub-nosed freighter, carrying tons of material for the Farrell Construction Company. There was still the sound of creaking tackle; of feet padding up and down the decks.

Walking between the two men, Kim could feel Sandy skipping along, beside himself with excitement. When he saw Brick coming down the gangplank, he broke into a run.

"It means a lot to him," Tick said.

Sandy was explaining that to Brick. "This means more to me than anything I ever did in my life," he said. "I've built a lot bigger things, but when you boys get over there, I've got a hunch what you do is going to be mighty important, and I want it done quick—quicker the better. You keep on the job, Brick. I'm trusting you. Out there on Midway, you are the Farrell Construction Company, and we're serving our country or I'm a hornhead."

They went on board, and Sandy buzzed off to take a last look at the cargo, to slap on the back the gang he was sending over with Brick McMahon.

Tick went along the deck toward Brick, who was standing in the bow. "I wish I was going along," Tick said. "Boats give me the itch."

"Will you stay where you are, for once?" Brick cried. "Sandy needs you."

"Oh, sure. By the way, can you write?"

"I'll drop you a postcard," Brick said. "And stay away from them loaded dice."

They pummeled each other. Sandy bounced up. He shook hands with Brick, said, "Bad luck to watch you sail. Let's get going. Good-by, Brick. God bless you, boy. Let me know what you need."

Tick put both arms around Brick for an instant. "Give 'em hell, kid," he said.

The fair opened in February. But the fair as Kim had dreamed it, as old man Abrough had dreamed it, hadn't come into being at all. A fury whirled up inside Kim. The old man's revenge, that pitiless, cold revenge he had kept green and alive, had cost him dear.

The house on Walnut Street was fin-

ished that summer. Lady Grossville was there a good deal, and Kim found her companionship pleasant. They were sitting together near the radio when they heard war declared. As the fatal words rolled forth, Kim saw that her aunt was weeping. To her, this was *real*. To Kim and Tick, it wasn't, and Kim knew it.

France fell, and Kim suffered blindly. We are going to see horrible things, she thought. Why does God let this happen? Where is God that he does not stop it? I must find God. I must know what it is in us that separates us from God. The sin of the angels! We have been cast forth, but I don't know why.

Yet against the background of that menacing hurricane, her life went on, and she found that her own life and love meant more to her than the mass agony of humanity.

Tick grew more and more restless. The work bored him, and Kim saw his restlessness grow until sometimes it seemed to her that the world tension was duplicated in her own home, her own love. Love can do more sometimes by being than by saying or doing, old Mrs. Calhoun had said. And she clung to that, while an unacknowledged struggle went on between her and her husband, and sometimes she saw him looking at her with hot eyes that almost resented her.

In the spring of 1941 the city was full of wind, and in Kim's mind wind had come to symbolize all that was happening to the world, to her. It was as though she and Tick were being blown farther and farther apart by that cold violent wind as it swept up and up, shrieking.

It was natural to find Sandy sitting in front of the fire when she came in from the studio. He stopped often, on his way home from the office. There was nothing to mark that spring day as different from any other. The way he patted her hand as she bent to kiss him was just as usual.

"Tick tell you he wants to go on a trip?" he asked, not looking at her. "He says there ain't enough to keep him and me and Winnie busy at the office. He don't care anything about it. He's just doing it to please me. Idleness is a terrible thing, granddaughter."

"I know," said Kim, sitting down.

"Sometimes in my life," Sandy said, "I have cursed God. That was when I got wasting myself on liquor and cards and women. And sometimes I have been real friendly with Him, like when I had a big, fine job to do and needed Him to help me. I got the impression it never made any difference to God, but it made a lot of difference in how I felt inside."

"Do you believe in God, really?" Kim asked.

He thought a time, looking into the fire. "I got to," he said at last; "I got to. Where else did I get the strength? Where else did I get the ideas so I could build bridges that was almost as good as the rocks He put there for me to build 'em on? Where do *your* ideas come from? Kim, you stick with your husband. Lately, I been seeing ahead a little. I don't sleep much. The wrecking crew is coming. Got to clear the ground and tear down what's in the way before you can build anew. Some of the things I built—they'll stand. The Farrells have always been builders. I'd like Tick to build something. You tell him, Kim. It'll be tough. He never got ready; he ain't conditioned. But he's a fighter, Kim. You stick to him, no matter what happens. He needs a woman more'n most men."

"But I don't know whether I am the woman he needs," Kim said. "Maybe when the time comes, he will need another kind of woman."



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"Then you got to be that kind of woman," Sandy said. "Tick wants a soft woman. I know. Don't you ever let a soft woman get hold of Tick, honey. Kim, would you play for me? That old one about the Rock. I've always liked rocks. 'Rock of Ages'—that one."

When she finished, Sandy was sitting with his eyes closed. Kim's heart leaped, and then stood still.

"Sandy," she said. "Oh, Sandy, Sandy, what will I do without you?" She went down on her knees beside him and put her face against his quiet old hands. But no tears came. "Bon voyage, Sandy," she said softly. For already she could see Sandy starting out upon a new adventure. Wherever he went, there would surely be bridges to build.

"What shall I do about it?" Winnie said.

"Are you asking me?" Tick Farrell said. The old office with the golden-oak desk was quiet for a long minute. Tick tilted his chair back against the wall. He had never yet sat behind Sandy's desk.

After a while Winnie said, "We ought to get this straight. I've been taking orders from Sandy Farrell most of my life. He's gone. Now I got a lot of things to do out in the Philippines. We got sixteen hundred men out there. We got men on Midway and Wake. We got big jobs going. I'd like you to tell me what to do."

Tick said, "Winnie, I'll put it to you this way. Sandy was a great man. He was a lucky man. The luckiest man or woman on this earth is the one who loves the job he's got to do. You can't say Sandy's finished because he's—dead," Tick went on. "Men like Sandy don't die. You know what he would have wanted done, don't you? You worked with him day and night. Carry on—that's all."

Winnie said slowly, "We kind of hoped you'd take his place."

The legs of Tick's chair clattered against the floor. "With what? I stuck around here to please him. Thank whatever gods there be that I did. I don't give a damn about the Farrell Construction Company. I never did. I don't know anything about it. You and—and my wife think Sandy can still see me; can still see the Farrell Construction Company. You've got an idea he's still sitting there in that chair, only we can't see him."

Winnie looked at the chair. It was true. He was sure Sandy was still there. "Your wife thinks that?" asked Winnie.

"Yes," Tick said. "And if you want a new head for the Farrell Construction Company, what about Mrs. Farrell? She'd really do a job. She's a better man than I am. And she knows all about cement and steel and foundations. She is particularly strong on foundations."

"You have to have foundations," Winnie said.

"So she tells me," Tick agreed. He stood up. "Nobody," he said bleakly, angrily, "loved Sandy better than I did. Don't kid yourself about that. But he's dead. I think that's all there is to it. I'd be a liar if I went into an act, and he'd hate it. He was an honest man, my grandfather. You tell Brick McMahon what to do, and he'll do it."

The first time Tick Farrell ever saw Francesca Ashe was at the races. They happened to sit in the same box. Kim had known her for years; they had gone to school together.

Kim introduced Tick to her. She thought Francesca was lovely, but a little—did one wear soft, clinging garments to the races?—and then forgot her.

It wasn't until the last race that she again became conscious of Francesca Ashe. Then she looked up from her program and saw Tick talking to Francesca. Something in the way he smiled at her caught Kim's attention. Somewhere in her a little alarm sounded.

She studied the girl. Francesca had had a Spanish grandmother, and from her had inherited the liquid brown eyes, with dark lashes tipped with gold, and the ivory-gold skin under which the soft rose color came and went. Her mouth was very red, a lush, smiling mouth.

The horses swept by under the wire, and Kim heard Tick shouting like a madman, and she saw that Francesca was standing on her chair. She had flung both arms around Tick to steady herself, and she was laughing with delight.

"We won," Francesca said. "Oh, how wonderful! It's the first race I've won today." She gave Tick a little hug and held up her ticket. "Isn't he wonderful?"

Natural enough, all of it. Yet something kept nagging at Kim Farrell's mind; something she couldn't name.

"I'll see you out here again," Francesca said, smiling at them.

Going home in the car, Kim said, "You had a good day?"

Tick said, "I did. Darling, do you mind very much—my gambling?"

"I—yes, I suppose I do. But don't let it bother you."

He said slowly, "Kim, I'm a gambler. Men have the—virtues of their faults. You can use electricity to kill a man or to light an operating room. If I ever do any of the things you dream about, it will be because I'm a gambler. I'll take the chances other men won't take."

He leaned over and kissed her ear, and as always her pulses leaped. After a while she said, "She's beautiful—Francesca. Didn't you think so?"

"Feminine," Tick said; "very feminine." His voice didn't sound particularly interested, but the word tore away the veil from that nagging warning that had gnawed at Kim. It gave a name to that inner apprehension.

In a way, Francesca looked like that picture in the silver frame on old man Abrough's piano. They were the same type. They were both what a man would call feminine. Very feminine.

Probably in the whole United States there could not be found one man or woman or child who would not remember afterwards exactly where and when the words that changed all of life, all of their world, first came to them.

Pearl Harbor.

Time dated from that moment.

But it was a moment later that changed life more for Kim Farrell. The moment when the Japs struck the Philippines, and Wake—and Midway.

For Midway wasn't just a name to Kim and Tick Farrell. It was the place where Brick was, and the men Sandy had sent out there.

It was the place where the Farrell Construction Company had a job to finish.

Tick came into her studio that day and stood by the window, looking out at the Golden Gate. His face was gray, and she saw the lines printed around his eyes.

"They struck Midway," he said.

Kim went and stood beside him. Her heart was beating hard. At last the test had come!

"What are you going to do?" she said.

Next month—If Kim becomes her husband's partner in business will she fail as his partner in life?

First Love (Continued from page 25)

could really believe that. Before long the proximity of his seat to Mary Garrett's seemed to explain the new excellence of his examination papers.

Cheating was a thing not to be borne. Joe was confronted with circumstantial evidence. She remembered how her face had burned and her heart had plummeted when they stood side by side at Miss Fiske's desk.

"You have broken all the rules of this school," Miss Fiske had said, looking at Joe with distaste, "but this is the last straw. We cannot have cheating!"

"I didn't cheat!" Joe said, his wild dark eyes flashing a kind of lightning. "Your past record is against you," Miss Fiske said.

"I can't help that," Joe said.

"We cannot have people without honor in this school."

Honor. What a bright, shining word that was—like a shield to hold before you. Honor, that was a word to cherish, a thing to keep and protect, she thought.

Honor, Joe thought, that's about all I've got to fight for. I haven't got a lot

of things other people have, but I've got that. If I didn't do it and I know I didn't, then I can't lose. Somewhere in his small, misunderstood soul, Joe knew he had got hold of something which would make him invincible.

He had not cheated. It had never occurred to him, any more than it had occurred to Miss Fiske, that something had come into his life which made it important for him to be different.

Joe opened his mouth to defend himself, powerful in his own righteousness.

"It could have been me," he heard Mary say. "I could have been the one who—who did it."

"Mary!" Miss Fiske was shocked. "What do you mean?"

Joe turned on Mary fiercely, contempt and amazement written on his face. He looked at her trembling mouth, and his eyes went opaque and dull.

"She doesn't know what she's talking about," Joe said wearily, to Miss Fiske. "It's a lie." He went back to his seat and began to gather up his things.

"Well," said Miss Fiske, "I'm glad you

admit it, Joe. I knew you were innocent, Mary. You wouldn't do a thing like that."

"What's the use?" Joe said, under his breath.

All the way home Mary cried, the hard, tearing kind of crying which comes of growing up. She didn't know why she was crying—whether it was because she didn't believe Joe had cheated, or because what she had said had seemed to be the wrong thing, forcing Joe into a kind of tacit admission.

She thought how willing she had been to sacrifice honor; how she had blurted out a lie and how she would have cheated too if it would have helped him; how little all the things she had been taught were important had mattered in that brief, cold moment when there was only Joe and his trouble.

Joe never came back to school. His name was stricken from the rolls, but from her heart he could not be stricken.

Joe got a job as delivery boy at a downtown drugstore. He began to smoke cigarettes and throw dice with the loungers who hung around it. He seemed

to take a special pleasure in low company.

"Birds of a feather," people said wisely. "Next thing you know he'll be drinking!"

"Or holding up somebody with a gun!" "Poor Mrs. Grimes. He'll probably end up in the penitentiary."

Mary didn't believe a word they said. Everywhere she went she looked for him. Sometimes when she saw him coming out of the old Grimes house on the corner, she would run out the door, but he never passed her house.

Only one thing happened that gave her hope. At Christmas, she got an anonymous present. It was a two-pound box of cheap chocolates from the drugstore, wrapped in soiled holly paper and tied with a red cord. It was left at the door with her name on it, and there was no card inside. Her mother couldn't imagine who had sent it, but Mary knew—she *knew*.

When she was eighteen, she looked like a Renoir portrait. Her dark gold hair fell against the apricot bloom of her cheek, and her blue eyes were wistful. Her mouth was red and ripe, like rich fruit. She was too pretty not to be sought after.

Sometimes at night when she lay awake, she wondered why Joe had to be the one man in her mind, wished with all her heart that she could find some way to be rid of his image. She would think of all the things people said about him and try to remember that he was hateful and unkind. But none of these things had any bearing on the way she felt.

Joe had a job now at a lunch counter where a lot of young toughs congregated every night. No good could come of her walking past it so often, but it was the only way she could see Joe. If she caught a glimpse of him she felt rewarded. When he spoke to her, she was happy.

But she was only inviting trouble, walking past the place in her light summer dresses. The flotsam and jetsam who collected there were not known for their gallantry. So one night it happened.

Nobody ever really knew what the remark was, but Joe Grimes took exception to it. He leaped on the frowzy, stupefied man who had made it, like a tiger, and began to give him a beating. His victim pulled a knife and they mauled each other around the gutter with the sharp blade flashing between them, until the police arrived.

The expected had happened at last, people said with something like satisfaction. Joe Grimes had been carted off to jail. His mother had arranged for his release, but he had a black eye and a long cut on his cheek from the knife, and he had been fired.

The scandal flared over the neighborhood, but Mary never thought about what was breaking over her own head. Fear clawed at her. Joe was hurt. If anything had happened to Joe . . .

"I can't understand it," her mother moaned. "A daughter of mine the subject of a street brawl. Mary, Mary, what has come over you?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Your mother and I have given you every advantage," her father said. "A good home—good associates. Now you deliberately go against all our training."

"It's not anything I can help," she said from the depths of her bondage.

There ought to be some way to explain it, but there never is any explaining that thing which springs up between two diverse beings—something not of their own making, not even of their own wishing, but there, relentless and inescapable.

"What is that boy to you?" her mother probed.

"Nothing! Nothing!" she cried with bitterness and truth.

"What will people think?"

She didn't care. She had only one thought in her mind. She had to see him. She was trembling with fright when she knocked at the dilapidated door of his house. Joe stood there glaring at her.

"Joe," she cried, "are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. What's it to you?"

"You know what it is to me," she said.

"I'm so sorry I got you into trouble."

"Then don't let me see you around that place again," he burst out. "Do you hear? It's not a place for a girl like you."

"Joe, I wanted to thank you."

"You'd better go home," he said.

They sent her away to college. "To put an end to that Grimes nonsense," her mother pointed out.

To Subscribers Desiring Change of Address

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Everything was new and different, and it was almost a relief to be in another town. There were times when she almost forgot; when she was nearly free.

She met Roger Milliken. He was a big, good-looking man, uncomplicated and nice. He couldn't have been more unlike Joe. For a while she thought she cared for Roger, and then he kissed her. She shut her eyes and pretended he was Joe.

Summer came back, and she was at home again. Her father and mother kept looking at each other with congratulatory smiles. Letters kept arriving from Roger. But in her mind the old eager questions trembled, and every morning she thought: Maybe today . . .

Joe was working in a garage on a late shift. Nobody ever talked about him, so Mary didn't know that. She wondered if he still lived in the old gray house on the corner, but she hadn't the courage to ask. As early summer wore into July, she began to feel hopeless.

I can't stand it, she thought. Something has to happen. She wondered how you could make things happen.

But the simplest events suffice. She was on her way to a party in an unfamiliar part of town when she had a flat tire. She walked over to a grimy garage for help. He was there.

"Joe!" she cried.

She stood there in her white dress against the dirty walls of the garage with the golden silk of her hair lying on her shoulder and her heart in her blue eyes. He looked at her, bemused and startled, and began automatically to wipe the grease off one of his long, slender hands with a piece of waste. She thought how beautiful his hand was, and how she would like to hold it against her cheek.

"What can I do for you, Miss Garrett?" Joe asked.

What can you do for me? she thought, but aloud she said, "I've got a flat."

Joe got out his tools. "Haven't seen you

around," he said, making conversation.

"They sent me away to school."

"Yeah," he said. "I know."

He began to change the tire. He had deft hands, a quick way of working. He could have done anything he set his mind to, she thought.

It was a blazing July afternoon. The asphalt emitted a tarry odor. It was an ugly street on the edge of town with a few dusty trees and peeling billboards. Heavy trucks kept grinding past.

People think of love in terms of spring and apple blossoms or rippling water and the privacy of woodlands. She knew such things had nothing to do with it.

"Oh, Joe," she said, unable to stop herself, "I've missed you so terribly."

For almost the first time in her memory she saw him smile, and an alien gentleness came into his eyes. Then he pulled himself together. "There you are. You can pick the extra up Wednesday."

She drove off, trembling with the kind of happiness which is half fear. Wednesday! she thought. Wednesday!

When she got to the garage Wednesday, a strange man put the extra on her car. "Where's Joe?" she asked.

"He's off today," the man said.

There was a drought that year. The grass was dry and dusty. At night the scorching stars burned holes in the unclouded sky. The air was sultry and ominous. Thunder shuddered in the still air. Mary felt charred, burned out.

She could not sleep. Night after night, long after her parents had put out their light, she sat in her room trying to rivet her attention on a book, trying to write to Roger. But her head ached, contracting with pain as if there were a steel band around it being screwed up tighter and tighter. All through this—the heat, the headache, the turning of listless pages—ran her preoccupation with Joe.

It was the most breathless night of all that she tiptoed down the stairs, opened the front door noiselessly and walked out into the August midnight. She could not have told why.

He was standing there on the walk, his tense figure silhouetted against the white fence, his odd, pale face turned upward toward her lighted window. She never said a word. She went to him and put her arms up and drew down his head. They kissed. He could not be said to have kissed her, for there was no determining the impulse of it or its wild, sweet origin.

She felt as if the earth had suddenly been freshened. She knew why she had been born.

Joe's arms tightened around her. "Mary, Mary, it's no use."

"Joe, I love you."

They stood together in the starlight, bemused and lost. He was as lost as she, frightened of the clamor in his blood, defenseless against her heedless passion. "Joe," she said, "what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. I never meant that you should find out."

"I've always known it. Ever since I can remember. Even when I was a little girl."

"Your folks will never put up with it."

"I have to live my own life," she said.

They kissed again, clinging together with a terrible urgency, as if a lifetime had to be compressed into these few minutes. They kissed without hope.

"Go in the house," he said. "They'll be looking for you."

"Joe," she pleaded, "don't let anything happen to us."

All the swagger was gone out of him; all the defiance. "I'll try," he said. "I won't let anything happen to you."

There were a few furtive weeks. She used to wonder how it would be to love in a world less hostile; how it would



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be to say, "This is Joe, the man I'm going to marry."

She tried to imagine what it would be like to sit side by side in the mellow dark, holding hands without fear; to walk along the street laughing up into his face without forever wondering if somebody was watching.

She used to meet Joe in a dismal little restaurant on a downtown side street—a hole-in-the-corner place where nobody she knew ever came. They played the phonograph and sat in a dim back booth drinking unappetizing coffee.

"If I could get a job—like selling something," he said. "You know, a job where you can have clean hands and wear a necktie and make a good living, maybe your father—"

"He just doesn't know you, Joe."

"He thinks he does."

"Anyway, I don't care," she said mutinously. "I'm old enough to know my own mind. They can't tell me what to do."

"But your father—you owe him something."

"If it were your father, would that stop you?"

"My father was no good," Joe said.

"Joe, I love you," she whispered, the woman's answer in any impasse.

"I wish there were an island," he said, "without any past or future—just now—and you and I were there." He smiled, a little sheepish at the depth of his own feeling, and the way his words sounded like poetry.

They thought about an island. They planned it all out, drawing outlines on the tablecloth. But there wasn't any island. There never is.

Inevitably they were found out. Somebody recognized her and went to her mother with the story—for her own good.

That was a terrible time. Her mother, angry and bitter, saying how common Joe Grimes was and how Mary had lowered herself. Her father, looking white and stricken, trying to find out all about Joe, threatening him. And herself, frantic and stubborn, reiterating that she loved Joe, that they didn't understand.

"I understand him well enough," her father said. "It's you I don't understand."

They began to watch her. Whenever she started to go anywhere, her mother found reason to go along. When she talked on the telephone, she felt them listening. They asked her if she had any letters to mail. She was a prisoner, chained by their anxious devotion.

She got the letter mailed by bribing the yard man to drop it in the box. She didn't know how she would manage to get to the dismal restaurant at the time she had appointed in her note, but she didn't believe anything could stop her. When the time came she simply walked out of the house without a hat, and she never expected to come back to it.

Joe was waiting.

"Joe!" she cried and ran toward him. His face looked pale. He held her hand, and they walked over to the booth.

"Joe, let's go away."

"I can't get married," he said. "I haven't got a thing. You know how it is."

"That's—that's all right," she stammered. "I want to go with you anyway."

Far back in his black eyes there was a look of tears. So does trust undo a man who is not accustomed to it.

"My darling," he said thickly, stumbling over the unfamiliar endearment.

"If I go back home," she said, "I don't know when I can see you. I want to go now. We can get along—together."

He stroked her hand, and his eyes were far away. He could not look at her. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind.

"I'd have to do a few things," he said finally. "Get some money together. But

maybe tomorrow we could get married and go to California."

Her face was full of light, but his was wan and hungry. She never noticed that in the midst of her ecstatic planning.

"We'd better not meet here," he said. "If it should leak out, this would be the first place they'd look."

"I'll meet you at the courthouse," she said. "And then—we can be married."

"All right," he said. "Three o'clock."

"I'll go now and get ready," she said. "Oh, Joe, it's going to be so wonderful."

He strained her to him and kissed her. Then he let her go. "Good-by," he said. All night her mind was in a ferment, and the morning crept by on snail's feet. She took her savings bank book and a picture of her mother and father. She couldn't take a bag. In her mother's hearing, she called Janice, her best friend, and said she was coming over. At two o'clock she left the house.

????????????????????????????????

Family Quiz Answers SISTER

(Questions on page 16)

1. Yes, Vitamins A and C predominate.
2. Water.
3. Dartmouth.
4. Scotch Woodcock is a food preparation.
5. The next to the last.
6. Hondo, or Honshu, is the island on which Tokyo is located.
7. Supine.
8. Backgammon.
9. Table salt, composed of sodium and chlorine.
10. Cloves are the dried, unopened flower buds of an evergreen tree which is a native of the Moluccas.
11. The inner ear or labyrinth.
12. There are 30 United Nations. Ethiopia was the 30th.

Questions accepted from Harriot M. Mooney, Columbus, O.; Barney Dreifuss, Bethesda, Md.; R. C. Mayfield, Harlingen, Tex.; Mrs. C. A. Smith, Paducah, Ky.; Joseph Martin, Baltimore, Md.; Patty Stafford, Alexandria, La.; Frances Pircher, Witt, Ill.; D. D. Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Ted R. Fischer, Knoxville, Tenn.

????????????????????????????????

At a quarter to three she was already at the courthouse, walking timorously through the dim corridors on the first floor. At three, she went outside and stood on the steps and watched the street. At three-thirty, she sat down on the wooden bench on the lawn. Her eyes flicked over the passers-by, hunting.

At four, she dragged herself into the building and hunted a telephone booth. She searched the directory for the name of the garage and dialed the number.

"Could I speak to Mr. Grimes?" she said.

"Not here any more," a man answered. "Quit yesterday. Leaving town. Going to California, I think."

"Oh, thank you," she said and ran down the hall and out into the sun, for fear she had missed him.

When the courthouse clock bonged five hoarse strokes, she looked up at it in dull surprise. People began to go home from work, and still she sat there. A man came out and closed the big doors.

The long September dusk set in. Her mind seemed to have stopped working. She was too tired—too tired to think. There was nothing to think, except this: Joe had gone and left her.

The caretaker who had locked the door came over to her bench.

"Were you waiting for somebody, miss?"

"No," she said. "Not any more."

She stumbled home. Her father and mother were at the table.

"I was beginning to worry about you, Mary," her mother said. "How's Janice?"

"All right," she said. "Fine."

She unfolded her napkin and ate and drank without knowing what she did. Her mind was empty, and it occurred to her how many years it had been occupied with Joe, and she thought: I will have to find something else to think of.

She had no pride. The next evening she went to the Grimes house.

Mrs. Grimes was there alone. She looked at Mary hostilely, as she said, "He's gone. He left night before last. I hope you're satisfied."

"But where is he? Where did he go?"

"I wish I knew," Joe's mother said.

Mary tried to rationalize it. Everybody else was right, she thought. He's just no good! She kept clinging to that and not believing it. Through the long empty days that followed, she tried to think he had betrayed her. But there was no comfort in it, and such a thought was at odds with the depth of her feeling.

It surprised her how the days went on and she got up and dressed and ate and made conversation and even smiled, when her heart must surely be breaking. But hearts don't break. Minds may break and bones and flesh, but the heart goes on, pounding out the rhythm of life, impervious to the spirit's burden.

She went back to college. And there was Roger Milliken.

Tomorrow she would be Mrs. Roger Milliken.

I can't go through with it, she thought. In a quiver of nervousness, she opened the door of her room to go downstairs.

Her mother's voice came through the open door. "I hope she'll be happy. Roger's a good man."

"I've never been sure she got that Grimes fellow out of her head," said her father.

"Oh, she's forgotten all about him," her mother said. "Just puppy love."

"I don't know. He was an odd one. I'll never forget how near he came to hitting me when I tried to bribe him to get out of town."

"But he left."

"Yes. But it was no credit to me."

She listened, unashamed, and the weight and misery in her chest began to break up and disappear. If all her youth went with it, she did not mind. In the darkness, she seemed to grow tall—tall and proud. All her little gifts had not been in vain, but now there was no longer any need for them. Joe had risen above that need.

She thought of all the brides since time began, and how few there must have been who had not crouched above a cold hearth burning the letters of a lost lover. So had she, in some sense, disposed of what was past. It was like closing a book when the story had reached its end, but she knew that Joe had closed it long since—and with such dignity.

No longer did she repine, for she was aware, as she might never have been, how it is necessary to be humble in the sight of love and how those who give it are touched with a glory which does not bear describing. Roger loved her.

She thought of Roger with such tenderness as she had never before vouchsafed him, because she now had nothing to withhold. Across the rooftops of the sleeping town it was to him that her heart spoke, in gratitude for what he had given into her keeping. It was no girl's heart that spoke. It was a woman's.

She lay down then, to sleep until the dawning of the most important day of her life.



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NEW Pictures

YOU'LL WANT TO SEE

Cosmopolitan lists a few of the many fine pictures now in production in Hollywood. Release dates are approximate, but they will probably be shown at your neighborhood movie during the next few weeks. Titles are subject to last-minute change.

20TH—20TH CENTURY-FOX REP.—REPUBLIC PICTURES CORP. PAR.—PARAMOUNT
UNIV.—UNIVERSAL U. A.—UNITED ARTISTS M-G-M—METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRC—PRODUCERS RELEASING CORP.

TITLE AND COMPANY		TYPE	STARS	WHAT IT'S ABOUT
The Crystal Ball	U.A.	Comedy	<i>Faulette Goddard Ray Milland Virginia Field</i>	Ray learns that a redheaded fortuneteller can be dangerous, even though her crystal ball is merely borrowed. Fast and funny.
Assignment in Brittany	M-G-M	Drama	<i>Pierre Aumont Susan Peters Richard Whorf</i>	Swift action drama concerning a girl and a French officer whose masquerade tricks the Nazis on their own ground.
Happy Go Lucky	Par.	Comedy with Music	<i>Mary Martin Dick Powell Betty Hutton Rudy Vallée</i>	Two gold-diggers and two lovable loafers, all broke, try to "take" a wealthy bachelor. Music, songs and colorful background.
Margin for Error	20th	Drama	<i>Joan Bennett Milton Berle Otto Preminger</i>	A neat blend of intrigue and mystery as a Bronx patrolman guards the local German consul and his official family.
Hit Parade of 1943	Rep.	Musical	<i>Susan Hayward John Carroll Gail Patrick</i>	Music, sweet and hot, by Freddy Martin, Count Basie and Ray McKinley, plus a romance that survives many hazards.
We've Never Been Licked	Univ.	Drama	<i>Richard Quine Anne Gwynne Noah Beery, Jr.</i>	Posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, a flashback shows why an American student was falsely branded "traitor."
The Meanest Man in the World	20th	Comedy	<i>Jack Benny Priscilla Lane "Rochester"</i>	You'll chuckle at Jack's agony as he tries to be the world's worst meanie for a girl who really wants him as the sofie he is.
Follies Girl	PRC	Musical	<i>Wendy Barrie Gordon Oliver Doris Nolan</i>	Wendy gets her break as a costume designer when a soldier who sees her with his dad thinks she has different "designs."
Lady Bodyguard	Par.	Comedy Drama	<i>Eddie Albert Anne Shirley Roger Pryor</i>	An advertising stunt backfires when a thousand-dollar life insurance policy for a test pilot is written for a million!

★ ★ ★ Three Good Bets ★ ★ ★



FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO-Radio). Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray share honors in this spectacular story of aviation in the '30's.

After a whirlwind romance, Fred drops out of Rosalind's life, returning to find she is as famous a flier as he, thanks to teacher Herbert Marshall whom she has promised to marry. Needing photographs of Japanese fortifications on Pacific Islands, the Navy makes a startling proposal which leads Rosalind back to Fred and the finest deed in a glorious career.

76



WATCH ON THE RHINE (Warner Bros.)—from the Broadway stage hit—stars Bette Davis, with Paul Lukas, Geraldine Fitzgerald and George Coulouris.

The horrors of the Nazi spy system pollute the Washington house of Lucile Watson when her daughter comes home with her German husband and their three children. A Nazi sympathizer, discovering Paul works for the anti-Fascist underground, threatens exposure. Out of this tense situation emerges one of the most satisfying dramas of the season.



PRESENTING LILY MARS (M-G-M), adapted from Booth Tarkington's novel, is a splendid choice for Judy Garland's newest film, with Van Heflin.

The irrepressible Judy yearns for a stage career but Van, Broadway producer visiting in Indiana, tells her to forget her dream. Disregarding his advice, Judy goes to New York. Here she learns the age-old lesson—nothing worth having is easily won, especially stardom. The reward for her gameness is Van's love and the play he presents for her.

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Special Drene
with
Hair Conditioner

had always run his house with an iron hand. He watched his eldest son help himself to the stew.

"When'd you get out?" he finally said. "Today," Willie said. He was tightening up inside again. "There was a big crowd to greet me. Cheers—bands—everything."

"Things have changed," his mother said quickly. "Most of the boys have gone into the Army. Then, I guess they didn't know just when the day was."

Willie looked up at his old man. "You don't mind if I eat some of this, do you?" Frank Arnold shook his head. "No. Go ahead, eat."

"Thanks," said Willie. He savored the hot stew. It was wonderful—thick and rich, and seasoned just right. He looked at his mother and winked, and she smiled at him. There was warmth in her eyes, anyway. She was glad to see him. "Where's Frankie?" he said.

His mother beamed. "He's in the Navy. Willie, you should see him in his uniform! So big, so tall!"

"And tan," Frank Arnold said. Willie pushed back his plate. "Okay," he said, meeting his father's cold eyes. "So I've been in jail. I'm out, now. What's so wrong about being in stir? You spent two years there yourself, didn't you?"

His father nodded. "For running liquor. And I fought in the last war, too."

Willie stood up. "So that's it, huh? Just because I ain't got a uniform on, everybody gives me the one-two. Okay—I've only been out the jug for six hours. Gimme a little time, will you?"

He slammed the door behind him.

He raised so much beef they took him in to see the lieutenant in charge of the recruiting office. Willie wiped the sweat from his face.

"What if I was in jail?" he demanded. "I served my time! What's the matter with you guys? You think I'm gonna steal one of your damned battleships and hock it?"

The lieutenant looked up at him with calm eyes. "The point is, Arnold—and I'll give it to you straight—the point is the Navy feels that a man who couldn't get along with society during peacetimes couldn't get along in wartime. On a ship, every man has to do his part. We can't have anybody going bad in the middle of a battle."

"You calling me yellow?" Willie was breathing hard.

The lieutenant stood up. "I don't know whether you're yellow or not, Arnold. And I don't care. The Navy doesn't want you. It's a privilege to fight for your country, mister. When you committed the crime that sent you to jail, you gave up that privilege. Good day."

Willie walked around Mike's dirty office like a caged cat, snarling.

"I can't help you," Mike said finally. "Not with the Navy. I haven't got that kind of influence, Willie."

"Who has, then?" Willie demanded. Mike shrugged. "Nobody, I guess. You've got a record, Willie. That's all."

Willie laughed bitterly. "Here they are, dragging guys away from their wives and kids and shoving 'em into uniforms, and a guy tries to join up and they won't let him. What kind of a racket is this?"

Mike got up. "They've got their own set of rules, Willie."

Willie shrugged. "Okay. What'm I gonna do?"

"I don't know," Mike said. "I'm strictly legitimate now. The old man with whiskers is in on too many things, these days."

"I'll go legitimate," Willie offered.

Mike studied him. "Know a trade?"

"I learned something about electricity—up there," Willie admitted.

"I'll give you a card to a guy in the maritime union. You can draw down three, four hundred bucks in the merchant service."

"Even with a record?"

Mike grinned. "They aren't particular. They need men too bad."

"Gimme the card," said Willie.

Mike scrawled on a slip of paper. When he handed it to Willie, he said, "Let me give you a tip. Take it easy. Quit doing the first thing that comes to your mind."

"Yeah. You still got my gun?"

Mike hesitated, then opened a drawer and pulled out a short-nosed revolver and a shoulder holster. Willie slipped into it and put his coat back on.

"Be seeing you, Mike," he said.

The Jacob Lynch was five thousand tons, loaded to Summer Plimsoll with construction material for Trinidad. On the way down the bay, before the pilot had left, the captain stepped into his cabin where Willie was installing a new buzzer. Captain Faraday was seventy—making his second trip since coming out of retirement. He fussed around his desk so long it made Willie uncomfortable. He looked up. The old man was stuffing his pipe and watching him.

"You're Arnold, the electrician's new assistant?"

"That's right," said Willie.

"First trip?"

Willie stood up. "Yeah. My first trip."

The captain nodded. "Probably make a good hand," he said.

Willie's chin came up. "Okay. What's wrong with me?"

Captain Faraday's mild gray eyes were puzzled. "Why, nothing as far as I know. I just said you'd probably make a good hand. I hope you do."

He said it so quietly that Willie had a queer sensation in the pit of his stomach. The captain went out on deck. Willie squatted down on his heels, his back against the bulkhead. The funny sensation died slowly, and from time to time he glanced uneasily at the door. The old man was a queer one. Things must be tough, he decided, if they had to bring that kind back to work.

The next morning the sky was overcast and the sea was leaden. The Jacob Lynch dug her blunt nose into the swells and battered her way toward the southeast. She tossed spray with a lavish hand, but her heavy cargo made the pitching a slow, rocking motion. Willie felt no discomfort as he made his way along the windy deck to the captain's cabin. He knocked and opened the door.

"You wanted me?" he asked.

Captain Faraday looked up from his manifest papers. "Yes. Come in, Arnold." Willie shut the door behind him. He was tense. But he wasn't worried. He'd served out his whole four years; nobody had a string on him now.

Captain Faraday picked up a small blue book and held it out. "Here's a book on small-boat seamanship," he said. "You might like to study it. You're in the launch with me, in case we have to abandon ship, and I'm not so spry."

Willie stared at him, caught off balance. It seemed like minutes before he took the book. The captain smiled.

"If you know anything about marine engines," he went on, "I wish you'd take

a look at the one in our boat. And I always like to know there's at least five hundred feet of line aboard. We might have to tow the others."

Willie's mouth was dry. "Okay."

The captain nodded and turned back to his papers. Willie went out on deck. He looked at the book again; then stared at the steel bulkhead as if he could see through it into the captain's cabin. That was a queer duck in there. Willie didn't know what to make of him. He stuffed the book in his pocket and went over to the motor lifeboat.

He looked the boat over. Everything seemed to be in place, according to the book, but there wasn't any five hundred feet of rope. Willie hunted up the bos'n.

"Five hundred feet of line?" the bos'n growled. "What the hell do you want that much for?"

Willie stood up to him. "Gimme the rope," he said. "The old man wants it in the motorboat. What the devil do you care? You don't pay for it, do you?"

"I'm responsible for it," the bos'n said. "I gotta keep track of all this stuff."

"Okay," said Willie. "Now you know where it'll be."

The bos'n broke out the coil, and Willie lugged it up to the motor launch. He felt good again. He felt fine.

The first torpedo hit at four-thirty-five in the morning. It lifted Willie out of his bunk and dropped him onto the floor. He lay there a minute trying to figure out what had happened, and then the siren began to blow and he knew. The ship was listing already, and he pulled on his pants and slipped on his shoulder holster and buttoned his jacket over it. He didn't have time to put on his shoes, because the second torpedo struck just then and the ton of forty-percent dynamite in number-five hold went off. When he came to, Willie wiped the blood from his face and went outside. There wasn't anyone around, and he could see in the faint light of dawn that there wasn't any after end of the ship, either. He slipped across the deck just in time to see three men lower the motor lifeboat. It didn't have far to go to reach the sea, the list was so sharp. Willie dropped into the boat.

The other men were the radio operator and a quartermaster and the captain. The old man was sick and his arm hung limply. "Let's get the motor going," he said. He wheezed a little.

While he was talking, the Jacob Lynch slid under the water with a long, gurgling sigh. There was a moment of confusion, and Willie shut his eyes while the lifeboat whirled around in the suction. When it was over he looked out at the wreckage floating on the sea.

"Holy smoke!" he said softly. He looked at the others. They were stunned, too. "That was quick," Willie shook a little.

The captain leaned over the side and was sick. When he straightened up, Willie saw that he was pretty far gone.

"Lay down," Willie said. He stood up and helped the old man onto the bottom of the boat. "Lay down and take it easy."

He stopped and stared at the sea near them. It was foaming violently, and suddenly a long black shape slid up out of the center of the foam and Willie knew it was the submarine that had sunk them. Men began to appear on deck. It was much lighter now, and the submarine came toward them slowly. One of the men on the conning tower lifted a megaphone. "What ship was that?" he asked in pretty fair English.

Willie waited for somebody in the life-



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boat to say something, but the other men were still groggy and the old man was sick again. The sub was almost alongside now, and Willie began to feel hot inside. "The Crown Prince Wilhelm," said Willie.

The submarine stopped, and the gentle seas made the lifeboat rub against it. There were half a dozen men on deck, right over Willie. The head man jumped down and stood with them. He had a peaked face like a starved collier.

"A wisecracker, is it?" the head man asked. He pointed at Captain Faraday. "Are you the captain?"

"He's sick," said Willie. "He's got a busted arm; he's an old guy, anyway."

The German aimed a kick at Willie's head. "Shut up!" he snarled as Willie ducked. He jerked his thumb at the captain. "Come on board, you."

Captain Faraday crawled to his feet, and two of the Germans jerked him onto the sub. Faraday groaned, and Willie's stomach tightened. The Germans hustled the captain up onto the conning tower. "Achtung!" snapped the head man.

His seamen froze. They looked up, listening. Willie heard it too—the drone of motors. The German commander roared something and his men dropped through the conning-tower hatch like stones, leaving Captain Faraday leaning weakly against the waist-high sides. The German commander struck him viciously, jerked him by the broken arm and pushed him down through the opening. Willie's stomach knotted so convulsively that he grunted. He made a swift motion and the butt of his revolver smacked his palm three times in rapid succession. The German staggered across the deck space above the open hatch and looked back at Willie with wide, frightened eyes. As he slumped toward the wet deck, somebody reached up from below and slammed shut the hatch cover.

Just why he did it, Willie never knew. He had the rope on his mind, staring at it as at something which was curiously a part of yesterday. He grabbed it now and looped an end swiftly over one of the cleats on the submarine's deck. The underseas boat was already moving ahead—and down. Willie let the line pay out, snubbing it once in a while so that it would not jerk too hard on the lifeboat. He was working automatically until the radio operator yelled, "You want to drown us? Let go, you damned fool!"

Willie pushed him in the face just as the conning tower slid from sight in a swirl of foam. He had one brief glimpse of the German commander's body as it floated away, and then the lifeboat was

boiling along, alone on the surface of the sea. Willie made the end of the rope fast to a thwart and grabbed hold of the tiller. The other two men stared at him drunkenly. Willie wiped his face and steered erratically.

"How deep do those things go?" he finally asked.

The radioman rubbed his chin and glanced at the quartermaster, who was also coming around. They both looked back at Willie. The quartermaster laughed.

"Cripes!" he said to Willie. "You got guts like nobody I ever seen! What d'ya know about this—a regular down-East Nantucket sleigh ride!"

He laughed again, and the radioman joined him. Willie began to feel good. He laughed with them. The motor roar suddenly grew louder, and they looked up through the fading dawn mist to see a gray blimp floating along on their course.

The people in the blimp were puzzled. Willie could see them lining the windows, studying the lifeboat with their glasses. Willie waved, and the blimp curled over toward them. An officer leaned out of the window, and the motors were cut off.

"What the devil's at the other end of that line?" he yelled.

Willie grinned. "A submarine!" he shouted.

The effect on the blimp crew was wonderful. The officer's mouth dropped open, and other men clustered about the window. The blimp began to drop back, then came forward again as the motors were started. When he was alongside, the officer took up his megaphone. "Cut loose!" he shouted. "We'll bomb it!"

"The hell you will!" Willie roared. "They got the old man on board!"

The officer made a motion of anger. "Cut loose!"

Willie nodded at the two men in his boat. "Pull in some of that rope."

The radioman began to beef, and Willie's gun came out again. "Pull in some of the rope," he said.

They pulled in the line. When they had quite a pile of it in the boat Willie told them to stop.

"How deep do those things go?" he asked again.

"Couple of hundred feet, maybe," the quartermaster said.

Willie felt good. "We got plenty of rope, then." He looked up at the blimp hovering overhead and thumbed his nose at the red-faced officer. "You won't drop any bombs now," he said.

The submarine made a sudden turn and the lifeboat swung off after it. It was headed toward the coast which was sud-

denly in view—a long gray line in the west. The blimp altered its course and came down low again. The nearest motor was cut off, and men leaned out of the windows. The officer wasn't mad any more. He grinned at Willie.

"I've seen everything now!" he yelled. "How long can you hang on there?"

"I got nothing else to do," Willie put his gun back in its holster, and the quartermaster and the radioman began to laugh again.

"This is wonderful," the blimp officer said. He was alongside the lifeboat now. "I've radioed to base. They're sending out a ship. We'll take this one alive."

Willie grinned. He had never felt so good. "They ain't outa season, then?"

Everybody laughed. The lifeboat suddenly swung off to one side and the towline slacked. The quartermaster grabbed it and pulled. It tightened, then slacked off again.

"They're on the bottom," he announced. "They're hiding out, down there."

"They gotta come up for air sometime," Willie said. "I got all the time in the world."

When the destroyer docked at the Brooklyn yard Willie followed Captain Faraday's stretcher down the gangplank. There was a crowd of people at the end of the dock and they began to cheer. As the stretcher was lifted into the waiting ambulance, the old man held out his good hand.

"I'm going out again as soon as they'll let me," he said. "I won't feel safe unless you're along, son."

Willie felt embarrassed, shaking the thin hand. The sensation he always got when this mild old guy spoke to him was there, but he didn't mind it. It was kinda nice, in a way.

"Sure," he said.

They put the stretcher in the ambulance, and Willie went on toward the end of the dock. There were reporters coming out now, and photographers and some naval officers and a couple of civilians. One of them was a woman. It was his mother. She was crying and she wrapped her arms around him, and he looked over her shoulder at his old man, who was twisting a newspaper with big black headlines. His old man was crying a little, too. There were flashlights going off and reporters asking questions and the crowd beyond the fence was yelling its head off. Willie patted his mother's back. His old man grinned tentatively.

"Hello, Willie."

"Hi, Pop," Willie said. "Where's the band?"

The Inside of the House (Continued from page 38)

whether I can fit into your set or not. Maybe you'd better drop this peasant boy."

"I think that's silly."

"So do I," he agreed.

"And you will come? Would Wednesday week do?"

"That's a long way off."

"Mother was engaged until then. This time of year—"

"I didn't mean it that way. But don't I see you again before then?"

"Do you want to?"

"I want to so much that I'm wondering," he said with sudden soberness.

"Wondering what?"

"If you would like to see me again even a tenth as much."

He wanted to say more than that, but he didn't. With Joyce he found himself afraid of being cheap. Tawny had always had a reputation of working fast if he

liked a girl, and after two or three dates with one he could usually swing into a little love-making. But the old routine didn't seem good enough for Joyce.

Not because she was the daughter of a titled man. He had told himself firmly that she was just a girl, no matter how surrounded by titles, a girl who talked the language of his generation and who knew when a man was falling for her. She had been about a good deal and she had even been engaged. Without mentioning the man's name, she told Tawny about that. She said, "I thought it might be all right at first, but then I couldn't imagine going on forever with him."

She was forthright like that, a girl he couldn't imagine cheating. And Tawny didn't want to cheat her, not even a little, not for a minute. For the first time in his life he had been able to imagine himself going on forever with a girl, not

vaguely as something that would happen some day, but with a girl whose face was real to him, whose voice he could hear even when she wasn't with him, who was beautiful and good. He had seen Joyce a dozen times before he came to dinner at the Seafeld house in London.

It was a big house. Looking at it, high and massive in the dusk, Tawny wondered if they lived in all of it.

A man let him in, and for a minute he thought it was Joyce's father. Then he realized it was the butler and followed him through a hall to a little gilt elevator which trundled them up a flight. There was another hall, and he saw Joyce, just inside a doorway, looking like a bride.

He forgot the butler and went to her. "How lovely—" he began but she flushed as if he shouldn't have said it.

"I want you to meet Father!" she said

and moved him along quickly to where two men were standing. One was a tall, straight man, handsomely graying. That was Sir John. The other was a browned, younger man with an expression on his face that Tawny didn't like.

"This is Townsend Jones, Father. And Philip Hackett."

"Oh, yes," said Sir John. "How do you do, sir? Glad to see you. My daughter says you're from the States."

"She's entirely right, sir. From one of the states, at least, Minnesota."

"That's in the interior," stated Hackett. "Practically jungle," said Tawny.

Sir John uttered a little laugh. "Well, how do we look to you over here?"

"It seems a little deeper in the jungle, as a matter of fact," said Tawny.

He said in answer to that expression of superciliousness on Hackett's face and because he'd already guessed that this other fellow liked Joyce too.

Sir John asked, "You refer to our methods or our habits?"

Tawny knew he was off on the wrong foot. But Lady Seafield came in just then and so did another woman, and he had to think of things to say to them, wondering all the time if Joyce knew that he had nothing in his background even remotely like this. Nor wanted to have! he told himself angrily. All this pomp and circumstance was dated.

Yet it was beautiful. Even in resentment, his mind couldn't deny that. There was so much silver and polished wood in the dining room, and it was full of candlelight. When he looked at Joyce, he realized that she belonged to this room.

Lady Seafield's thin, exquisite face, slightly worn, turned to him, and she said sweetly, "Joyce says you're going into government service in your country when you come down from Oxford."

"Very much on the ground floor," he answered. "I haven't any place reserved for me in Washington."

She smiled at him, but he felt she was wondering why her daughter had wanted to bring this young man to her home.

When the ladies left the dining room the conversation unfortunately turned to the Empire again.

"Outsiders find the situation difficult to understand," said Hackett.

"I don't know about that," said Tawny. "It's easier to understand exploitation when you're not mixed up in it."

Sir John got to his feet. He stood in front of the marble mantelpiece.

"My dear young man," he remarked, with a patience that was only in his tone, "I spent ten years of my life in India. I am still aware that I do not understand it except in certain manifestations and cannot, being neither Hindu nor Mohammedan. But I am in a better position to comprehend certain dangers than those whose knowledge is purely academic. The Empire is a civilizing force."

Tawny said, "The English have been kidding themselves that way for fifty years. All they want is to hang on to their Empire."

Sir John stated, "And we will, sir."

"I doubt it," said Tawny. "I'm sorry if I'm rude, but I still doubt it. And there are plenty of your own people who feel that way too."

The antagonism between them was carried to the drawing room. Lady Seafield seemed to be aware of it instantly. She wafted Mr. Hackett to the care of Joyce and took possession of Tawny.

"Tell me about the States, Mr. Jones. I love New York."

"I can't tell you much about New York, Lady Seafield, because I'm from Minnesota."

"One of your United States ambassadors came from Minnesota," she said.

"Such a pleasant, distinguished man. I met him at my father's house at dinner. I recall him distinctly."

"I don't, except for his pictures in the paper. I never met him."

"Of course he wasn't of your generation."

"I wouldn't have known him anyway," said Tawny argumentatively. "You see, my father never had any money."

"Ah, nobody will have any soon," said Lady Seafield. "I have an idea we shan't mind that so very much."

She was trying to be light about it, but her guest was merciless. His voice rose, attracting attention from the others.

"It would be a strange new world for your family," declared Tawny. "I believe you'd find that you'd mind it more than you think. You would live in a jerry-built house or have to crowd into an apartment with a lot of other families. You do your own housework. It's a treat to go to a movie, or to have a cocktail or a glass of beer. But uncomfortable as all that can be, a lot of people like it, and they get along all right."

He looked at Joyce, who was quite pale now.

"I'm sure they do," said Joyce's mother. Tawny Jones stood up awkwardly.

"Well, I think I'd better go, Lady Seafield. You were good to have me here."

Somehow they said farewells. The butler took Tawny down and they were almost at the outer door when Joyce came down a half-dark flight of stairs.

"**T**HANK YOU, Menton," she said. "I want to speak to Mr. Jones. You needn't wait."

The butler disappeared. The two young people stood staring at each other.

"Why did you try to hurt them? Why did you talk like that?" asked Joyce.

"Like what?" he parried. "What did I say that was wrong? Is it such a crime to tell an Englishman that you don't think the British Empire is eternal? Or to describe the way most people live in America? Maybe it is a good thing for them to hear a few facts. Good for you, too."

"I know how people live," she said. "You don't! You've been brought up in cotton wool. You'd go to pieces without it. Most people work for a living. You couldn't stand up to the way they work."

She kept looking at him. A maid came through the doorway at the back of the hall, tried to go out again unobtrusively. Tawny was conscious of her, though Joyce apparently was not. Rudely he dragged the maid into the argument.

"The thing you don't realize is that you're out of touch with life. Your maid here isn't. She works. She's got to. The factories are full of girls working all day long; so are the shops. There are only a few of you and you're very lovely, but you're not quite real. I mean what I say: it's the real things that are going to be important from now on. This hushed atmosphere, all the bowing and scraping, the gold plate, that stuffed-shirt fellow upstairs—none of it is important, and he isn't either. I know you've been ashamed of me all evening. Haven't you been?"

"Yes," she said.

"I'd be all right if I were like Hackett. Is that it?"

"He's a gentleman," she said.

"If that's what you want, why did you ask me here?"

"I asked you because I wanted you to meet my people. I thought you'd like them. I'm sorry I asked you, now."

"You're not as sorry as I am," said Tawny roughly. "You can count on my never coming again, anyway. I hope I never see this house again!"

It was this last remark that came back to him as he stood in front of the ruin now. That was what he had said to her, and in this horrible way it had come true.

The girl in uniform who had just seated herself on the iron bench in the oval park was pointing out details of the destruction to the soldier beside her as Tawny Jones turned to walk away. He was thinking that if he had any idea where Joyce was living now he'd hunt her out and tell her that he wasn't proud of the way he'd acted that night.

"Look, Bert," said the girl excitedly, "look at that soldier! The American. That's the one who was at the house for dinner that night I told you about. Fancy, he's over here now! I wonder if he's seen Miss Joyce. Bert, I'd like to speak to him . . . Oh, now I'm too late. He's gone."

"What did you want to speak to him about?" asked Bert.

"I don't know rightly. Just to wish him luck."

"He wouldn't remember you, Phoebe." "No, of course he wouldn't remember me. Saw me just once, he did, but he saw me clear enough. He said to Miss Joyce, 'She works!' He said that about me, just as scornful."

"Scornful about you?" asked Bert.

"No, silly. Scornful about her. He's American, and he thought ladies should work too. What a time that was! Miss Joyce never rightly got over it."

"Did she like him, then?"

"Oh, my!" said Phoebe with expression. "We were all sure that was what the trouble was. Menton said he never heard such talk as went on in the dining room and in the drawing room too. Menton was the butler, you know, and he said the American was common."

"Was he soft on Miss Joyce?"

"That was what they were afraid of. I heard Sir John and Lady Vivian talk about it beforehand. She said Miss Joyce was seeing some young American and they must ask him to dine. 'She can't be serious about him,' says Sir John, and Lady Vivian said, 'I can't be sure, but if she is, it's serious for us too, John. And if he is her choice and a worthy young man, we must like him.'"

"So he came to dine and told them all off!" Bert chuckled. "Well, I guess they didn't think much of him after that."

"It was Miss Joyce who minded most," Phoebe told him. She looked at the site of the wrecked house. "Who'd think, to remember it as it was, Bert, that things would be as they are now? Lady Vivian gone, killed in her own house, and Miss Joyce working in a factory, and me wearing a uniform and in a Signal Company. Look, Bert, you see that hole in the back of the wall right at the top? That used to be my room."

"You're well out of that," said Bert. "Hanging at the top of the house like a bat, weren't you?"

"There was lovely rooms downstairs," said Phoebe unresentfully. "Miss Joyce's was on that side. It was full of books. I'd find them on the floor by her bed sometimes in the morning. Especially after she broke off with Mr. Hackett. It was the American she really liked. I wonder if she knows he's here now."

"He's free to tell her if he likes."

"Maybe he don't know where she is."

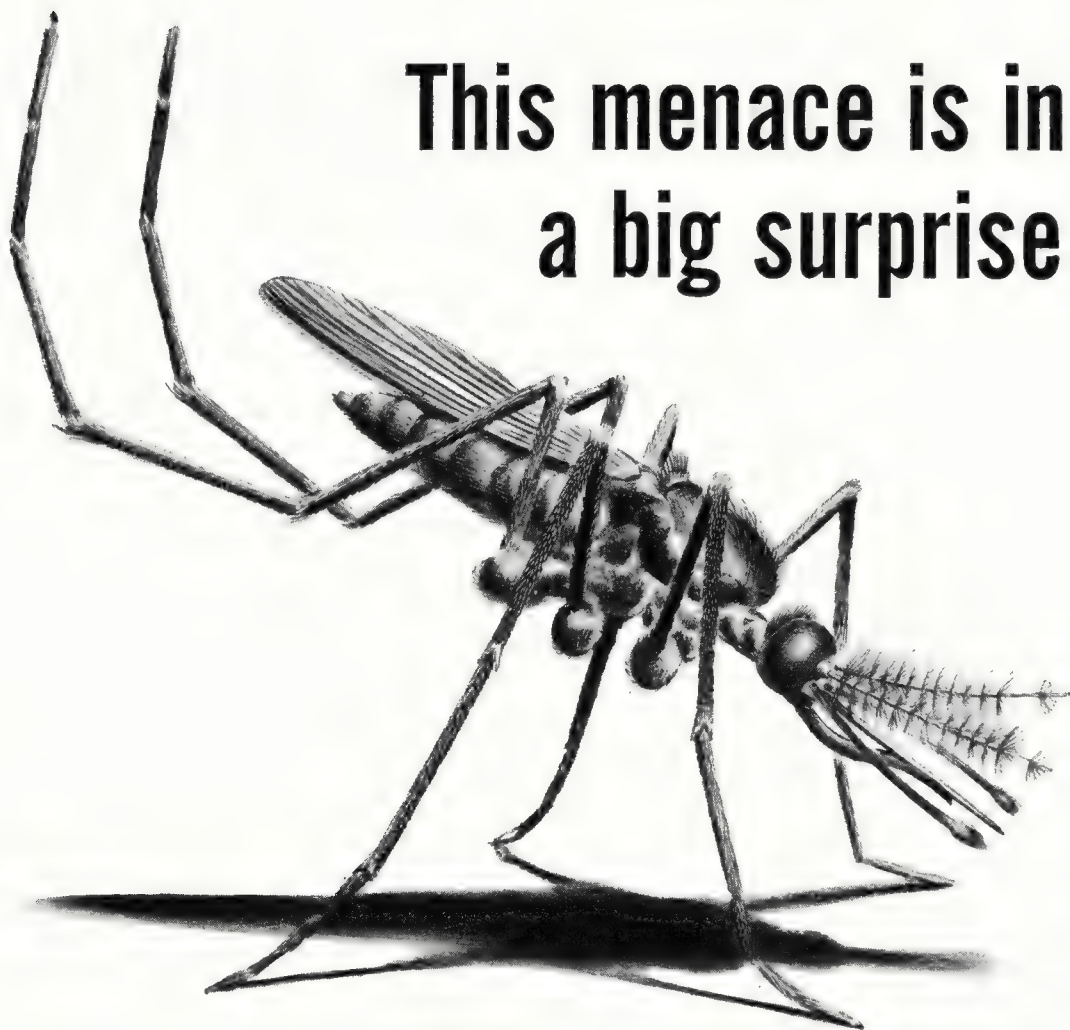
"He's probably got a wife and two kids by this time," said Bert. "You leave well enough alone and don't tell her."

"She's working just outside London," remarked Phoebe. "Oh, Bert, here comes Sir John. Don't he look old?"

"He's had something to stand up to, all right," said Bert. "But I suppose he's got plenty left. He's got other houses."

"He won't go to them," said Phoebe,

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"not since Lady Vivian was killed. Poor thing. They were a loving couple." She touched his arm. "Let's go. Maybe he wouldn't like us looking on if he's come to be with his thoughts of her."

The thin tall man who was approaching was dressed in finely tailored clothes that were a little shabby, and there was a black mourning band on the left sleeve of his coat.

He saw Phoebe, recognized her, and his eyes grew kind. "Well, Phoebe, how are you? So you're in the A.T.S. Good."

"And this is my husband, Sir John. This is Bert, Sergeant Oswald."

"How are you, sergeant?" asked Sir John. Bert said he was fine.

"And how's Miss Joyce?" asked Phoebe. "She's well, I think. I hope so. She's doing a war job, you know."

"I know, Sir John. I see her sometimes." Phoebe added hesitantly, "I'm so sorry—about the house, Sir John."

"Ah, yes. Yes." He knew what she meant; that she was shy of speaking about his wife. "Well, we'll carry this back to them. Is that right, sergeant?"

"That's right, Sir John."

"Glad to have seen you." Sir John held out his hand. "Good luck to you both."

He was grateful to the girl for not having mentioned his wife. As he stood talking to Phoebe, Sir John had one of those devastating memories which he did not let himself indulge in if he could help it. He saw Vivian's bedroom and her pale gold head against the pile of pillows as she sat over her breakfast tray.

Vivian's room. He had walked swiftly through the oval park, and the wreck of his house confronted him. It was a familiar sight. He had never allowed himself to avoid it, but he denied himself pity for what was past. There was a war to be won, and to give time to personal suffering was like cheating.

But this girl soldier he had just met, with her shy, sympathetic eyes, had opened up the past. Her inquiry about Joyce had knocked at another worry in his mind. Odd, he thought, this Phoebe who had been a servant in his house was now an officer in the woman's army.

He had thought Joyce would do something like that; get a commission in the WAAF or the WRNS, as most of her friends had done. But she had insisted on going into a munitions factory.

Too bad she hadn't married, thought Sir John. If this war went on she might never marry. At one time it had looked as if she would take Philip Hackett; he would have made her a good husband, for there was money and position and devotion for her in that match. Poor Hackett was gone. He had done what there was for him to do and been killed.

Hackett had been limited in his outlook, Sir John reflected. Vivian hadn't liked that about him. Vivian was always clear about people. He recalled how generous she had been about that outrageous young American who came to the house and acted so badly.

Next day Sir John had said, chuckling, "Well, I hope Joyce is satisfied. Her young American certainly distinguished himself last night by his bad manners. Where did she meet him, anyway?"

"At Oxford. Humphrey Barrington knew him. He's a very handsome lad." "And that's all, except a bundle of insolence."

"I'm not sure I agree," his wife had said, "though I see why you feel as you do, John."

"I don't see how you can feel otherwise after the way he talked to you."

"Ah, but don't you know why he talked like that? I thought it honest of him."

"Crudeness isn't necessarily honesty."

"No, dear, but he was trying to explain to all of us—to Joyce especially, I think—how different things would be. If she cared for him. I thought it rather sweet of him when he said that, uncomfortable as people can be in little houses and rooms—how did he put it?—a lot of people like it and get along all right."

"Sweet of him!"

"He was pleading with her. Didn't you see that? Making his case out at its worst. I liked that in him. I can see why Joyce liked him."

"Well, I certainly hope she's over it now. He's an unlicked cub with no manners. You should have heard him in the dining room, holding forth on the fact that the Empire couldn't last."

"I suppose it can," Vivian had said.

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Family Quiz Answers BROTHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. A fifty-dollar bill.
2. Corregidor.
3. It is a new highway connecting Alaska and Canada.
4. Chief Warrant Officer.
5. George Washington, October 3, 1789.
6. Frugivorous.
7. Spitzbergen is farthest north, 76° 80'.
8. City of Quebec.
9. Eyrie, burrow, rookery.
10. No. The U. S. has the use of the Canal, but Panama remains sovereign.
11. A destroyer.
12. 6,080.

Questions accepted from Joe C. Martin, Sioux Falls, S. D.; B. A. Buckmaster, Victoria, B. C., Canada; Avergne State, Chicago, Ill.; Gladys M. Simpson, Beaumont, Tex.; Jean Gray Allen, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mrs. Opal Cole, McAllen, Tex.; Winfield Woolf, Sr., Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. A. D. Liberman, Helena, Mont.; Evelyn Clark, Waterloo, Wis.; G. E. McAllister, Portsmouth, Va.; Mrs. Marie Brewer, Berwyn, Ill.; Irving Dow, Lomita, Calif.

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Who knew whether it could or not? thought Sir John now. Who knew what could last in a world and a time when violence overreached all law, all civilized order? He hadn't been able to protect his own home, his own dear wife.

I should have made her go to a shelter that night, he said to himself.

She had never gone to shelters. She had yielded to her husband's wish and spent a good deal of time in Surrey. But that separated them, for he was working late every night on war committees. So often she came back to the town house.

That night she had stayed in London. They had dined, and Joyce had been with her mother and father on a short leave from the factory.

He remembered that night perfectly, in all its details: how Joyce had talked about her work, and how interested her mother had been. Joyce had to go shortly after dinner, and Vivian had said, "No, she's not completely happy, but she's happier than she could be doing anything else. She's proving things to herself."

They had talked about Joyce and the war and the chances of the United States coming in soon. They had sat in the yellow room that night. It was the warmest one. They had been there when the siren sounded.

He should have made her go to the shelter, but she hadn't wanted to go. "Let's stay where we are, John," she had said. "This is our house, no matter what Hitler thinks."

The first bomb had come down, singing its horrible song. Then there was no sense, no shape to anything.

How had he lived? He didn't know what freak of piled timbers had saved him. They had dug him out. But he never saw his wife again. For him, she sat forever on the yellow sofa, knitting quietly as the siren shrieked. By the time Sir John came to consciousness in the hospital, she had been laid to rest.

He couldn't stand the sight of the house any longer. He walked on, fixing his thoughts on the changes that had to be accepted. All the things he had believed in seemed to be cracking up. The Empire, with its conception of a leading wise nation, guiding and guarding weaker ones, was questioned even by many of the men who defended it. The United States was questioning it openly.

That young American had told him so. You're kidding yourselves, he had said. It was a cheap phrase but expressive. Maybe we were, thought Sir John. Maybe we wanted too much for ourselves.

What did he want for himself now? Nothing, he decided. Nothing, because he couldn't share it with Vivian. He'd keep going because that was the thing a man had to do; because the war had to be won. Innocent people mustn't be murdered—people who wanted to live peacefully and had a right to do so. Young people had a right to normal life. Joyce, his only child, was making instruments of death during the years when she should be bearing children.

He was thinking of Joyce when he sat down to the soup and anonymous chop and stewed fruit which was all dinner consisted of today at the club once famous for its elaborate cuisine. He was wondering what would happen to Joyce's life, when the old waiter told him his daughter wanted him on the telephone.

She asked, "Is that you, Father?"

"Yes, my dear. I've been wondering how you were getting on in those lodgings. I hope you're comfortable."

"Oh, rather," she said indifferently, and then, with more interest: "How about you, Father? Are you all right?"

"Quite. When am I going to see you?"

"It's been busy here," said Joyce. "But I've been wanting to see you as soon as I get time off. Father, I need some help."

"Something I can do?"

"Oh, I hope you can. You know so many people. You must know the person to go to. I want to find a—man I know. An American. Do you remember?"

"You don't mean that contentious fellow?"

"Oh, I don't think he meant to be that way, really. We—annoyed him."

"Ho, did we? By giving him a dinner?"

"No, darling; but anyway, it doesn't matter. It's a long while ago and there's a war and we're Allies. And I know he's in London because somebody told me so tonight. But I don't know where."

"What do I do about that?"

"Well, he's in the American Army. He's a lieutenant. I want to find out where he is, and get in touch with him."

"Wouldn't it be better to wait and let him get in touch with you?"

"He won't. I know he won't. You will try, won't you? I can't do anything right now, myself. I can't get off. We're on a special job. It's rush. I'll get off by tomorrow morning for a day at least, but in the meantime he might have gone, you see. They move so fast. I thought if you went right to work you could find out where he is and send me a wire—that's the best way to reach me—and then I'll send him one."

"But my dear child, you can't expect me to run all over London looking for lieutenants in the American Army."

"Only one. I wouldn't expect it if it weren't so important."

"Important to you?"



NOW YOU SEE IT. Before the camouflage experts went to work, this factory—a model, for test purposes—was photographed from the air on conventional panchromatic film. The bomber's eye would see what you see—a perfect set-up for destruction.



NOW YOU DON'T. With camouflaged materials—false structures, netting, cloth streamers, paint, and artificial trees—the experts have fooled the camera, and the bombardier. To the aerial camera loaded with panchromatic film, even the marks of erosion on the slope by the railroad track have disappeared.

Kodak Infrared Film spots the “make believe” of enemy camouflage

CAMOUFLAGE is the highly developed art of pulling the wool over an enemy's eyes . . . an art which is finding old methods ineffectual, in this war.

This is in a measure due to Kodak's development of a type of film whose vision goes far beyond that of the human eye.

Natural grass and foliage contain chlorophyll—Nature's coloring matter. Camouflage materials lack this living substance. Chlorophyll reflects invisible infrared light rays—and Kodak Infrared Film registers this invisible light, making the natural areas look light in the picture—almost white. In violent contrast, the “dead” camouflaged areas show up dark—almost black—in the picture.

Moreover, Infrared Film is able to penetrate through the haze of a “low-visibility” day, and return from a reconnaissance flight with pictures in clear detail. Here again it far exceeds the power of the human eye.

Working with our Army and Navy flyers and technicians, Kodak has carried this new technique of camouflage **detection** to high efficiency—and has, for our own use, helped develop camouflage which defies detection . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



BUT HERE IT IS AGAIN. With Kodak Infrared Film in the aerial cameras, pictures like this are brought back from an observation flight. On Infrared pictures, the false, “dead” camouflage materials look almost black. The natural landscape is unnaturally light. A trained cameraman, with one look, knows where the bombs should strike.

Serving human progress through Photography



LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, do you know anything about those thingumajigs that many women use now instead of sanitary pads?

MARY: I certainly do. I use Tampax myself and if you don't I'll give you credit for less intelligence than I thought you had.

LOUISE: Well, of all things, Mary! You surprise me! I had regarded you as conservative about new ideas.

MARY: Right you are Louise, but this new form of sanitary protection, Tampax, is a real boon to us women and I'd be stupid not to use it.

LOUISE: Tell me, Mary, is it true Tampax doesn't show, that you are not conscious of wearing it and that it eliminates other nuisances that go with the wearing of external sanitary pads?

MARY: It is all true, emphatically. It really seems too good to be true, but I now realize life can be worthwhile even at "those times" of the month!

LOUISE: What started you on Tampax, Mary?

MARY: I have a friend, Jeannette, a registered nurse whose word carries great weight with me. She said she uses Tampax and so do many other nurses . . . She emphasized what a lot it means to women from both the psychological and the physical standpoints . . . and now most of the girls in my office swear by Tampax!

Tampax was perfected by a doctor to be worn internally and is now used by millions of women. It is made of pure surgical cotton compressed into one-time-use applicator. No pins, no belts, no odor. Easy disposal. Three sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40's is a real bargain. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



"It's been important to me for three years," she said steadily.

"Have you been in communication with that young man all this time?"

"I haven't seen him since that night at the house. Nor heard from him."

"But my dear child, you can't demean yourself! Hang it all, Joyce, the boy may be married."

"I know," she said. "Even if he is, I want to talk to him. To get something straight. Oh, Father, don't be stuffy! Little things aren't important any more. You could go to Sir Leonard."

"I don't even remember the man's name."

"It's Townsend Jones."

"Jones!" he growled. "There are probably a thousand soldiers named Jones."

"Not from Minnesota and all called Townsend. Thank you, darling. Will you let me know right off? Just wire me—you know the factory. Good-by."

He heard the excitement in her voice, and it rang in his ears as he walked back to his cold dinner. It's madness, he thought. I can't go hunting for a young American soldier named Jones. What am I to say I want with him? It's not dignified. It's not conventional for a young girl of good family to seek out a man who's made no effort to reach her.

His argument mocked at him. Not conventional for a young girl. But was it conventional for the daughter of Lady Seafeld—who had been a famous hostess—to supervise machines bathed in oil; to feed them with metal? Was it conventional for her to be living in cheap lodgings, eating at a canteen?

It was lucky her mother didn't know. Or had Vivian known? Sir John remembered when Vivian had said, "If he is important to Joyce, we must like him." Perhaps she had known how Joyce felt.

What I can do is to find out something about this Jones, determined Sir John. I can find out if he's here and if he's reputable. He must be sound enough, if he's an Army officer. Leonard ought to be able to trace him for me.

He ate his stewed fruit conscientiously. For patriotic reasons he couldn't leave good food on his plate. Then he sought out his old friend.

"What division is this soldier in?" inquired Sir Leonard.

"All I know is that his name is Townsend Jones, and that he's from Minnesota. You can find him, can't you?"

"I can try if it's important, John."

"I wouldn't ask you if it weren't."

"If he's found, shall I send word that he's to get in touch with you?"

"No, no," said Sir John hastily. "I only want to know where he can be found." He added, "As a matter of fact, if it is quite in order, I would like to know what the young man's reputation may be."

"You suspect him of misconduct of some sort?"

"Oh, not at all. He's a young man of some ability. He had a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford a few years ago. He dined with us then."

"Those young Americans are all fine chaps," commented Sir Leonard; "upstanding. Good manners too. Courteous."

"You've been fortunate," chuckled Sir John ironically. "Well, I'll be greatly in your debt if you'll do this for me."

"I'll put someone right on it. I'm sure it can be done. I'll talk to Major Sargent at American headquarters. It may take a little time. Where can I reach you?"

"I'll be at my club tonight," said Sir John. "You know—the Equator."

In the factory the machines moved beautifully, their sharp edges cutting, shaping. The shops were filled with terrific and constant rattle: the jarred

floors; the clank of semi-finished parts; the rumble of trucks. From the rafters swung lurid banners—THE WAR WILL BE WON IN THE WORKSHOPS.

They worked tonight with especial energy, for Joyce Seafeld, who was forewoman now, had told them what the delivery of these parts of machines would mean.

Her mind must stay here at work, because this work needed both hands and mind. Neither must be idle for a moment until the job was done. But there was hope in her again, not only hope of winning the war, but hope for her recovery from the paralysis of emotion that had come over her even before the horror of her mother's death. For so long nothing had seemed to matter but doing the share of work that had fallen to her.

But tonight was different. The man she loved was in London. She did not stop to wonder or to worry whether he still loved her or not. He *had* loved her. She knew that he had, and tonight she was returning his love with all her heart.

Her father would find out about Tawny. He always did what he said he would. Sometime tonight there would be a message, an address, and when she was free she would send a telegram to Tawny asking him to see her. She'd tell him that she was sorry. That she had been a fool. That she had thought constantly of what he had said to her and that he had been right. In all but one thing.

He had said she didn't understand what work was like. He'd been right there. Even now, she remembered with horror those first weeks in the factory.

But Tawny had been wrong in thinking she couldn't stick it. She wished he could see her now, stronger than little Phoebe, who was in the ATS and often weary on her job, so she said. Joyce knew how much vitality was in her; how she could sleep almost obediently during the hours when she was off shift; how she could get up at the shrill call of the alarm, no matter how often the siren had howled during the night. She could dress in the dark, and be alert when she reached the job.

Best of all, these people were her friends. With the women in this shop, she had shared danger of hideous death, as they stood at their machines regardless of raids or went together to the barren shelters under orders. She had come back here from the ghastliness of her mother's death and found a strange comfort. They had all heard of the tragedy and had been kind without curiosity.

This was the kind of humanity she and Tawny had talked of, on those days at Oxford. But it had been only words then, and now the words had come true.

It was hot in the factory tonight. But the blackout kept them from letting in the fresh air. A girl fainted, and Joyce took over. It wouldn't be long now.

The morning was here. The shift was over.

"Wasn't there a message for me?" she asked in the office.

"I don't think so, Joyce."

She went out into the early morning, and there, standing at the entrance, she saw her father.

"I didn't stop to get a pass, my dear," he said, "so I couldn't get in."

"You couldn't find him?"

"Oh, yes. Leonard traced the lad."

"Where is he?"

"The difficulty is," said Sir John, "he's been sent on active duty. You understand that I couldn't inquire into that."

"No," said Joyce, "of course not."

"I heard good things about him," continued Sir John, as if he were apologizing for something. "He's an able fellow."

Due for promotion. His commanding officer spoke well of him. I'm sorry, my dear. I didn't realize how you felt."

"I didn't either, at the time," said Joyce steadily.

"Poor child," he said; "poor child." He patted her arm. "Let me take you away for a little bit. To the country."

"I'd rather not, Father. And don't worry. I'll be all right. I've got my job, and I've got to keep at it. We finished that consignment tonight."

"Good girl."

She stopped and said, "If you walk over two blocks, you'll find a cab. You go back to your club now. And don't worry. We'll win the war. Good night."

When she kissed him she felt the tears on his cheek and rubbed them off. "We don't do that, you and I," she said.

He left her because there was nothing else for him to do, and she went back to her lodging and had a shower. She knew that bed was impossible. It would be only a rack to torture her. Besides, there was no need to sleep immediately. She had been given two days' leave.

She went out through the grayness and breakfasted at a dim little shop. Then she strolled through the streets past shops that once had been fashionable, into a district that was familiar.

She almost turned to retrace her steps, but then decided to go on. She wanted to see the house again, no matter what agony it might cause. There she had last seen the people she loved who were gone; her mother—and her lover. Her thoughts called him that now.

He had been frightened that night—both angry and frightened. He had tried to tell her, even in his anger, what they were losing; what they had lost. And she had said she was ashamed of him. That was the unforgivable thing. You were never ashamed of a person you loved. Always you had to be proud.

And Tawny had said, "I hope I never see this house again!" He meant, of course, that he never wanted to see her again. That was it. Then why had he come back? wondered Joyce. Why had Phoebe seen him there, staring at the ruin? It was that news which had sent her spirit into the skies, because it meant he had not forgotten.

The little park was filled with morning sunlight. Joyce went through it, waiting for the shock that the ruin would give her, as it stood there lonely and desolate. She stopped. It was not alone. There was a soldier standing before it. The man she had come to meet—though that was impossible.

"Why did you come?" she asked.

"Joyce," he said, and, "Dear God," as if with gratitude.

She held her hands toward him, and he took them in his.

"Why did I come?" he repeated. "Because I felt that I could get a little closer to you if I came here. Maybe I wanted to say I was sorry for behaving as I did that night. I've always wanted to tell you—and your mother."

"Mother was killed, you know," said Joyce. "Here on her own yellow sofa. They told me it couldn't have hurt."

"She was a lovely lady. She was kind to me."

"Very kind. But I didn't stay by you. I am the one who should be sorry."

"Both of us, then. Three years. Have I lost you?"

"You couldn't. Not even if you've loved someone else. Did you?"

"I couldn't put it over," said Tawny. "No, it was you and still more you, no matter what I pretended. Think of the time we threw away! And here I go off to the wars. Tell me, are you all right? Where do you live now?"

Even Blackouts don't help

THE GIRL: (peevishly) What a man! The lights are low, I'm feelin' mighty lovable . . . and he spends his time looking out the window!

US: Maybe he doesn't think you're so lovable, my dear!

THE GIRL: Well, of all the nerve . . .

US: Now, now . . . relax! We only want to help by telling you The Secret you should have known!

THE GIRL: This had better be good.

US: It is—it's the secret of daintiness . . . the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way . . .

THE GIRL: The feminine way? Pardon my girlish laughter! I thought a soap to remove body odor had to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective!

US: Not this one, honey . . . here's a truly gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented—and daily use stops all body odor!

THE GIRL: I'd like to see you prove that—

US: Okay...it's easy to prove. 'cause the rich, creamy suds of today's specially-made Cashmere Bouquet Soap bathe away every trace of body odor instantly!

THE GIRL: Well I'll be—it's true! And I adore that perfume . . . no wonder it's called "the fragrance men love!"

US: (proudly) And not even the most "mannish" soaps can remove perspiration better. So, Cashmere Bouquet's really got something, m'dear!

THE GIRL: I've got some'n too . . . a date to go strollin' in the park with him . . . hope my new glamour works . . .

THE GIRL: Bless me! Will Cashmere Bouquet always make him so ardent?

US: It's your loveliness makes him ardent, dear girl . . . Cashmere Bouquet just guards your daintiness for moments like this!

THE GIRL: But—but—he proposed to me!

US: Don't blame him . . . lovely girls who are lovable too, are rare prizes!

THE GIRL: Thanks a million . . . especially for the secret of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!



Stay dainty each day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**

THE SOAP WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

"Close to the factory where I work," said Joyce. "I've worked there two years. I'm pretty good, Tawny. Better than you thought I'd be. You'd like me better now." "I doubt it. There are limits," he said. "Joyce, are we wasting any more time?" "But you have to go. They told Father you were going on active duty." "How did you know I was in London?" "Phoebe saw you. A girl who used to work in the house. And I suppose it was because she remembered what had happened that night, or because she saw how I felt afterwards, that she told me she'd seen you here, looking at the place where the house had been. Do you remember that you said you hoped you'd never see it again?" "Don't, please. If I could just give it back to you!"

"I wouldn't want it. It hasn't any place in the world now, and perhaps that's why I'm glad Mother's gone. She kept her place to the end—on her yellow sofa—and she was lovely there. You know." "I've never forgotten," said Tawny. "But I didn't belong there. I knew it that night when you came to dinner with us. You were making the choice hard. I suppose I wanted it to be easy. I was afraid to go along with you—" "Joyce, are you still afraid?" "Why, no," she said in a kind of astonishment at his question. "I'm not afraid of anything now." "But do you love me?" "I loved you all the time," said Joyce. They needed no walls around them for that embrace. They were alone together, at home in the midst of crumbled stone

and broken bricks.

"I'm leaving London in an hour," said Tawny and his voice was confident, "but we can have a week on the coast. The captain of our company is a friend of mine; he'll get me some time off. There'll be an inn where you can stay. Will you marry me tomorrow?" "I've two days off," she said, "but—well, a factory worker can get a week off if her husband is in the armed forces and on leave."

He said, "I still haven't much to offer." Joyce laughed. Their eyes fell on the ruin that had been a house, a symbol, a barrier between them. "You have everything to offer. Everything that my mother had that mattered to her. Everything that I want for myself. For us."

THE END

Shot Down in Flames (Continued from page 51)

planes, and fearing that one of them would come down through those clouds, I was sorry I hadn't waited even longer before opening the parachute. But none did and I floated gently downwards.

And now while I was still several thousand feet in the air, the earth below started to grow gray and hazy, and my senses began to fade. I fought the dizziness with all my will, thinking how foolish it would be to pass out after getting to comparative safety, but the blackness increased. I inflated my life jacket so that I might not drown if I should be unconscious when I landed in the water. However, I never did quite black out, and the next minute I was slapped into the water and felt cooling relief from the burns on my arms, legs and face.

When I had got out of the parachute harness, I looked around and found I was about fifteen miles east of our transports—I could just see their mast tops above the horizon—and about two miles from the shore of Guadalcanal. My legs were burned around the ankles and knees; the skin was flapping loosely about my wrists, and my whole face was puffed up and swollen, with all the skin burned off. Pilot's gloves had saved my hands and a helmet had kept my hair unscathed. The water felt wonderfully soothing and in order to alleviate the painful burning of my face I kept it under water as much as possible. And so I started swimming breast stroke for the shore of Guadalcanal.

It was slow, laborious work, but every time I paused it was so much harder to start in again that I finally decided to keep on without resting. As my pants were weighing me down, I dropped them off, first removing my pocketknife and placing it in my shirt pocket. After half an hour, the beach seemed no nearer, but three destroyers were visible on the horizon, heading my way. Pretty soon they drew alongside about 1,000 yards from me, but although I splashed the water and jumped up as far as I could, they failed to see me and passed right on by. I realized now that if I were going to get myself out of this mess, I'd have to do it all by myself, so I started swimming again for the shore.

Although my wrist watch—supposedly waterproof—had stopped at ten minutes to two, I figured I had been swimming almost two hours when I heard the hum of a plane behind me, coming from the direction of our ships. It was agony for me to look this way, since the sun was off on this heading, and when I turned my face toward it the rays seemed to eat right into the raw flesh. I glanced around long enough to determine that a scout seaplane was coming toward me,

flying low over the water on submarine patrol. I splashed my arms and flayed the water to make myself as visible as possible. The pilot saw my splashing, and (as he later told me) thinking it was a sting ray, he flew over to investigate. The plane circled around me; the pilot waved, then turned, landed into the wind and taxied up to me. My troubles were over—temporarily.

Two days later I was cursing the chance that had that cruiser plane pick me up, and wishing I had swum ashore.

As the plane pulled alongside me, the pilot had his gun out, thinking from the grayish-brown coloring of my face that I was Japanese. However, I sang out and corrected this impression. It was when I climbed aboard the plane that I found out, for the first time, that my left leg had been shot. I tried to stand on the wing, only to fall back into the water. The leg wouldn't support me. About ten pieces of shrapnel from the explosive shell that set my plane afire had entered the leg around the knee and severed the nerve there, so that the limb was useless. How I had been swimming with it, I don't know.

I finally managed to haul myself into the rear cockpit of the plane and sat on the radioman's lap. Just as we were about to take off, the radioman informed the pilot, Ensign Baker, that their ship was under attack from dive bombers. When I heard that, I darned near jumped back into the water again. All I had to worry about there was sharks. But we took off—with a bit of trouble because of the extra load—and headed for our ships. By the time we got there, the Jap planes had been beaten off.

The first ship we came to was the Vincennes, and Baker was going to land alongside her and put me aboard. Thank God he didn't, because two days later the Vincennes was at the bottom of the ocean. Instead, we flew on to Baker's own cruiser, landed alongside and were hoisted aboard by the ship's crane.

Once aboard, I was lifted out of the plane and carried down to sick bay, where my burns were treated by the ship's doctor. It certainly felt wonderful to relax on a soft bed and to realize that I didn't have to fight alone any more.

When I awoke the next day, my lips were greatly swollen, so that I had to drink my meals through a tube, and my eyes were so puffed up and stuck together that I couldn't see. Nevertheless, I was fairly comfortable—until around noon, when the alarm gong sounded battle stations. Japanese planes were coming over. There followed the ominous clanking of hatches being bolted and ports locked, sealing the ship completely.

Should it be fatally hit, those of us below decks would never get off; there would be no chance for me, since I couldn't walk or even see.

We got reports of the battle over the ship's phone. For some reason, none of our fighters were in the air at the time. I was wondering where my boys were, and I wished to God I was up in the air where you can at least do something to save your neck, instead of lying below, a passive target for Jap bombs.

Forty twin-engine torpedo bombers came in low, about two hundred feet above the water. First the long-range antiaircraft guns opened up. That wasn't so bad; they were still at a distance. But when the 1.1's began firing, and then the .50-caliber machine guns barked, I knew the Jap planes must be damn close. At any second I expected to feel the jarring crash of a torpedo striking home.

Our cruiser, together with the Australian cruiser Canberra and others, was patrolling between Guadalcanal and Savo islands while the cruisers Quincy, Astoria and Vincennes guarded the channel entrance between Savo and Tulagi. When night fell, we all breathed easier.

But it was not to be a night of peace. At 1:45 I was awakened by the alarm sounding general quarters.

Confused reports were coming in over the phone: the Canberra was in flames; the Quincy, Astoria and Vincennes were engaged in a fierce battle with enemy surface ships. A shell had burst a few feet above the well deck. Fourteen men were wounded on our ship. From time to time, the guns topside would bark, while down below we waited for we knew not what. Somehow the night passed and morning found our cruiser still afloat. She had received but slight damage.

Where last night there had been many cruisers, now four were gone. The Canberra, Quincy, Astoria and Vincennes had all gone down. Had I been on the other cruisers, I would not now be alive to tell this story. Surely the high gods of war were smiling on me when they put me on this cruiser.

In the evening we beat it away from that channel and headed south. After days of anxiety and uncertainty, we arrived at a friendly port outside the immediate scene of action. On the way down I learned that of the planes which had left the carrier with me, only three had returned. Pug Sutherland and I managed to bail out of burning planes and eventually reach safety, but Tabberer, Price and "Wild Bill" Holt, my flying teammate, are all listed as "missing." The gods of chance smile on some, while on others they frown. They're certainly not angry with me.

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WELL, that was a party! How salvage poured in—Old iron and rubber, and copper and tin—While neighbor met neighbor in friendly accord Over Blue Ribbon Beer, as the evening's reward.

AND since then, his friends have been stoutly commending This beer that is famous for full-flavor blending—"It's softer and kindlier tasting," they say, The reason, of course, is—Pabst blends it that way!



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They Fight Without Weapons

The dramatic story of men who risk their

lives on the strangest battlefronts of all

BY H. R. BAUKHAGE



TWO MEN adrift at sea in an open boat. A relentless sun above; the last drop of water long since gone. The younger man has already begun to mumble incoherently, looking furtively over the gunwale. Suddenly he leans down—

"Stop, you fool! You know if you drink salt water it will kill you!"

That's a story enacted many times in these days of sinking ships.

But a stranger one is being enacted in a Boston hospital. Hunger and thirst again. A young man, his face pale, his lips dry, rises to his feet as his comrade nods and asks:

"How do you feel?"

"I'm not hungry any more, but I'm weak in the knees."

"All right, this is your last one for a while."

The young man pours out a glass of water and slowly drinks it. It is sea water.

It isn't his first drink from this flask, filled with a sample of the Atlantic Ocean off Nantucket, for the young man is one of a group of conscientious objectors acting as "guinea pigs" in a series of scientific tests to ascertain "the utilization of sea water by the human body."

There are six in this one experiment alone, young fellows "conscientiously opposed to killing," as one of them put it, "but willing to die, if necessary, that others may live." They have been deferred from combatant military service to do "work of national importance under civilian direction" in accordance with the Selective Service and Training Act of 1940.

For a long time, thoughtful doctors have questioned the validity of the tradition that drinking salt water drives mad those whom it does not kill. Then last summer, while the submarine was wreaking its havoc off our shores, three prominent members of the medical profession discussed the question in Boston and suggested experimentation to the National Research Council, which in turn called upon the National Service Board for Religious Objectors to furnish the men. This organization acts as the representative with the Government of the conscientious objectors who have been deferred from military service on religious grounds. The board decided that the experimentation would benefit humanity as a whole and was not solely a military measure. It called for volunteers. Two were chosen as the first of the "guinea pigs," and four more have since joined them.

Two types of tests are being made. In one a liberal amount of fresh water is taken and the boys drink as much as three glasses

of sea water a day. In the other, fresh water is limited to the point where life can be sustained for only ten days. Then specific foods are substituted for a certain proportion of this minimum supply of water, to ascertain if a certain specific proportion of food and water is more beneficial than the water alone. To this food and fresh water are added varying amounts of sea water.

It is hoped to learn whether a possible combination of concentrated nourishment, which shipwrecked men could carry, can be taken in combination with limited fresh water and small amounts of sea water without deleterious effects.

During the tests, which extend from six to eight days at a time, after which a "rest period" is given them, the boys are submitted to continual blood, urine, heart, metabolism and other tests. In a six-day run, they lose as much as sixteen pounds.

The two pioneer subjects come from entirely different environments. One is a Baptist from Pittsburgh. He was drafted in his senior year in college and claimed exemption on conscientious grounds. His family are not objectors. He had done reconstruction work with the Quakers after an earthquake in Mexico. He had planned to study law, but his experience in the hospital has made him want to be a doctor.

The other boy is a New Yorker with no religious affiliations; an avowed pacifist who lost his job as an assistant buyer when he proclaimed his views after Pearl Harbor. He wants to do rehabilitation work in Europe if he can.

In Champaign, Illinois, four young men are vigorously bestirring themselves under tropical conditions of heat and humidity. In Chicago, another group faces a mock Arctic. These experiments are to study nutritional needs of men who must live, fight or work in the frozen North or the teeming jungle.

"Very little has been done on environmental effects on nutritive requirements, and this work is expected to be extremely valuable in the war and the postwar period," say Professor H. H. Mitchell, in charge of the Champaign experiments. Highly important and therefore guarded with extreme secrecy are the experiments in another city on nutrition under high pressure.

Less romantic was the experience of twenty-five boys in a New Hampshire CO camp. They were used as insect incubators in an effort to discover a protection against typhus-bearing lice.

Hundreds of conscientious objectors are employed as orderlies in hospitals, including sixteen mental hospitals. For the adventurous, there are opportunities. Sixty "CO's" will soon be tumbling head first out of airplanes in their first parachute jumps. If they can take it, they'll be dressed in asbestos suits, strapped into steel corsets and taught to land in treetops, shiny to the ground and fight forest fires.

There are, of course, emergency jobs in which CO's have a chance to demonstrate that they are "willing to die." Denton Darrow, a twenty-two-year-old Oregon boy, took one of these jobs and lost his life. He was one of twenty-one volunteers chosen by the Coast Guard to comb the Oregon coast for survivors of a plane that had crashed. He was drowned while trying to cross a five-foot crevasse on which the waves were breaking.

Less spectacular are the hookworm-control project in Florida, and the reconstruction and rehabilitation projects—notably one in Puerto Rico. The majority of the boys have been engaged in the activities which have been handed down by the now defunct CCC—soil conservation, fire fighting under the United States Forestry Service, work in national and state parks and in the Bureau of Reclamation.

Very soon, a more important function will be turned over to a number of CO's who will be called upon to help fill the need for farm labor. This is a practical step, since the majority of CO's are farm-bred.

Of course, it must be remembered that many conscientious objectors are serving in the noncombatant branches of the Army—Quartermaster Corps, Engineers,

Medical Corps—"units which are unarmed at all times." Records are not complete but a safe estimate might be 10,000. There are some, the "absolutists," who refuse any kind of service. There are perhaps 1,400 of these in jail.

On the whole, the conscientious-objector problem has proved simpler in this war than in the last. Two things may furnish the explanation. In the first place, according to the law, nobody is exempted from some form of service. The word "conscience" may be the other explanation. The principle of freedom of religious conscience has been written into the law.

On the practical side, as Ernest Angell, chairman of the committee on conscientious objectors, puts it, we have recognized "the futility of coercing men to do what a higher sanction than law forbids."

"We have," he says, "accommodated law to the vast majority of consciences." America has grown conscience-conscious.



Salt water test.



Forest fire fighting.



Temperature test.



This is an
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He helps
make
them

He helps
operate them

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**Both know
work is pleasanter with
Beech-Nut Gum**

Anti-aircraft unit or submarine crew, the needs of our men in the services come first...and from time to time there may be temporary shortages in civilian supplies of Beech-Nut Gum due to many restrictions made necessary by the war. So please be patient if there are times when your dealer is unable to supply you with your favorite Beech-Nut Gum.

Army Photos courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

**Beech-Nut
Gum**

*The yellow package...
with the red oval*

just sit there, without even changing. She had relinquished her dreams, and made her decision. But still he had that wry, boyish smile, and those tired, dark eyes, so often shadowed with worry. "Our chief problem now," she said brightly, "will be to find an apartment in Washington."

"I suppose that means you'll wear a gingham apron," he murmured, "and cook all kinds of unrationed dishes. What color gingham? Blue and white?"

"Which do you think preferable?" she asked, over a rising fury. "I'm sure you must have excellent taste in aprons."

And then—mercifully—the telephone rang. Bill reached for it and knocked over an ash tray. He was awkward with his hands and feet, and unerringly brilliant and tolerant with his mind. And if it hadn't been for the telephone she might have said the bitter things that weren't, after all, as painful as silence.

Bill answered the phone. He said, "Who? A Mrs. Elliot? Sure, glad to. Tell her to come on up." He put the receiver down, and his eyes looked bleak and defeated again. "A sentimental mission," he said. "One of those things. You can't refuse them. It seems she sat next to me at a dinner party, and she's heard that I'm going to India in the near future. Her husband is stationed there and has never seen his son. Apparently Mrs. Elliot thinks that if I see the child and report to the father, something will be gained."

"It sounds a little far-fetched," Lydia said vaguely. She didn't really care. She couldn't become interested in a Mrs. Elliot, or a child, or a man in India—not with that queer, inverted insult still ringing in her ears. "If congratulations are in order," he had said, forcing the issue. Pointedly letting her know just where she stood. And at that moment she almost longed for Larry's safe predictableness.

Bill stood up when the door opened. And both of them were surprised by the girl who came in. For one thing she was so assured and trim and unabashed. Her fair hair curled slightly at the ends; her only hat was a big velvet bow; her black suit had a velvet collar, and she wore a snowy ruffled blouse. The little boy had on a blue and red snow suit.

Lydia could practically see Bill sigh with relief. In spite of his cynical exterior he was painfully softhearted where women and children were concerned. Now he held his hand out and said heartily, "Well, Mrs. Elliot, I'm glad to see you. I certainly shall look your husband up if I happen to land in India."

The girl's smile was serene and quite charming. "His name is Dick Fleming Elliot," she said. "And mine is Joanna, and this is Dickie. Shake hands with Captain Jeliffe, darling."

The little boy refused. He had taken off his mittens; now he threw them on the floor, and danced a jig.

The girl laughed. "You can just tell Dick that his son's manners are nothing to boast about. Tell him he's a chip off the old block when it comes to that!"

Bill laughed. He said, "Lydia, make notes for me, will you? I don't want to forget any of this!"

Lydia nodded. She wrote down: "Chip off the old block; wouldn't shake hands; threw mittens on floor."

The girl, Joanna, seemed unperturbed by that. She said, more seriously, "Dick was in Civil Service in Siam, and they made me come home before Dickie was born. Then, when we were going to join him war was threatening and they wouldn't let us leave. Soon after that Dick was transferred to India." She gave

the address, and Lydia wrote it down. Dickie discovered an ash tray and threw it into the metal wastebasket, where it made a great clatter.

Bill grinned. "Make a note of noise, Lydia. He likes it."

Joanna said, "I'll take his snow suit off so you can see his muscles."

Removing the snow suit was a strenuous undertaking. Dickie rolled on the floor, waving his feet alternately as his mother reached for them. Neither of them seemed to mind. And Lydia discovered what it was that surprised her about the girl. Joanna seemed happy—not forlorn, not miserable at all.

Lydia said, as the child emerged in his blue sweater suit, "He is certainly very healthy and strong."

"Oh, I know it!" Joanna agreed happily. "You see, I have a government job, part time, and my mother helps take care of him. Now, darling, stand up."

She led the bouncing child over to the desk. For a moment her voice wasn't quite steady. She said, "I've sent pictures, of course. Lots of them. And descriptions, and his baby book and all that. But I thought if you actually saw Dick, and reported, it would mean so much. Tell him about the muscles. Dickie, show the captain your muscles."

The child doubled up his fist, screwed his face into a grotesque pantomime.

Bill laughed. "He seems to think you do most of it with your tongue." He put his big hand on the little boy's arm. "Splendid. I'll tell your father, Dickie." "And there's another thing," Joanna said. "His very first word was 'daddy.' He started saying it at nine months. Say 'daddy' for the captain, darling."

"Daddy, daddy, daddy," crowed the little boy, and turned a somersault—not a very good one—in the middle of the office floor. He whooped with glee, and the wastebasket turned over, and all the papers spilled out onto the floor.

Joanna laughed. "Just like his father. A perverted sense of humor! And he looks like Dick too. Tell him that, will you? The same cowlick, and the same wicked gleam in his eye."

"I'll tell him," Bill promised soberly.

And Lydia's heart turned over. She couldn't have said just why. But the sight of the pretty girl, holding the snow suit in one hand, and trying to catch the romping child with the other, was like a shaft of light and pain in her heart. And suddenly Lydia knew. It was almost unbearably clear. If I had a little boy, she thought, I would want him to look like Bill. That's the only way I could ever be happy. And her heart ached with a frantic sense of loss, because it was like relinquishing everything but dreams. She couldn't marry Larry; she couldn't marry anyone, ever.

"Now, Dickie, one more thing," Joanna said, laughing. "Recite your poem for the captain, and then we have to go."

"Bye, bye, black-sheep," muttered the little boy, and lunged for the inkwell.

Bill lunged too, and knocked over an ash tray and a ruler.

He stood up, lifted the child high in the air, and set him down on the floor. He said, "Mrs. Elliot, you have a swell kid, a grand little guy. I'll certainly pass the good news along to his father."

"That'll be fine," the girl said. "Tell him Dickie's happy and I'm happy, and we're just waiting for him to come home. And don't forget to tell him that Dickie's first word was 'daddy.'"

"I won't forget," Bill said. And Joanna swooped the child up in one arm, and the snow suit in the other.

"I'll put it on out here," she explained. "Good-by, Captain Jelfie."

And Bill said, "When I return I'll report to you too. Then we can work it both ways!" And the radiance in Joanna's face when he said that stayed like an enchantment in the little office long after the girl had left.

Lydia helped retrieve the wastebasket and the spilled papers, and the ash tray and the ruler. She returned to her chair, and picked up her pad and waited.

"He's a cute kid," Bill muttered. He went to stand by the other window, with his back to the room.

It was almost dark. Lydia sat there in the emptiness of dusk, and her mouth was dry, and her throat full of tears.

Bill still had his back to the room. He said, "Lydia, I know I haven't a chance. But I have to try. I mean, if I could cut that guy out, the one you were with the other night, I—I mean—he stammered—"If there was the remotest chance..."

He turned around, but she could hardly see his face in the dim light. "My life is so precarious that I've been trying to ignore this thing," he said uncertainly. "I've been doing my level best not to see you or think about you. But it won't work. I can't get you out of my mind. This may seem absurd to you. Probably you've never thought of me except in a business way. There's no reason, of course, why you should," he finished, rather formally.

"Me?" Lydia asked inanely.

The room was almost dark, but it was full of lights too. Or maybe that was only a kind of vision she had.

"Lydia," he said desperately, "I'm trying to tell you that I love you. I have from the very first. But I thought I had no right to offer marriage to a girl, and then go off on one wild goose chase after another. I thought it would be selfish—worse than selfish, almost criminal. But when I saw that girl, with her little boy, and how happy and contented they were... When I saw that, and thought what it must mean to that guy out in India, just thinking about her and the kid. You see, Lydia, bonds like that can reach anywhere. Into a Japanese prison camp, or a hospital, or a Flying Fortress. They're concrete and tangible, more important even than security and a home."

"But I already knew all that," Lydia said. "Every woman in love knows that."

He said firmly, "Even if you were married to that guy, I'd try to cut him out."

She started to laugh then, only it was closer to weeping. She put her head down on the arm of the chair and the pencil clattered to the floor. And that laughter that shook her—or maybe it was the crying—was the sweetest she'd ever known.

"At any rate, thank God you aren't," he said.

She knew that he was still thinking about Larry Bishop, and the absurdity of that filled her with an almost incredible tenderness. She said, "Bill, you don't have to cut anyone out. You see, there isn't anyone but you. I found that out too from the girl and her little boy."

He didn't believe her at first. He found his way to her chair, somehow. And he tilted her face up, and tried to read her eyes, and that was silly in the dark. And then he took her in his arms, but the dreams were still there. And their brilliance was so great she had to shut them away for a moment. Take them one by one. Take the first one and hold it against her heart—the feel of his rough, awkward hand against her hair, the sound of his voice saying, "Darling, darling Lydia." That was the first one, and it might have been enough even without the shining radiance of the others yet to come.

Might as well go home, Judy The party is over—for you!



Poor Judy—It's such a wonderful party and the other girls are having such a wonderful time. What can be wrong with

Judy? Pretty and a good dancer, yes, yet the stag-line has a blind spot for her. Something is putting the jinx on Judy's evening!



A mirror couldn't tell her, but those whispering voices outside the door did: "Poor Judy—missing all the fun. If we could only tell her Mum prevents underarm odor!"



A whisper was enough for Judy. Now she knows a bath just washes away past perspiration—but Mum makes bath-freshness safe! This time Judy's charm won't fade!



So many popular girls praise Mum because:

It's quick—30 seconds with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Without stopping perspiration, it prevents underarm odor—keeps your bath-freshness lasting.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women use it this important way, too.



Mum

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If transient congestion clogs up your nose tonight, hinders breathing, keeps you from getting to sleep, do this... Put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril. This specialized medication shrinks swollen membranes—relieves transient congestion—and brings greater breathing comfort. **TRY IT! And remember**—if used at the first snuffle or sneeze, Vicks Va-tro-nol helps prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

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COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries.

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How to Supplement

YOUR "WAR RATIONS"

And be sure of getting
all the Vitamins you must have
to maintain Vigorous Health!

Whether our foods are rationed or not, it is more important now than ever before to get protective potencies—every day—of all the vitamins essential to vigorous good health... so that our best efforts may go into the emergency job we are doing. And it's so easy to get them... just take "VITAMINS Plus" once daily. "VITAMINS Plus" is a complete, balanced combination of all the essential vitamins. What's more, it gives you extra B-Complex vitamins and added iron. Remember...

Life Begins with
VITAMINS

Plus

They Also Serve (Continued from page 35)

Martini—I beg pardon, sir! I misunderstood. To tell the truth, General, my weight, plus a pair of busted arches, sir."

"How are you getting on?"

"Grand, sir. I've shed forty pounds already and I'm going to get rid of another fifty. Then I'll be a good soldier."

"Do your feet trouble you?"

"General, sir, my dogs do bark now and then at drill, but when they hurt too bad the sergeants let me step out, sir. I have only one trouble, sir."

"And that?"

"We eat too good, sir."

We interviewed former artists, students, news dealers, store managers, millworkers, advertising executives—men from all walks of life who were handicapped by defective eyes or ears, missing fingers or toes, stiff joints, and all manner of minor disabilities.

There was Corporal Joe, an art student in his senior year, blind in one eye. Rejected by the Army, Navy and Marines, he found a spot in this limited-service unit. We found him at a gun battery and asked him about his blind eye.

Joe made a brief speech. "I had basic training—left! right! left! right! Present arms! At ease! It was swell. Then came instruction on the guns, the old business of 'Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition.' After long instruction on the antiaircraft guns I've been okayed as a gunner. I'm a happy guy—a one-eyed gunner but a darned good one."

We were talking to Private Bill, a former lamplighter from a Long Island village, when another private, pointing to General Jarman, who stands six feet five inches and weighs just a trifle over 200 pounds, asked, "Who's the big guy with the two stars?"

We got a quick answer. "Sh-h-h!" said Corporal Jim, who was graduated with a B.A. and finally got into limited service (because of an athletic injury). "He's an important guy. The Army men assert he is the best antiaircraft man in the world. After the First World War he realized the part aircraft would play in the next war. And he worked constantly to see that antiaircraft would meet the challenge."

Jim, with his back injury, is doing a grand job on the searchlights and soon will be headed for an officers' training school.

Private Percival was a Pennsylvania high-school teacher with an excellent formal education. He had tried to enlist but had quickly been rejected by all services. An accident in his boyhood had resulted in a gnarled left hand, with almost useless, stiff thumb and fingers. But he was happy because, only two weeks previously, his draft board had accepted him. A fine, handsome chap in his early thirties, he was fearful only that his hand might handicap him for actual combat service. "I'm afraid I'll never be much good with a rifle," he said. "Maybe I can do a job on the searchlights."

Then, having some inside information on this chap, I made him just about the happiest man in his outfit. "How about officers' training school?" I asked.

"With this hand?" he replied sadly.

"With that hand," I told him. "You've already been marked down as officer material. It's your brain they're interested in."

Head erect, chest out, eyes sparkling, he walked away.

Corporal Jack had been a public accountant—one of the best in New York. Thirty-eight and a bachelor, he tried to get into the Navy at the outbreak of

war but never got past the examining eye doctor in Pine Street. "They had two strikes on me," he grinned. "They said I had two bad eyes. I admitted my eyes do have a funny look behind thick lenses but pointed out no public accountant could actually have bad eyes! They have to be good. The doctors laughed and indicated the way out. Then last summer I heard about limited service and here I am—a top hand on the searchlights."

The doctors had two strikes on Private Pietro, too—a bad eye and a bad ear. If you know your Metropolitan Opera House you may recognize the subject of this sketch. Pietro doesn't care if all the world knows about those two strikes—he's that happy to be in uniform. He is thirty-nine years old and he has known every singer at the Met and every patron of the Diamond Horseshoe since 1920. In those intervening twenty-two years he has had charge of programs, of ushering and of the checkroom.

"I tried to get into the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard," he said. "Using my knowledge of play acting, I tried to fool all the doctors, but like most opera singers, I was a lousy actor and I didn't even fool myself. Then along came the call for us limited-service men and Pietro, nearing forty, came along, too. One eye is as good as two as far as I'm concerned and they tell me you just don't hear any too good after a few of those ninety-millimeters explode in your ears, so what?"

Private Henry, with degrees in law, economics and psychology, was a big shot in a big manufacturing concern, but a most unhappy one. Henry hated the Nazis and Nips and wanted to argue with them from the business end of a bayonet, even though happily married for nearly a year before Pearl Harbor. Unfortunately, Henry, a strapping, handsome chap of twenty-three, has what doctors classify as a hammer toe—an enlarged great toe which will not fit in an ordinary shoe—and all branches of the service turned him down.

"I fooled all of the doctors," he laughed. "Actually made monkeys out of them. When I heard about limited service I quickly enlisted and had only three miles to go—that's how close I live to this post. How did I fool 'em? Army shoes fit me perfectly! And I'm beginning to think I'm a son of a gun of a gunner!"

To a man, these men wanted to FIGHT! But all were sour on the idea of doing their fighting from an indoor desk. When they learned a limited number would be enlisted for limited combat service, they rushed to the colors. The first seven hundred received by General Jarman's AAA Command were volunteers. Since then, other hundreds have been drafted and still other hundreds have volunteered, so that the number of each—draftees and volunteers—is just about equal. And the first 2,300 of these limited-service men (and this will be news to General Jarman) have gone on record: from this day, and in all the years to come, they will be known as "Jarman's Own."

There is an "inside story" concerning the acceptance of the 1-B's for limited combat service, but before telling it, I want to tell you some facts about Major General Sanderford (Sandy) Jarman. He is a pioneer in antiaircraft artillery and served on many boards which studied AA's great possibilities. "Sandy" installed antiaircraft batteries in Panama jungles in which natives, Spanish and

French had been unable to live for some 300 years. He made sure his men had quinine and kept the malaria rate down. In Panama they said of Jarman, "We never saw a man who could do more with nothing and get it done sooner." For many years his motto has been: "Can do. Will do. And now!"

For several years, General Jarman headed one of the first boards to study Selective Service. From their findings came the present Selective Service system. And this leads to the "inside story" of bringing the 1-B's into limited service.

In January, 1942, General Jarman pointed out to the War Department that an economy in able-bodied military manpower could be realized by the utilization of limited-service personnel in the huge requirements for antiaircraft artillery employed in permanent or semipermanent defenses. Projects for the defense of vital installations in the Eastern Defense Command called for a very large number of men. The General pointed out that many thousands of soldiers of general-service classification would be saved for general service by substituting men too old or not physically able to stand the hardships of active campaign—limited-service soldiers.

General Jarman called attention to the fact that his proposal was based upon the assumption that antiaircraft artillery in battle stations along the nation's coast lines could be effectively served by personnel of which seventy percent could be drawn from limited-service classes. He also pointed out that for the protection of fixed installations (factories, etc.) troops would usually be located in the vicinity of towns and cities under conditions not too different from those of civil life. "The duties required of them," General Jarman figured, "will in general be limited to the service of their weapons and other equipment in one locality."

Six months later the War Department decided "Sandy" could have 600 chaps from the 1-B classification to play with.

The net result was so unbelievable that he soon was given an additional 1,700 1-B's with which to complete the first regiment. "Sandy" is now asking for sufficient 1-B's to turn out many additional units.

General Jarman, born forty miles from nowhere in Louisiana, in 1884, is proud of his 1-B's.

"The question of manpower is one of the most important that confronts us in winning this war," he said. "It was this that prompted me to ask for the 1-B's. These men, as soon as they were brought into service, began training with a will I have never before seen. They not only work long hours during the day, but carry out their self-instruction at night. I am impressed by the fact that these men, because they are marked with physical disabilities, have been anxious to prove such handicaps were of no importance. No job has been too difficult."

"By a small amount of picking and choosing we have fitted the men with defective eyesight into positions where they were not required to use their eyes to a maximum. Men with arm and leg and feet impairments, having good eyes, are placed on fire-control instruments, and so on. It is merely a question of selecting and placing the square pegs in the square holes."

"What's next, General?"

"Well, we've proved that limited-service men can be effective combat soldiers. Now we'd like to see units of Waacs used in an active antiaircraft defense such as ours—then I can ship my 1-B boys to the battle fronts overseas and replace them with Waacs."



**MEN OF MEANS WHO HAD
MURALS PAINTED IN THEIR HOMES**

**MAY ONCE HAVE SPENT TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY.**

MY, BUT THEY'VE CHANGED!

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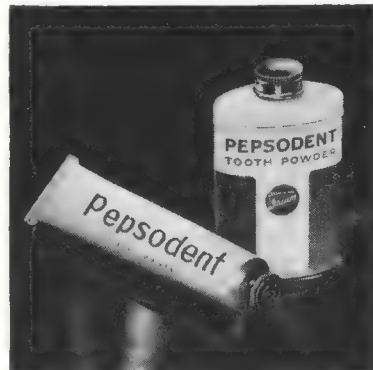
3. POWDER should be held in the palm of the cupped hand. *Don't* sprinkle powder onto tooth brush. Dab—don't rub—moistened brush in powder to pick it up.



4. SHOW children that a small amount of tooth powder is all that is needed. About enough to cover a five-cent piece is plenty. Always measure it out for them.



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BOOK 3 THE COMPLETE

*Once
and for Always*

BY NANCY TITUS

SHORT NOVEL

THIS, THEN, is how their marriage began. On the midnight for Pittsburgh; on the all-night coach, with the lights out and the singing of two marines in the rear of the car, the wailing of a baby.

The girl sat with her dark head against the back of the seat. The collar of her white blouse was curling at the edges like the wilted petals of gardenias. Her eyes, the clear pure amber of jasmine tea, were closed and the thick dark lashes were gentle on her cheeks.

The boy was trying to sleep in his mussed uniform. Night hid the youthfulness in his face that day would have exposed: the confident mouth, relaxed and vulnerable; the fair hair, tumbled like a child's, soft as feathers.

Their bags were stowed under their feet and above their heads in the rack. These were all their possessions: the clothing in their suitcases—and each other.

It was fall, 1942.

Letty and Monk had intended to take the Pullman on the trip back to Fort Wilson, Monk's camp outside Pittsburgh. But when they had counted their money after the two-day honeymoon in New York it was not enough.

"Well, what do we care?" Monk had said. "We were the Royal Family for two days. It was worth it, wasn't it?"

"A million times worth it," Letty kissed him.

When they stood in the smoky, dim, echoing room waiting for the gate to open, they had come down from Olympus. They were, then, just another soldier and his girl. The charm was no longer upon them.

Monk found a seat in the crowded car and distributed their luggage as best he could. All except Letty's camera. She clung to that.

"You can put up my hat," she told Monk, pulling the red beret off her black curls, "but I'll hold the camera."

"Your new hat?" Monk grinned. "I thought a girl would rather lose her virtue than her hat. You're destroying all I ever believed about women."

"Am I?" She grimaced at him.

"But you've made my dreams of them come true. How's that?"

Letty laughed glancing over the car—and her laughter died. That girl across the aisle. So much like her sister Marion. Hair golden as Marion's, curling softly about her shoulders.

Suddenly she was no longer carefree and gay in her new status as Monk's wife; no longer thinking only of their future so excitingly begun on this autumn night. She was thinking of Marion. What is she doing now? She isn't wild. It's just the times. But can Simon control her? She was thinking of Simon, her father. What will he do if he doesn't get that Job with Port Haven Safe and Lock?

The chain had started in her mind. Simon. Marion. If Brian is drafted, how will Monk's mother make out with neither of her sons to help her? We've walked out on them all, she thought. Monk and I grabbing love, snatching pleasure, concerned with no one but ourselves.

Monk squeezed her elbow. "Honey, there you go worrying again."

Letty turned to him. "Monk, I don't mean to, but we've been selfish, haven't we? I'm not thinking only of my family; I'm thinking of your mother too. If Brian—"

Monk jerked his hand away, his mouth bitter. "Brian—regrets for my brother. Is that it?"

She said wearily, "You don't understand how I feel, Monk, about running out on all of them. It isn't Brian. I love you, but—"

He touched her hand. "Then don't let's do this. This is still our wedding trip, Letty. You chose marriage. You *can't* be sorry."

She met his eyes, so light and bright a gray they were almost silver. Her throat tightened. "No, Monk, never sorry."

The lights went out. They settled themselves for the night. Letty did not know how long she had slept when she woke at the sound of Monk's voice calling her softly.

"Letty, I can't sleep, damn it. I'm going back to the dining car to see if there's a poker game I can sit in on. I didn't want to leave without telling you. Or would you rather I stayed here?"

"No. Go ahead. I'm all right."

But when he had gone she could not return to sleep. With his leaving, she lost the sense of security she had forced upon herself a few hours earlier, resting beside Monk, her hand in his.

She thought of him playing cards, forgetting her, and in her mind, he became a stranger. When he was beside her, her consciousness of him, her love, blinded her to everything else; but now he had slipped away from her, and all her misgivings had come winging back.

I had no right to marry him. I love him, but love alone doesn't give the right of way.

No right to marry. The wheels began to clack the refrain to her brain. No right to turn her back on her responsibilities.

Yet from the first her heart must have known that she would marry Monk—from that first night he had exploded into her life. No, it had been inevitable even before that. Her marriage to Monk had really begun the day she met his brother; had begun with loving another man.

It was summer then, and Letty had



"Why couldn't you let me be, Letty?" Marion cried. "I don't know why I let you send me away."

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

no thought, no time, for love. Letty was going to have a career. She believed war marriages were foolish. She said a girl with family obligations could not let herself take men seriously. She had her dreams, of course. Someday . . . A man who would be companionable, understanding. But so much else to come before that.

She was in no dreamy mood the afternoon she came from her interview with the city editor of the Port Haven Patriot-News. She was mad clear through, and the brassy sky of the oppressive late June day had resolved itself to meet her humor, become black and crackling with impending storm. She stood before the building, with the first drops of rain pelt-ing her silk suit, and rearranged the photographs the editor had thrust carelessly into the envelope.

One of these days, she thought, he'll see my stuff in better papers than his!

She hurried down the street. Big tear-drops of rain were spattering off the leaves now.

She might have known how it would go. She recalled her first interview with Lou Tiernan three years ago, when she was nineteen. She had stood before his desk, with her chin up, her amber eyes full of fire. "I want to be a staff photographer. I am Letty Wyatt."

The name meant nothing. It was before this man's time that Simon Wyatt had been managing editor of the Patriot, when it had not yet been merged with the News.

"My mother was Sara Thorne," she said.

"My God, girl, why didn't you say so?"

Yes, that name had meaning. Sara Thorne, whose father, Roy Thorne, had owned the Patriot; who had been, herself, its crusading publisher for years. Seven years after her death Sara was

remembered not only in Port Haven, but throughout Connecticut; even outside the state. Simon had been only her husband. But the name of Thorne was no magic key, and Letty wished to be judged by her work alone. Lou Tiernan could not afford to be sentimental about the one; he was unimpressed by the other.

Today he had said, "Letty Wyatt, how many times do I have to tell you there's no place for women photographers on my staff?"

Darned reactionary! Letty thought, running through the rain. But I've got to make him take me on. For if it had been a lark to try to get on the paper three years ago, it was now a necessity.

She *must* do something. The estate Sara had left was almost gone. Simon had not worked for nearly six months. Letty's thirty a week from her stenographic job was not enough to keep them all; not enough certainly to provide the musical education Marion should have. And each month they fell further behind with the rent for the house on Bye Street—the house that was a far cry from the old Thorne home overlooking the harbor. But they had lost that house to the bank five years ago.

If I could go to New York. But I can't. The Patriot is my only hope.

Lightning flashed, thunder cracked overhead, and, as though released by the sound, the torrent came. She ducked under the canopy of a lending library. Ruefully she glanced down at her skirt. Sopping.

A red-haired young man came out of the library and began to struggle with a huge black umbrella. "Do you know how to work one of these damn things?" he asked Letty.

She said, amused, "Don't you?"

"No." He shook it savagely. She took it from him and put it up. When she returned it he regarded her gravely. "Thanks. That gives you a priority on it. I'm going your way."

"How do you know?"

He said, "Lady, because when you ducked into this doorway I borrowed the librarian's umbrella just so I *could* be going your way."

"We-ell . . ." She looked up at him. He wasn't the kind who would go in for ordinary pickups. She liked his looks, his lean height, his careless sports coat and corduroy slacks. His face was long and thin and freckled; his eyes, perceptive blue; his mouth, moody; his hair, crisp and sorrel.

She laughed. "I am
99

**Until "Monk" came along, Letty had just one purpose in life—
to help her family.**

**This is the story of how she learned
that you can't put marriage in second place**





Blind and weak, Letty answered Monk kiss by kiss.

in a hurry to get home, and it doesn't seem as though it would let up for a while, does it?"

He said with a twinkle, "Not for forty days and forty nights. Which way?"

"Straight down Market."

But in spite of her avowed haste, she let him persuade her to go into a drug-store for a soda. He was easy and sociable, and before their glasses were half emptied, they were talking as though their acquaintance dated far back of the meeting at the library.

His name was Brian London. He was twenty-nine. He taught English in a boys' private school in Massachusetts. His parents were divorced, and his mother assisted a friend in running a Port Haven boardinghouse. His brother had left college in the spring, just before his twenty-first birthday, to join the Army.

Brian said wryly, "I've got to establish this, so you'll know why I'm not in the service. Frankly, I don't know what to do: bow to social pressure and enlist, or bow to necessity and keep on teaching until I'm drafted. I don't know what Mother will do if I go. Her job is really no more than board. I can't leave her without support. I could claim her as a dependent, but she'd hardly get enough. And then I don't know how she'd take my going. It cut her when Monk went, though of course she's proud of him now."

Letty thought she could fill in the gaps, the things he did not say. His mother was prouder of the young irresponsible son than of the son who had her welfare at heart. Her fighting spirit was quickly angry for Brian's sake.

It was partly that fierce protectiveness in her, so quick to defend, to mother, that made her promise to see him again when he left her at the door.

In a week it was something else. In a week she was in love with him. She, Letty Wyatt, with her career and her family and her scorn of emotional weakness. Before she knew it, she was seeing Brian daily. She dined with him, lunched with him, picnicked with him. He kept their relationship in the light vein in which it had started, though he had moments of extraordinary tenderness and insight.

"What I like about you," she told him the day they had the picnic, "is that you yearn to be a scholar, Brian, without being academic."

He had grinned at her. "That's like telling me you like me because I'm a man without being masculine."

"Oh, you know what I mean," Letty insisted, and placed a hand on his red head, which rested in her lap.

But she did not know it was love until the night he took her to dinner with his mother. That had been a bad day. Everything had gone wrong at the office. And when she came home, a batch of pictures had been returned with printed regrets from the art magazine to which she had submitted them.

Simon and Marion were in the kitchen when she went in. Simon sitting at the kitchen table reading the paper, his sleeves rolled up over his brown arms with their faded tattooing. Marion sat across from him, painting her nails. Her long light hair fell forward about her pointed face.

"Hello, people." Letty laid the rejected photographs on the table.

"Hi!" Marion waggled a scarlet-tipped finger.

Simon said, "Well, how's my working girl? Letty, here's an article I was just about to clip for you. It's about women photographers and the war."

Letty did not ask him how he had made out in his application for a job with the Safe and Lock Company. He would have told her if he had got the position, and it was cruelty to make him say he had not.

Oh, Simon, Letty thought, it's not fair. You're so good; you should have everything.

No, not fair. Other men were finding work. But Simon had never been aggressive. He had been third mate on a coastwise freighter when he met Letty's mother. A year after that odd match between the volatile newspaperwoman and the easy-going sailor, Simon had, at his wife's insistence, gone to work on the paper in the advertising department. He was never wholly effectual in business, certainly far from being the businessman and crusader his wife had been, and though she ultimately made him managing editor, hers was the managing spirit. When Sara died, she left the paper to Simon, but two years later, through various misfortunes, it had collapsed and Simon had sold out to the News. For a time he stayed on as managing editor, but a year after the merger, the News eased him out.

He had tried, then, to go back to sea. But Letty, sixteen, with an eleven-year-old sister on her hands, had cried bitterly. She could not bear to have her father leave them.

"Don't cry, honey," he had said. "I'll find something near you."

He drifted into selling cars, but last winter the agency had been forced to close. Simon had had nothing since.

If I could make enough money he'd never have to go back to work, Letty had thought passionately, when he talked of returning to the maritime service. "They could use me there. I'm not too decrepit for that," he told her. She wouldn't have it. She would not have him facing danger and hardship at his age.

She said now, "I'll read the article as soon as I've changed. I'm going to supper with Brian and his mother, you know. How'd school go today, Marion?"

Marion made a face. "Same as ever. It's so pointless." Her sea-green eyes met Letty's warily. "I was talking to Sue Grayson today. She says they're taking on a lot more girls at her plant. What's the use of my hanging around school when—"

Letty said with finality, "You aren't going to leave school, Marion. You've got to have a high-school education, and I want you to go on with your music. I won't let you ruin your life."

"You don't care whether I ruin my life or not, so long as I do what you say." Marion tossed her hair.

"Oh, darling, that's not true!" Letty cried.

Simon said calmly, "Letty only wants

to do what's best for all of us, Marion." But there was a note in his voice that Letty did not understand.

Tears nagged her eyes when she went to dress. I love them both. I want everything for them, she thought, and I want it so much I make myself unpleasant. Oh, why can't I make a big success?

She took the rejected pictures from the envelope and spread them on the bed. They were good. Several times she had won prizes in national contests.

Someday, she thought. But it's no good saying "someday" over and over. Someday isn't soon enough. What am I going to do for them now?

Mrs. London had a cold supper laid out in her own room. She received Letty graciously. A small woman with a soft pink face; her eyes, spaniel-brown, lighted with elusive sparks.

"I'm glad to meet you, Letty. I've heard so much about you from Brian."

Letty's eyes going swiftly over the room noted two pictures in prominent places: the portrait of a blond man with a blond mustache; a grinning fair-haired boy in a private's uniform.

Mrs. London intercepted her glance. "Mr. London." She nodded toward the first picture.

Letty remembered Brian's words: "He gambled. He drank. There were other women. Finally he walked out on her. He hasn't given her any alimony for two years, and she'll do nothing to make him. I think she still loves him, and she has built up a pride in refusing to take anything from him." A pride, Letty thought, which was hard on Brian.

Mrs. London took up the second picture. "And this is my son Monk. Has Brian told you he's a corporal now?" She laughed. "He writes me: 'Mom, I'm only eleven ranks from being General.'"

Letty was furious. How could she parade this other boy before Brian with such obvious satisfaction? In a swift surge of compassion, she put her hand on his beneath the table.

When he took her home he stopped under the elms. "Letty, Letty, are you beginning to care for me the way I care about you?"

It came over her in a wave. She had been feeling so alone, discouraged, trying to find a way out for herself and her family. Suddenly what Brian was offering was infinitely precious and desirable.

She cried, "Brian, I love you!"

He held her close. "Oh, damn it, Letty, this isn't fair of me. I can't ask you to marry me. Things are in such a hell of a mess. Letty, can I ask you to wait for me till both our ways are cleared?"

"Yes, Brian." And she thought: I don't feel alone any more, or worried.

It was the memory of that night—the promise she had so willingly given—that made her hate herself that other night, a month later, when Monk came home.

She was dining with the Londons that evening.

Just before she left, Simon spoke to her. "Letty, we can't go on like this any longer. There's too much burden on you. I'm going to get back to sea."

She stopped before him, her gold eyes darkening. "Simon, please, don't talk like that. You aren't any burden. Oh, promise me you won't try to go back to sea."

He looked at the bowl of his pipe. "Very well."

When she was going down the steps Mrs. Sanderson, their neighbor, came out on her porch. "Letty, wait a minute. I want to speak to you about Marion. I saw her last night in front of a drug-store talking to a bunch of soldiers. You ought to watch out for her. It's youngsters like Marion who get into trouble."

"I do watch out for her," Letty said shortly. But she was troubled.

Mrs. London had roasted a chicken in the kitchen she shared with her friend, Miss Pruett. She said as they sat down, "If only Monk were here. He loves chicken."

Letty glanced at Brian. She just takes him for granted.

They were halfway through dessert when someone knocked at the kitchen door. Before Mrs. London could rise, footsteps crossed the kitchen. A soldier stood in the doorway.

"Hey, Mom?"

"Monk! Oh, my baby." His mother was at his side, gathering him in her arms. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I wanted to surprise you. It was an unexpected leave. Hello, Brian . . . Oh!"

He stopped with his hand outstretched toward Brian and looked at Letty. Her eyes met his silver eyes, bright as rain.

Unheralded, unwanted, an instant magnetic compulsion held their glances frozen, the amber and the gray. Then Letty looked away. She did not raise her eyes again when Brian introduced her.

But the electric force was there. She was aware of it all evening, despising herself for feeling it. This Monk. This boy. He dominated the group. His anecdotes; his enthusiasm for Army life, for a Captain Widener in his outfit; his promotion to corporal.

And somehow, it was Monk who later walked home with her. He didn't ask if he might. He said, "I'll take Letty to her house." He overrode her own protests and Brian's.

Walking with her through a dimmed-out street white with moonlight, Monk said, "Brian always did have good taste."

Letty asked, "And do you always trade on your brother's taste?"

"Why, yes," Monk said insolently. "It saves a lot of trouble. He gets the cream to the top. I skim it."

She said heatedly, "You're a—"

He laughed. "Cad, egad! Letty, how can you say that, just when I'm thanking God I've met you?"

His tone was deep and serious. It stopped her reply in her throat. He halted at the gate, as Brian had that other evening. He reached for her hand.

"You've got such a little hand, haven't you?" He put his hand palm to palm with hers.

Letty murmured, "That's an old ruse, isn't it?" But her words sounded thick in her own ears. The touch of his flesh against hers . . .

She tried to jerk away. "I've got to go in."

"Don't," Monk said. "Not so soon."

"I must, Monk."

"Please!" He caught her to him. She had not expected that. Blind and weak, she leaned unresisting against him, answering him kiss by kiss.

He let her go abruptly. "I'm sorry." There was no boyish fooling in him now. "You're Brian's girl. I didn't mean that, Letty. Put it down to a soldier on leave, or don't put it down at all."

He turned away. She whispered, "Monk," and stifled the whisper with her hand.

She was a beast! That she could have done this to Brian!

In an outburst of honesty she told Brian, as though confession could wipe away the incident. His eyes went deeply blue, but he said quietly, "Listen, Letty, it could happen to anyone. Do you think you're the only girl I ever kissed?"

"No, but . . . When I love you!"

"Okay." He was smiling at her. "Don't protest so much. Monk has that effect."

"He has no effect on me!" she cried.

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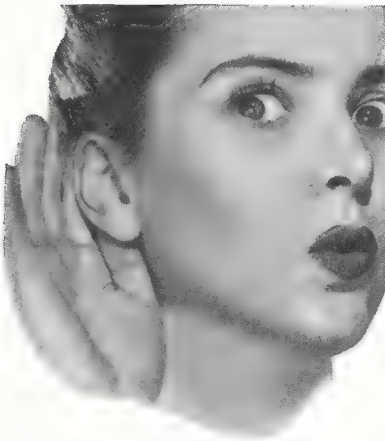
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If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

... Put it down to a soldier on leave, or don't put it down at all ...

Monk returned three weeks later. He was by the elevator in her office building when she came out at noon. He smiled at her with mischievous uncertainty. "I just got to town. I came to see you first." He followed her into the elevator.

"How nice," Letty said coldly.

He got out with her at the street floor. "Letty, I can't forget you. I came home to tell you."

"You aren't as fortunate as I am."

"You think I'm trying to steal you from Brian. I'm not. I know you're my girl."

"I'm not!" she said vehemently. "Will you let me alone, Monk?"

He let her go then, but when he returned to camp, there were daily letters:

You know how it was with us when we met ... That wasn't something we can pass off ... Give me a chance, Letty ... You can't be Brian's if you're mine ...

Then there was the letter in which he had the effrontery to speak of marriage.

Letty, you're the girl I want to marry. I wanted to know you better, but you wouldn't let me; but this much I know, anyhow. Did you ever think how easy it is to get married, Letty? Just get a license and go ahead. You could work out here in the hospital. A number of wives do.

Marry! Her face burned with anger. In August he came home again; came to see her alone. She told him stiffly, "It's no use, Monk."

He said, unperturbed, "These leaves are costing a lot of money. We should be saving for when we're married, Letty."

"I'd never marry you. I wouldn't marry anyone now. When I do marry it will be Brian."

Monk jumped up. "All right, I'll let you be. Just tell me you've forgotten that night." He pulled her to her feet.

"I—let me go, Monk."

"Oh, Letty, you don't think I'll be here forever, do you? I'm going sometime. Give me my life now." His mouth came savagely to hers. "You won't forget this time," he whispered.

A long sigh went through her. She was clinging to him.

"If you loved Brian," he said, "you wouldn't let me do this. It isn't fair to him, either, to pretend there's nothing to it, Letty."

"I know." Her eyes were full of tears.

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes."

What a miraculous anesthetic a "yes" could be. Now I don't have to deny it any longer; be ashamed of my dreams of him. It was Monk. Always Monk.

It had happened like that. There was no stopping to reason. Monk would not let her. "We'll be married as soon as we can. We'll have what we can."

Simon and Monk's mother urged her on; said it was the only thing to do today. Simon told her that he would have the Safe and Lock job by Christmas. He and Marion would get along.

She had a pang when she told Brian. He was so decent about it. They went out to their old picnic ground for a last good-bye.

"Letty," Brian told her, "there's nothing to say. Don't fret over it. It's American to exercise a right of choice."

"But you don't think it's right for me to leave Simon and Marion, do you?"

"Oh, hell, Letty, I don't know what's right. Would it make any difference to you what I said, anyway?"

He put his hand over hers, and her heart twisted with pity. Brian always gets the short end of the stick. How could I have done this to him?

He still loved her. She knew that. It was rotten of her to find satisfaction in the knowledge when she had so swiftly fallen out of love with him?

Or was she really out of love with him? Would she feel so sorry for him if she did not care?

Now she was married. Speeding into a future that belonged only to Monk ... If only she could keep the ecstasy of the honeymoon.

She must have slept again, for when she came to consciousness with a start, Monk was beside her, his head on her shoulder. He sat up.

"Good morning, Mrs. London!"

"Is it morning?"

"Yes, it will be light when we hit Lawson."

"Lawson?"

"Where the camp is, baby. I won last night, by the way." He pulled out a wad of bills.

"Oh, Monk, it's a lot, isn't it?"

"Don't tell me you think I should give it back like a gentleman! This is the Army, with all attendant hazards. I've lost more than that in my day. I'll split with you."

She did not know why she felt disappointed in him.

Three hours later, when they reached their destination, the day had started. Letty could see the outline of hills; a fresh breeze blew against her face.

She looked up into Monk's sleepy eyes. A surge of tenderness welled in her.

Dear God, I do love him. It's going to work out, as Monk says. There's promise in this day.

They took an apartment, furnished it with the pieces they could afford to buy. Most of the time Letty was alone. Monk had only two hours a day to be with her, between five-thirty and seven-thirty.

The job he had promised her would be waiting proved to be part-time secretarial work in the hospital at fifteen dollars a week. She met other Army wives, one or two congenial women among them. She had more time to give to photography. And best of all, there was Monk: the hours snatched with him; the minutes in his arms ...

The third week she was in Lawson she started a series of pictures dealing with the life of young married couples at an Army post, using Monk as her model. She caught his spirit—the gaiety, the carelessness, that cloaked the sincerity and seriousness with which he took his job.

When she showed him the finished pictures, he was enthusiastic. "Letty, they're wonderful. They're sure to sell."

She sent them off a few days later to a magazine called America Lives, sure they would be returned to her. But of course, there was always the chance ...

Yes, she was happy. Simon wrote he would soon go to work. Marion had played in a concert. She no longer talked of leaving school. And then the end of October she had a letter from Brian:

My status has been changed. I'll be drafted any day now. I haven't told Mother yet because I don't want to trouble her until I have to.

She gave the letter to Monk. "Monk, what will your mother do? If Brian goes in, she can't get more than fifty a month, and she gets only five dollars a month and board from Miss Pruett."

Monk said, "She can get along on that. Mother's resourceful." He threw down the letter. "Why is Brian writing you?"

"Maybe because he knew you wouldn't understand what this means." She went on, "The only thing we can do is to ask her to come to live with us."

"She'd hate that, Letty. We'll ask her down for Christmas."

"Christmas! Monk, have you no—no sense of responsibility? All you can think of is that Brian wrote to me."

Monk came over to her, looked down at her. "Letty, it's me you love, isn't it? I come first? I'm your husband, Letty. These other things will come out all right."

"You're impossible!" But her anger was draining away. He kissed her, his lips moving over her face. "Monk," she sighed, "you make important things so small, and small things so important."

Mrs. London came down three days before Christmas, just after Brian had been drafted. She brought messages from Simon and Marion and little gifts from them; a box of presents from herself.

Among the packages they opened Christmas Day was a special edition of Donne's love poems for Letty from Brian. Somehow, it seemed much more personal than the photography equipment and ski suit Monk had bought for her.

"That's one thing about Brian," Monk said, "he always knows just what you want without asking you. All year I've been eating my soul out for a cigarette case like this one he sent me." By including his gift, he removed the emphasis from Letty's.

The next day Letty and Mrs. London started out on a round of visits. At the foot of the outside staircase, Mrs. London discovered she had forgotten a sweater she had made for Sergeant Weinberger's baby, and ran up for it.

Mrs. London came out of the apartment, started down. Her heel caught a protruding nail. She lost her balance, plunged down. When Letty ran to her, she was crumpled halfway down the stairs, one leg horribly bent beneath her.

Her hip was broken, the doctor told Letty and Monk hours later in the hospital anteroom.

"Will she live?" Monk asked. His lips were ringed with pallor.

"Yes, but she's not young. It will take a long time mending. She's in for a siege. Has she hospitalization?"

"No," Monk said.

Letty clung to his arm, leaving the hospital. "Monk, what shall we do?"

He stared at her blankly. "I don't know. It will work out."

It will work out. Didn't he understand that there was not enough in their combined families to pay his mother's hospital expenses?

He had to leave her to return to camp, and she watched his retreating khaki-clad figure, feeling that in this, their first crisis, he had failed her.

She walked home slowly, thinking: *I don't know how we will meet this.*

There were two letters in the mailbox when she reached the apartment—letters from Port Haven. She tore them open, needing their cheer. Simon's first.

Dear Letty:

The Safe and Lock thing has fallen through. I am down to rock bottom, and I have definitely decided to get into the maritime service again. This will be hard on Marion, but we have decided she may as well find a job and continue her schooling at night.

Letty crumpled the letter in her hand. There was no sender's address on the second letter, no salutation, no signature. It said only:

I think you should know about your sister. She is carrying on with a sailor. She met him on the street, and she sees him every night.

Monk returned at five-thirty. Silently she handed him the two letters. He said wryly, "More bad news?" read them and put them down. "Letty, if this is what

Nothing's too good for you, my lad—

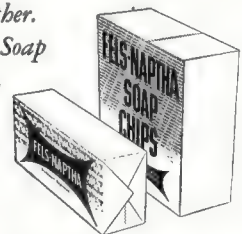


not even FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

You're definitely White House material, and you're going into training for it—right now! Especially the 'white' part.

Everything you wear is going to be washed with Fels-Naptha Soap. You'll be so shining clean you'll think I've bought you a new dress every day. And don't try to laugh *that* one off, young fellow. You don't know how lucky you are to be starting life in a Fels-Naptha home.

N. B.—You're in luck too, Mother. You're using the finest Fels-Naptha Soap ever made. Milder, quicker-sudsing. Yet—Bar or Chips—priced as low as ordinary soaps.



Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPHTA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

your father wants to do, why not let him find his own solution for once? And as for this other note . . . I have no respect for anonymous letters. What if Marion has met a sailor? She could do worse than—"

"If you say 'than one of Uncle Sam's boys,' I'll scream!"

"Than one of Uncle Sam's boys," Monk said, with a malicious smile.

"You're a child," she said bitterly. "I don't know what you'd have done if there'd been no Army for you; no organization to cater to your—your juvenilism."

"If that's how you feel, I can't be any help in discussing this," he said.

They ate dinner in silence. He left without touching her.

Their relationship was still strained when Brian came to see his mother. Letty met him at the station, wearing the scarlet ski suit Monk had given her, and her woolen cap.

Brian, swinging from the train steps, looked steadier, bigger. He gripped her hands, blue eyes lighting. "You look like Mrs. Santa Claus. How's Mother?"

"Well as can be expected, they say, Brian. The doctor says she could leave the hospital in a few weeks if she could have a private nurse."

"She'll have one," he said positively.

"How can she, Brian?" Yet it relieved her to hear him say it.

After they had visited Mrs. London and were back in Letty's apartment, she said, "The only way I can figure it is for me to go back to my old job in Port Haven."

"Have you suggested that to Monk?"

"Not yet. He won't like it—but what else can I do?" She went to the window. "We never should have married. I knew these emergencies might arise. I wouldn't face them."

He crossed to her. "Haven't you been married to Monk long enough to adopt his

duck's—waterproofing against disaster?" He dropped his hand on her shoulder.

They were standing thus when Monk walked in. He went to the table, drew a check from his wallet and laid it down.

"What have you there?" Brian asked.

"Money," Monk said shortly. "Three hundred dollars."

Letty cried, "Monk! Where—?"

His eyes were like steel. "My winnings were never that good. I borrowed it from Captain Widener."

Brian said, "Tear it up. We won't borrow. I won't have you getting into the scrapes Father did."

Monk's face darkened. "I'm not my father. What the devil are you so righteous about, you and Letty? You talk around and around the main difficulty. We need money. Okay. I've got it."

Brian faced him. "I think you fail to see the point I'm trying to make."

"There are some things I don't miss. I don't miss that you still want Letty."

Brian said evenly, "Monk, why don't you grow up? I'm not trying to take Letty from you. But you know as well as I do that we wouldn't be in this trouble if you hadn't married her."

"That does it!" Monk's fist shot out. Brian went down under the impact.

Letty shrieked at Monk, "You fool!"

"I'm beginning to think so." His mouth came down hard at the corners. "All right. Care for Abel." He slammed out.

Brian stayed overnight at the hotel. When Letty went to see him off in the morning, a bruise was purpling his jaw.

She cried, "Brian, how can I tell you how sorry I am?"

"It wasn't your fault. I should have kept my distance. Letty, I'll do what I can to take care of things as far as Mother is concerned."

She felt a depressing sense of loss and loneliness when his train pulled out. She

walked home, her soul lead in her body. She had not seen Monk since the afternoon before.

Oh, Monk! It's you I love—not Brian. But why have you no sense of values?

There was a letter in the box when she got back to the apartment. She hardly dared take it out. But it was not from home. It was from the magazine to which she had sent her pictures.

It would read: "We regret . . ." like all the rest of them. She opened it without interest—and stood unbelieving.

It was not a regret. They were buying her pictures. *Buying* them!

They would like more pictures . . . thought her work exceptionally perceptive . . . would like to see her if she could arrange a trip to New York.

She sat down on the steps and wept. Then she was racing toward the cigar store on the corner where there was a phone. It took her fifteen minutes to get Monk, and when he came, his voice was cold and distant.

Letty was still crying. "Monk, oh, Monk, everything's solved. We're rich! I sold the pictures." She was incoherent, but Monk caught the fire from her words.

"Honey, what are you crying about? Baby, that's swell."

"Oh, darling, I love you so. I'm so sorry about yesterday."

"Letty, there are people here. I can't tell you, but I—I'm sorry too. I—I feel the way you do."

When he hung up, Letty leaned against the wall, her heart racing.

Now I can tell Simon he need not work. I can send Marion to a private school. We can take care of Mrs. London.

Later she was saying over and over in Monk's arms, "Monk, it's glorious to be rich—wonderful!"

He laughed against her hair. "You aren't rich yet, honey."

"No, but I will be. We will be. Oh, you're right. Things do work out."

But not usually so smoothly and quickly as they did for Letty and Monk. By early spring she was on assignments for *America Lives*; had sold her photographs to other publications.

She had evolved a plan for both her family and Mrs. London. An ideal solution. Mrs. London, when she could be moved, would go to live at the Wyatts'. Letty would find a maid who would care for her and cook for Simon. Marion would go to New York to school.

Monk had said, "That's taking on a lot, isn't it? You aren't made yet."

"But I've got my start," Letty insisted, "and don't you see, if I'm responsible for our families, I'll have to be successful."

"If that's how you feel, sweetheart." They were too happy, these days, to disagree.

Letty went to Port Haven to see Simon and Marion. Simon said, "Since you've planned it, Letty, we'll go ahead with it. Though I agree with Monk. It's a lot for you to do, and I'm capable of going back to sea."

"I should hate you to do that."

Marion fought bitterly against being sent away to school.

"It will be a wonderful opportunity," Letty told her. "I'd have given anything to go away to school, Marion."

"You aren't me!" Marion flung at her. "Why couldn't you let us alone, Toby and me, and mind your own business? This is my life."

But if Letty had any doubts about Marion, she was rid of them when she met Toby Conlon, Marion's beau, the young sailor who was stationed at Port Haven's new Naval base. She learned that he had picked up Marion at the drugstore. She thought him just the type she had expected: a boy of nineteen, pug-

ADVERTISEMENT



"Sandwich?"

"No, thanks . . . I just ate three bottles of Pepsi-Cola!"

nosed, brown-eyed, but hard as hickory, common, rude and openly defiant to her.

Afterwards she demanded of Simon, "Couldn't you have kept her from going with him?"

"Could I have kept you from marrying Monk?" he asked.

She shook her head irritably. "That was different."

She had the same answer when Marion said, "Well, Brian picked you up, and you fell in love with Monk at first sight, didn't you?"

"That was different."

In the end, Marion gave in tearfully.

A few weeks later Letty came up to Port Haven with Mrs. London and a nurse. Brian came that week end to see his mother. He took Letty out to dinner.

She confessed to him, "Sometimes they make me feel I'm not doing the right thing. Yet I'm only trying to make them all happy."

Brian leaned toward her over the table, "Letty, I'm not laughing at you; but believe me, you get more sympathy when you're trying to do someone out of something than when you are helping them. That's one of life's painful lessons. I think you're wonderful."

She felt his gaze and knew they were both remembering the scene in the winter. She wanted to tell Brian that she and Monk were happy. Wanted to say, "You aren't really in love with me any longer, and I love Monk." But something kept the words back. She could not bring herself to give Brian up completely.

On the way back to Fort Wilson she stopped in New York for a day, had luncheon with two of the editors of America Lives and was thrilled when they asked her to do a photographic article on food rationing, an assignment that would take her all over the United States. It was a big job, and she could scarcely wait to tell Monk.

She came off the train full of her news. It was a blow to find no Monk waiting.

After a time a young private came up and gave a salute. "Mrs. London?"

"Yes."

"Sergeant London asked me to meet you and tell you he's sorry he couldn't get here. He'll see you at five-thirty in the lobby of the hotel."

The private took her suitcase to the taxi. It was only while she was riding into town that she remembered he had said, "Sergeant London." So Monk had had a promotion! Well, good! He deserved it, and if Captain Widener thought enough of him to lend him three hundred dollars—which had been repaid almost at once—he should have seen to Monk's promotion sooner.

When Monk came striding into the hotel at five-thirty, he was beaming.

"You left a corporal and came back to a sergeant." He kissed her. "What do you think of it? Gee, it's good to see you."

"I think it's swell," Letty said. "And oh, Monk, I've been given the most wonderful chance." She told him about the assignment.

"And the captain said he knew I'd earned a promotion some time ago, but he had had his eye on me for O.C.S.," Monk was going on excitedly, hardly listening to her.

Letty cried, "Why, Monk, that's fine! When are you going?"

"Well"—he ran a hand through his hair—"Letty, I'm not."

"You're not! What do you mean?"

His eyes clouded, asking her to understand. "I'd be three months in training, and I've got an idea my company's going to be shipped out before then. I want to be with it when it goes. I don't want to be here getting a bar when the rest are going over. I told the captain



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that. If I'm worth a commission, I can get one over there. Captain Widener said he understood."

Sudden numbing cold went through her like a northern wind. Monk going!

Her eyes went over his face. That dear burned face—the face of a man of action; the face of a hopeful boy. She had cradled him in her arms. I can't lose him, just when things are going so well. "Monk, why couldn't you go to O.C.S.? How could you be so crazy?"

She meant, "How can you want to go abroad when we've had so little time together?" But she saw the quick withdrawal of Monk's gaze.

"Yes, a lieutenant makes more money than a sergeant, doesn't he? You would think of that," he said in a thin voice. "I didn't mean it that way."

But Monk was pulling her up, "This is no place to air our family linen." He propelled her to the door.

The air outside was sweet, full of hope and spring.

Letty said quickly, "Darling, I am proud of your being made sergeant. Only I don't see how you can want to hold yourself back."

Because he chose to misunderstand her, she could not tell him that it was her love for him that caused her outbreak.

"Hold myself back!" said Monk violently. "That's your one idea. The main idea is: Get ahead. Make money. Run the lives of everyone around you."

She stopped in the street, facing him. "You mean that I run lives?"

"Don't you? And now you're trying to tell me what to do. I suppose it never occurred to you that I might have plans; you're so busy with your own. I'd hoped you'd want to use some of the money you're making for us. I thought we could have a baby. No; it all has to go for bossing your father and sister and my mother."

"You can say that when you're planning to leave? When you won't even go to Officer Candidate School?"

He caught her hand so tightly the knuckles were forced together. "I was only hoping you'd want it. I see I was wrong. Letty, when are you going to think of us; of our marriage? I wanted to marry you when I saw you—that doesn't make it a joy ride. I want something for keeps, Letty. This is final. If you go out on this new assignment, you needn't come back. I want you here—for this last little while."

Letty tore away from him. "It wouldn't be a little while if you—"

"Yes, I know," he said softly, "and you must provide for the families, mustn't you? Don't think I'm envious of what you make. I'm confident enough to think I can match you, dollar for dollar, when the war is over. But if you go now . . ."

Her eyes were burning. "I've got to go. There's the maid to pay. Marion's tuition. If you were half a man, you'd see I must!"

"I'm half a man, all right." His face was pale. "I'm a whole man. That's why I say you needn't come back."

There was nothing she could do but stay in Pittsburgh that night; take a train for New York in the morning. Her heart repeated to her, through her despair and her fury, "He'll call; he'll write."

He didn't. When she arrived in New York she called Port Haven to see if he had tried to reach her there. But there was no message from him. It was Mrs. London who spoke to her, and Letty was surprised at the querulous tone of her mother-in-law's voice.

"Letty, that girl you got for me isn't worth her salt."

"I'll be up in a few weeks. I'll see if I

can get someone else," Letty said soothingly. "How's Marion?"

"I don't like to carry tales," Mrs. London said after a pause, "but she's sneaked down here several times to see that sailor."

Oh, Lord! Letty thought. How can I stop her now? Tomorrow I go out on the job.

"Well, hold the fort," she said as cheerfully as she could.

She was back from her trip in two weeks, and this time she went at once to her home. She had been in an agony of suspense, wondering if Monk had tried to reach her. It had taken all her control to keep from calling or writing. But it had to be Monk who gave in. He was wrong.

Still no word from him. Oh, God, he hasn't gone to a point of embarkation, has he? He wouldn't go abroad without trying to see me first! It was agony, trying to conceal her anxiety from Monk's mother. And she was distressed at the change in her mother-in-law.

Mrs. London had always been so pleasant. Now she was whining, faultfinding.

When Letty asked, "Where is Simon?" not finding him at home the day she arrived, Mrs. London pursed her lips.

"I'm sure I don't know."

Letty was puzzled. There was both evasiveness and censure in Mrs. London's tone.

While they were eating lunch, Simon came in. Letty ran to meet him.

He embraced her. "Look who's here! My li'l Letty."

She recoiled from his kiss. He had been drinking.

THE days passed, and still Monk sent no word. Letty felt the unspoken questions of Simon and her mother-in-law, yet she could not bring herself to tell them anything.

When a week after her arrival the bell rang at night, she raced to the door, hoping it would be a special delivery or a wire from Monk. But it was Marion.

"Marion! What are you doing here?"

Marion said defiantly, "I came down to see Toby."

"How can you leave school, Marion, when it's taking good money to—"

"I don't care!" Marion cried. "I never wanted to go." Suddenly her rebellion broke. "Why couldn't you let me be, Letty? I'll never be a concert pianist. I don't know why I let you send me away. Now you hate me, and I—"

Letty's heart was full. "I don't hate you, dear." But when she put her arm about Marion, her sister broke savagely from her grasp.

What had happened to them all?

Marion did not see Toby that visit. His destroyer was out, and she went back to school, chastened. The week end after she left Brian came back from camp. He came out to the garden where Letty was weeding.

"Brian, I didn't expect you!" she cried. "You must be the answer to prayer."

"What prayer? Is anything wrong?"

"I—I've no business to bother you with it."

"I don't know who you've more business to bother."

"Everything's gone wrong," she told him. "And Monk! Brian, we're through."

"Oh, no, Letty, you can't be through," he said matter-of-factly. "You love Monk, don't you?"

"I—I don't know."

Brian held her away from him. "Letty! God forgive me, this isn't the time . . ."

He stopped there, but she understood. He wanted her still, after what she'd done to him. But she could not hold out any hope when her whole being was

tight as a clock spring with longing for Monk.

Brian left, telling her, "I'll have a talk with Mother."

That night he took Letty dancing. They talked and laughed. Brian did not refer to the afternoon, yet when he went back to camp she felt his going more than she had the day he had taken the train from Lawson.

She thought, lying in bed that night: If it had been Brian, none of this would have happened. No, no; I love Monk no matter what—no matter if I made a mistake marrying him. I'm his wife. If—if he calls, I must go back.

Yet when he did call at last, it was not with any sense of resignation that she heard his voice. She was shaken; could scarcely respond to his, "Letty. Letty, is that you?"

"Yes, Monk."

"Letty, are you coming home?"

Relief surged over her, like surf. "I am, Monk. Just as soon as I can."

"Just what does that mean?"

"Only that there's trouble here. I'll be back as soon as I've straightened it out. Oh, Monk, I've wanted—"

He cut her short. "I see. More *dea ex machina*," he said scathingly. "Letty, I don't care what's the matter now. I've waited long enough. I've given in to you. I want you back tomorrow."

"I can't. You don't know—"

"I know this. It's tomorrow—or never."

Fury blinded her. How could he be so obtuse? He would never understand!

"I can't."

He was gone without a good-by. The receiver hung from her listless hand.

This is how a marriage ends . . .

The next morning she rose heavy-lidded, puffy-eyed. She had just put on her housecoat when Mrs. London, whose room adjoined, knocked on her door.

"Letty, may I speak to you?"

"Yes, of course. Just a moment."

She combed her hair and slipped into her mother-in-law's room. Mrs. London was in the chair by the window overlooking the garden. She said, "Letty, I've been thinking this out all night. I'm going back to Miss Pruett's."

Letty cried, "Why, Mother London! I—if anything's the matter here, can't we clear it up?"

Mrs. London said, "My dear, I am very much the matter here."

"Did Brian—"

Mrs. London shook her head. "No, not Brian. He feels I should stay to show my appreciation. This is how I choose to show it. I've written to Monk. He sees how I feel. Brian doesn't. Brian hasn't Monk's intuition—partly because he doesn't understand himself. He's never known what he wanted, so he cannot know what others want."

Letty wanted to protest on Brian's behalf, wanted to cry out, "You turned to Monk! Why not to me, since this is my doing?" She said nothing.

"I've been independent too long," her mother-in-law went on. "You may not consider it independence, but it has been that to me. I need so little, you see. Only pocket money. I've needed to show my husband I was free of him in every way. I love him—that's part of my reason, Letty, for wishing to be free of dependence on him. You wouldn't understand that, who have always had others dependent on you. You've been lucky in having Monk, who gave you freedom."

Letty said, chagrined, "But Mrs. London, I thought you'd be happy. I didn't mean—"

"I know what you intended; but I think the arrangement has been bad for both your father and me."

(Continued on page 109)



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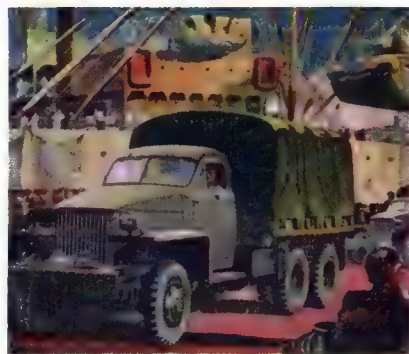
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My Favorite Champion

BY JACK MAHON



HES THE son of a daddy who had been doomed to die and a mare who never went to the races. He was born in obscurity, bought for a song and alternately cheered as a champion and jeered as a joke horse.

He burned up the tracks of Chicago, but because he was not of the blue-blood set of the American turf, he received little attention.

Then this colt from the other side of the tracks carried his speed and his courage to New York, continued to run away from everything he met and launched a career that may see him go down in history as the greatest equine bargain of all time.

For this was the start in life of Alsab, who after only two thrilling years of racing life, stands equal with the world's champion money-winner, Whirlaway, as the greatest box-office attraction on the American turf.

The Sab, as he is called by his owners, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sabath of Chicago,

is a son of Good Goods, a former Brookmeade Stable colt, which was so sickly it was doomed to die of malnutrition, and Winds Chant, a mare which never went to the post and cost but ninety dollars. Thanks to Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, owner of the stable, some health-giving viosterol capsules saved the little racer's life.

This colt was a million-dollar baby virtually lifted from the doorstep of some of the richest horsemen in America. On a summer night in 1940 Sabath and his friend, August (Sarge) Swenke, walked into the sales ring at old Saratoga and casually watched frightened yearlings auctioned off to the representatives of the country's most social stables.

"I can't honestly say why," recalls Sabath, "but something about one little fellow caught my eye. Maybe the way the crowd sort of contemptuously ignored him had something to do with it, but when the bidding started at one hundred dollars, I raised it to two hundred.

It went up, a hundred dollars at a time. When it reached five hundred dollars I had a hunch and suddenly jumped it to seven hundred. There was a heavy silence. It was all over; the Sarge and I had bought a horse."

Sabath presented the little unknown to his wife as a birthday gift and when it came time to name him, contracted his own names and called him Alsab.

The Sab made his debut at Hialeah Park, Florida, in February, 1941, and did not exactly panic the customers. He ran fourteenth in a fourteen-horse race!

But by New Year's Day, 1942, this Dead End Kid of the turf had the racing world on fire. He had won \$110,600, had run the fastest mile in two-year-old history, won his last ten races straight and was being hailed as a "second Man o' War."

Fortune played leapfrog with Alsab during 1942. He ran out of the money in three of his first four starts. The wise ones deserted him; said he was through.

They didn't know the Sab! Battered all over the track, this tired little gallant came from nowhere to finish second to Shut Out in the Kentucky Derby. The following week he trounced Shut Out in the Preakness. Shortly afterwards he was found to be suffering from a "blind splint" and was retired.

Then he came back—to beat Shut Out again; to whip the veteran Whirlaway in two of three races; to win \$234,565 and capture the three-year-old title.

Despite his magnificent uphill climb to keep a date with destiny, Alsab apparently still does not belong. The "Horse of the Year" poll chose Whirlaway.

Down in the Bluegrass of Lexington, Kentucky, Sabath and the Sarge were disappointed but still mighty proud.

Proud, that for only \$700 they had found a colt with a million-dollar heart.

Once and for Always (Continued from page 106)

Letty felt her plans crumbling about her. "If it's what you really want—to go back to Miss Pruett . . ."

"I do. I won't be much help, but we're two old women who get on together."

It was settled. Letty thought: Perhaps she's right. Perhaps Simon did not want her here. I never considered that. It's his home. I shouldn't have wished a comparative stranger on him.

At dinner, Mrs. London announced her intention of leaving, and when Letty saw how much more cheerful Simon became in the next few days, she felt more than ever that she had erred in introducing Monk's mother to the household.

One night Mrs. London said teasingly, "Well, Simon, you're not being exactly tactful over the prospect of my going."

He grinned. "I'm going soon myself." Letty asked sharply, "Where?"

He would not say, but later that evening he came to her room and sat down on the bed. "Letty, I don't want to hurt you, but I'm back in the merchant marine." His eyes were alight and happy. "Damn it, I'm not old enough to be retired. I've got a berth again."

Letty said, her lips shaking, "There's no reason to go now."

"Only the reason that keeps every man giving what he can when there's a fight on—the thing that makes him a man. I should have gone before, but I'm used to knuckling down to a woman. I did to your mother. Let her cheat me—cheat both of us." His voice was suddenly bitter. "I didn't belong on a paper.

I belonged on a ship. She cried. You cried. You were both too strong for me. I'm weak, Letty."

"You're not." She reached for his hand.

"I am," he said quietly. "And it's been bad for you. The only person you've ever met you couldn't bend to your will was Monk. He's of a different fiber."

She buried her face against him. "Daddy, Daddy! I never thought of anything but making it easier for you. And you didn't need me."

He patted her shoulder. "The world needs you, Letty; but not to lean on. To take strength from; that's how you're needed."

Mrs. London returned to the boardinghouse the next week. Ten days later Simon, gleeful as a schoolboy, left to ship on a corvette bound, Letty guessed, to sail with a convoy.

And I wanted to spare him.

She stayed on alone in the house. She had no interest now in her career.

She was sitting before a fire she had built against the chill of a late May evening the night Brian returned on a ten-day furlough.

Brian did not knock. He strode through the unlatched door to the living room. It came to her in the moment she lifted her eyes to his face, strong now and resolute, that his mother had been right. There had been a lack of decision in the Brian of a year ago. He had changed.

"Why didn't you write me you were here alone?" he demanded. "I didn't

know till I came down to see Mother. I've got a ten-day furlough."

"You—you're going?"

"That's what it usually means . . . Haven't you heard from Monk?"

"Only that he doesn't want me back." "Have you tried to get in touch with him?"

"It would be no use. Monk and I have gone too far apart now."

Brian went on his knees before her. In a flash of longing to have someone needing her, her hands grasped his khaki-sleeved arms. "Oh, my dear!"

His arms went about her. He was kissing her. At last he let her go and stood up, smiling. "All right, Letty; now we know."

Letty rose slowly. "What do you mean?" "I mean, there's nothing in it for us. Not for you; not for me. There may have been at first, but it's gone. You've kept me on your string, Letty, because you and Monk have had troubles, and any woman likes to think there's another man in the background."

"And I've held to the idea of you, because I've always been jealous of Monk. He was born knowing what he wanted. He can't put that knowledge into words. He doesn't need to. He knew he had to fight. He went. He saw he had to have you. He took you. I could have asked you to marry me. I couldn't make up my mind it was the thing to do. I'd be able to make it up now, I think. Maybe it's the Army; maybe it's late maturity—like wisdom teeth after forty."

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CUTICURA SOAP & OINTMENT

Letty said slowly, shame burning her face, "I'm sorry I—"

"Don't be sorry. We're friends, Letty; but you're the kind of girl a man should go through hell and high water to get. I couldn't. Monk could."

Her head came up. She met his gaze. "I hope you'll meet a girl you'd go through hell for someday, Brian."

Monk... Monk! I made my own hell and high water. I couldn't wade through it to get to you; now it's too late.

"I think I will," said Brian.

But when he left her at the door, she saw his eyes, and she knew she could have him even now if she wanted him.

No, no! Not good enough for Brian. I love him, but not enough. If it isn't enough, it's nothing.

She closed the door on Brian, and faced the emptiness of the house.

In the early hours of that morning Monk called again. She struggled through sleep to the peal of the phone. She did not even think of Monk. She thought it must be something about Simon—dead... drowned?

"Lawson calling. Is there a Mrs. Monk London at this number?"

Hope blossomed in her as the lilacs were blossoming outside the kitchen door.

"This is she."

"Go ahead, please. Here is your party."

"Sorry, Letty, if I've awakened you." Monk's voice came clipped, impersonal. "Marion's here. She's run away from school. For good, she says. She wants to marry some sailor named Conlon. She's wired him to come out here too."

Hope was cut off in Letty as by frost. But this I can't have, she thought. She shall do anything she wants—leave school, work in a factory; but not marriage to that boy who picked her up on a street corner.

"Monk," Letty cried, "don't let her! If he gets there, talk to them. They have to have permission, anyway."

"She wants to lie about her age."

"Surely you wouldn't—"

His voice was weary. "Letty, I wouldn't dare to do anything to interfere with your plans, but she won't go back to school, and she won't go home. You'll have to come and handle this yourself."

Letty said tonelessly, "Very well; I'll come."

He had no appeal for himself. Only for Marion who had turned, as they had all turned, to Monk instead of Letty.

All but me, she thought. You've never turned to him, Letty. You tried to make everyone turn to you. And you've lost them all.

In the morning she packed. Mother London called, as she did daily, and Letty said only that she was going to Fort Wilson. She did not tell about Marion's escapade.

She left at noon. When the train came she boarded it, sank into a seat. A man in a gob's uniform stopped beside her.

"Mrs. London?"

She looked up to see Toby Conlon beside her. She thought grimly: So it will be a race. He's going too.

He did not look so brash today. He said eagerly, "Would you come into the smoker where we can sit together? I called at the house and there wasn't any answer, so I called Mrs. London. She said you'd gone to the train. I thought I'd catch you on the platform, but I got there too late."

Letty said, "Aren't you—you mean you aren't going to Fort Wilson?" He shook his head. "May I speak to you?"

"All right." He carried her bag into the smoker, paid his fare.

"You'll think I'm a heel," he blurted.

Fashions in Fiction



James Viles

By LEE RUSSELL

Have you wondered what a hat-check girl thinks about? We found out from *Patricia Miles*, voted the prettiest in New York by *John Powers*, *Gypsy Rose Lee*, *Dorothy Kilgallen* and *Bradshaw Crandell*, who painted her for our cover. Pat favors battered old hats of newspapermen and shiny new service headgear on her evening-to-dawn shift at the Stork Club. Born in Manhattan twenty years ago, this Polish-Irish lass hasn't always been a city girl. Her schooling days were spent with her grandparents in an upstate village. Demure, dignified and articulate, Pat has definite ideas. She'd like a cozy home in the country. The man in her life must be older, ambitious and understanding. She doesn't envy any of the customers, or the minks and ermines. However, she buys only quality clothes. The *Saks Fifth Avenue* outfit she is wearing here epitomizes the femininity, freshness and simplicity of Pat Miles. Size 9 navy wool dress, embroidered piqué trim, with white straw sailor, tailored pumps, add up to under \$50. Beautiful on a budget, yes? Pat likes to study people. She can spot a phony or an out-of-towner without lifting a mascaraed eyelash. The most talkative are service men. "Oh, not about the war, or their jobs. Just talk. About little things. Because they're lonesome and want a girl to talk with," philosophizes Pat, and adds, "Some want to know who the celebrities are; others just want to walk through to see the famous restaurant." And what does a hat-check girl do in her leisure time? Every five A.M. Pat bowls with coworkers for an hour or two. Then dashes home to see her fourteen-year-old twin brothers before they go to school. Her day off is spent with her mother at the movies or shopping. Her night off, dancing, if he's very special. Lucky lad, because Pat Miles is quite special.

"You don't want to marry Marion, is that why?"

His black eyes were earnest. "That's it. I got this telegram from her, and it said she was with Sergeant London. I'm crazy about Marion, Mrs. London, but we oughtn't to get married. She's just a kid. I'm afraid she might get sick of me before I come back. I can't let her take that chance. That's why I had to see you. Maybe you can put it to her so she won't hate me."

Letty thought: This boy, he—he's got more sense than I ever had.

He said anxiously, "Marion thinks a lot of you. It's why she always gives in, even when she doesn't want to. You could make her see it's because I care such a lot for her that I can't marry her."

Letty put her hand on his arm. "I'll try to tell her, Toby. You write her too. Both of you can work out a way for her to finish school and do whatever defense work she feels she must."

"You're swell! I never thought you were."

"Sailor," Letty said with a smile, "thanks for them kind words."

He went to Penn Station, put her on the train—a train like the one she had taken months ago with Monk. This time she was alone and in a Pullman, having found a last-minute cancellation. There was another difference. That was the start. This was the finish.

I failed; not Monk. I thought my duties were in another place. I never saw our marriage as a marriage at all.

The sun was high when she reached Lawson, the hill shining blue in the light. But no promise in the air today—no Monk.

Then she saw him. His hat back on his bleached head, his mouth stern. They stood face to face. Monk didn't speak. He gazed at her hard and long, and her tawny eyes dropped. She whispered, "Monk."

"Marion's in our apartment," he said.

"Monk"—Letty's black lashes came up

—"I didn't come for—Marion."

"Why did you come, then?"

"Because of you."

He did not move.

She gave it all to him then, everything she had withheld—herself.

"Take me back. I love you so. I can't stand it without you."

His voice was broken. "Don't say it. I can't take you back. You were never gone—I could never get you out of me as long as I lived."

She said, "I did so much wrong—"

"You? Didn't I? Didn't we all? We've got to do wrong, or how can we ever know what's right? This is right. You and me. Oh, Letty, I couldn't beg you. I thought Brian—"

"Only you. Once and for always."

He released her, took her arm. "We'll go home. We'll send Marion packing. I have the day free. We'll go home."

Home! This time truly home. This time a home that would live with her when she must live without Monk.

He picked up her bag.

She cried, "Be careful! My camera's in there."

"Now," said Monk, "I know everything's right."

They laughed together, walking away from the station; walking out of the shadows into the light.

THE END

Coming: The dramatic complete short novel of a man who left his wife to follow a romantic first love—only to discover he had made a terrible mistake, "Tell Yourself Good-by," by Corliss Frost

It's a mystery to Molly



MOLLY NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But her nutrition class meets at 11.

"Can't risk taking a laxative," Molly decides. (She doesn't know about quick-acting Sal Hepatica.)



FEELING DULL and fretty due to constipation symptoms, Molly finds it hard to concentrate on nutrition.

It's nobody's fault but her own. (Folks ought to keep fit these days.)

Agnes knows the answers



AGNES NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's going to nutrition class, too.

"Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning," says Agnes. She gets out of bed and takes Sal Hepatica—it usually acts within an hour.



AGNES FEELS SWELL at nutrition class. She listens attentively to the lecturer, leaves primed with helpful hints on the best ways to feed her family. (She's glad she took that Sal Hepatica.)

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

KEEP FIT. Never put off till tonight the laxative you need this morning.

Take speedy, gentle Sal Hepatica. It usually acts within an hour.

No discomfort, no griping. Sal Hepatica acts *naturally* by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. In addition, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity to help turn a sour stomach sweet again.

3 out of 5 doctors, recently interviewed, recommend this pleasant saline laxative. Try it.

Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.

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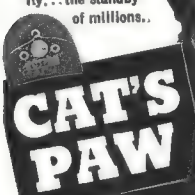
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CAT'S PAW

Linda Darnell
Popular Screen Star

The Cold Hard Facts About Oil (Continued from page 27)

heavily upon the use of substitute fuels and lubricants. Prominent in this category are the alcohols, bottle gas and self-contained gas generators. Artificial and even sewer gas is likewise being compressed and used for mobile equipment as well as in stationary engines. Although these substitute fuels are rarely, if ever, applied to direct military uses in Germany, they are nevertheless playing an important part in supplying civilian and defense needs at home, thus releasing more valuable motive power to the armies.

Synthetic lubricants have also been highly developed. These are being derived from various vegetable sources—seeds, nuts, etc.—and from the processing of mineral and other waxes. Even before the war, the synthetic lubricant industry had been carefully built up in central Europe. In combination with mineral-oil lubricants, such processed products are now being used to a considerable extent in Germany's aviation motors.

In fact, there is no apparent limit to the amount of liquid fuels and lubricants that Germany can produce synthetically, nor to the amount of available substitutes. The only really serious limitation is in the ability to find the manpower and materials necessary for the construction and operation of the plants and other facilities required for full production. Synthetic motor fuels are ten times more exhaustive in labor and materials than fuels derived from natural crudes, and while a few of the substitutes may be economically made, they are far less efficient in performance than either natural or synthetic products.

It may thus be said that while Germany could not have fought this war without her supply of synthetics and substitutes, her ready yield of them does have the practical limits imposed by possible shortages in labor and materials, and our main hope is that she may already be critically strained in meeting requirements. However, we must bear in mind that we too are confronted with the problem of shortages in labor and materials, even though, so far, there has been no deficiency of natural crude oil.

Undoubtedly, when Germany started out to make Hitler's dreams come true, she was as well prepared with respect to petroleum products as she was along other lines. What she had in storage is known, and there is little to be gained from discussion of it now. She has probably drawn down and refilled her storage many times as her juggernauts have demolished peaceful villages and sent a terrorized population seeking for peace and security when there is no peace and security.

Over a number of years prior to the war, Japan's policy was to keep in constant supply a two years' storage of petroleum products, particularly gasoline. Her estimates of what this supply should represent in actual barrels of products undoubtedly was based upon her own secret but determined plans to go to war whenever the time was opportune. So it is fair to assume that when Japan loosed her sea and air armadas at Pearl Harbor, she calculated that she could keep going even against the United States, England and the Netherlands for at least two years. Of course, since Pearl Harbor, Japan has captured considerable petroleum supplies in the countries she has overrun, in addition to which she has seized rich Dutch and British oil fields in the Far East. Although some

of these fields were destroyed before the Japs came into possession of them, it would be foolish for us to assume other than that Japan is probably getting a considerable supply from the lands that formerly belonged to the British and the Dutch.

Moreover, Japan is known to have developed a substantial synthetic-oil production. It is even reported that Japan has discovered a way to make 100-octane gasoline out of rubber, in contrast with our own experiments in making rubber out of gasoline. Technical men advise me that while it is altogether possible to make a high-octane gasoline from rubber, it would require considerable quantities of critical materials to construct the necessary facilities. Great stress has been placed on the information that Japan already has a plant in Malaya which "will have a monthly output of 100 tons of high-octane gasoline when it reaches full capacity." This would be equivalent to approximately twenty barrels of gasoline daily, so we won't let Japan's gasoline-out-of-rubber campaign disturb us seriously for the present.

Prior to the war, Japan's main reliance was on the oil she could get from America and upon her own hydrocarbon synthesis. Since the war began, the Huns undoubtedly have acquainted her with their own development of synthetic-oil processes involving the hydrogenation of coals and tars. Besides, Japan has been active since the late 'twenties in producing shale oil at Fushun, Manchuria.

In brief, the most wishful hope that we can base upon our enemies' petroleum position is that the time may come when they will run so short of manpower and materials that they won't be able to produce what even a defensive warfare will require. But until that cheerful day arrives, we shall have to be satisfied with the encouragement we can glean from the certainty that every Axis tanker that goes down is a relatively bigger loss to the enemy than is the destruction of an Allied tanker to the United Nations.

All our speculation over a possible petroleum shortage in enemy countries, assuming that it is much worse even than it appears to be, must be modified by the sobering knowledge that we are having our own troubles. Our problem, as I have steadfastly maintained for the past two years, is not one of supply but of transportation. Petroleum products for our fighters must be carried by tankers for distances varying from 3,000 to 10,000 miles, each mile attended by many hazards. To fight at such great distances from our base of supplies presents more complex problems than would be the case if we were operating, as Germany is, at relatively close range. In her Russian campaign, it is true, Germany has had to negotiate some long hauls, and this very fact may have contributed to the reverses which she has suffered at the hands of the Soviet.

About all the average person thinks of, in connection with our own oil situation, is that we produce more than half of the world's petroleum, and more than five times as much as the next largest producing nation. From this premise he concludes, contrary to the fact, that our oil reserves are vastly greater than those of all the rest of the world put together. So he is consoled by the popular belief that there is nothing to worry about—as indeed there may not be from the standpoint of current supply. But he forgets the almost superhuman job of getting oil to the points of consumption—on time. As the scope of our war operations

by land and sea expands, this task will become increasingly difficult. One's imagination may well be staggered when it contemplates the oil consumption that will be necessary when the United Nations actually invade southern Europe and the Orient. Practically all this oil must come from the United States.

I hope our automobile drivers and fuel-oil users—and particularly those who grouse about it—are at last beginning to sense the real problem confronting the Petroleum Co-ordinator's office, which is to furnish most of the fuel for the global battle fronts on land and sea and in the air; to keep war industries operating three shifts a day; and to give civilians enough for essential driving and for living in reasonable comfort.

We need to discover more petroleum resources if we are to continue to be self-sufficient. When I became Secretary of the Interior ten years ago, conservative estimates of known oil resources in the ground were of a twenty years' supply. Now we can see only fourteen years of known reserves in our underground pools. In other words, we have been using this vital resource faster than we have been replacing it. Our bank balance is being drawn down. Our wildcatters have been wildcatting but they haven't been hitting it so luckily as they used to. This is not to say that there may not be great pools of oil that have not yet been discovered. It is to say that we ought to stimulate further prospecting for oil.

The situation in California is particularly acute. Situated as it is, even if it were physically feasible to get oil from the mid-continent fields into California by pipe line, it would not be economically practicable.

So serious is the oil situation in California that the Office of Petroleum Co-ordinator has authorized the drilling of one or more test wells within the corporate limits of Los Angeles. There is reason to believe that petroleum in substantial quantities lies underneath one of the residential suburbs of that city. There is naturally an objection on the part of citizens whose properties would be affected. They envisage such an unsightly development as exists at Long Beach. However, the announced policy of this office, in order to prevent a repetition of such a "town lot" development, is to permit not more than one well to a forty-acre area. We believe that such an average spacing would not present a too objectionable exploitation of this area, especially taking into consideration the fact that ungainly derricks are no longer necessary to bring the oil to the surface.

The ratio of our reserves has fallen off for two reasons: we have been using our oil faster and faster, and we have not been making new discoveries of consequence. Any child can tell what this equals. We can't produce less—certainly not while this war is on—and so we must either discover new pools, go abroad for our oil or turn to synthetic processes.

The North African campaign is making heavy demands on the Eastern Seaboard, where it picks up its petroleum supplies. So are our Allies. They must have oil too if we are to win this war together, and we can't win it otherwise. Every gallon that goes to North Africa or to Great Britain from the East Coast is that much less for the household and the motorcar in the Atlantic Seaboard area. This means a lack of tankers to serve the East Coast, where formerly they brought in over ninety percent of the petroleum products used in that great area. By substitute methods of overland transportation, more than 1,000,000 barrels of oil every day are

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reaching the Eastern Seaboard, but the unrestricted demand is upwards of 500,000 barrels in excess of that and rising. It is this deficiency in transportation that we have been trying to lick in order to keep our war factories going, our homes warm, and our automobiles in circulation for essential purposes. Domestically it is easily stated, even if it has not been readily comprehended: the householder lacks oil to keep his temperature at the customary 70° because the tankers that ordinarily would be bringing in that fuel are needed to supply our troops and our Allies where they are hacking away at the hordes of Hitler. Even with the thousands of tank

cars we have gathered from other parts of the country; with our supplemented barge service, and with our new, reversed and relocated pipe lines, we haven't so far been able to take care of this deficiency of transportation.

If the East and Middle West occasionally feel sorry for themselves because they have to make bigger sacrifices than other parts of the country, let them be consoled by the knowledge that they are doing everything humanly possible to lighten the load and that we are making a very real contribution to the Nazis' downfall. There may be some cheer also in the reflection that warmer weather is just around the corner.

Fitting at Noon (Continued from page 33)

of brownstone houses and substantial steel structures were being torn down to make place for this beauty.

Raoul had watched, fascinated, the scientific demolition of buildings which in the Europe of that day would have been considered sacrilege to destroy. "This country of yours," he had told her, "kicks over what has become a burden and builds something new. It has only one tradition, my sweet, and that is progress. It will survive because it never is tired or hampered or bored. Or afraid." And those two words were held speculatively as if he weighed them.

No, this country was not afraid. She had seen so much fear, and felt so much, that she marveled at the faces of the passing crowd. Girls, hatless, gay, with hair flying; women in uniform swinging along with a look of purpose; soldiers and sailors magnificently alive and eager; businessmen in pairs, talking vigorously. It seemed centuries since she had seen such vitality. The war had not actually trampled on them. Not yet. When it did, would their faces become like hers, like this face looking out at her from a shop-window mirror? For no glamour was in its whiteness. It was the pallor of malnutrition. Through the short mesh veil, her dark eyes had the expression of someone pursued; eyes that had learned the habit of glancing anxiously, furtively, this way and that.

At the next corner she turned into the establishment of Falk-Hastings. As the liveried doorman opened the tall plate-glass door and bowed her in, she had again the sensation of being in prewar Paris. The drawing-room scent, customers in luxurious furs and jewels bending over glittering show cases, it was all repeated as she had seen and felt and played her part in it. It was her old world, bait to make you forget the ugly facts of war, hunger, nakedness, death. She had seen the same thing at famous fashion salons in the Place Vendôme.

Falk-Hastings is the aristocrat of New York specialty shops. The name on a bit of ribbon stitched into a gown or hat or coat makes you regret your inability to wear it inside out. Moving past the display of costume jewelry, evening bags, cigarette cases, compacts, sachets, Letitia Arnaud was conspicuous against the soft drapings of luxury.

The receptionist, Miss Beckwith, came forward as she stepped out of the elevator. "Have you an appointment?"

"A fitting at noon. Miss McIntyre waited on me. My name is Madame Arnaud."

Miss Beckwith's chestnut head inclined toward the customer. She had the manner of a hostess about to suggest tea or a cocktail. All the Falk-Hastings receptionists are of a type—gracious smile, clean-cut figure, erect carriage, tailored

from head to foot. They are also as observant as detectives. Miss Beckwith's acute business sense took in the worn black kid gloves mended at the tips, the handbag scuffed at the corners. She hoped devoutly that Mary McIntyre had checked this woman's charge account, if any, or demanded a sufficiently large deposit. The woman was a foreigner and, while rich refugees came to Falk-Hastings in droves, this one's poverty was too obvious to be ignored.

"Will you be seated for a moment, Madame Arnaud? Miss McIntyre is with a customer."

Letitia Arnaud watched the procession of models floating the length of the salon. And it was almost as though a shadowy figure took its place in the chair beside her, long, graceful, with a handsome sculptured dark head. She felt him there as she had yesterday when she selected the white gown. She could see him with hands clasped over the top of his cane, leaning forward, his lazy humorous gray eyes that knew so well the measure of beauty following the mannequins who paused, circled, floated on. "That white satin, *chérie*, that is for you. I love you in white. Never wear anything but white for me. It is all colors combined, like you in all your moods."

The night they met she had worn white. Tulle sprinkled with rhinestone stars. It was at the Van Neff town house, which used to be on this corner where Falk-Hastings stood. It was at Maud Van Neff's debutante party. They had danced together, Raoul's lips against her hair. Here on this very spot.

That year she and Raoul met—when she was twenty—Falk-Hastings had been at Thirty-eighth Street. She remembered Mr. Jacques Falk with his pointed gray mustache and the distinction of a diplomat at a time when diplomacy had something to do with international relations. She remembered how he used to hover around her when she bought gowns, flattered to outfit the popular Letitia Gregory. Now he strolled past her chair. He had not aged much in these sixteen years. But his glance traveled politely over her and she saw that he had no idea who she was.

Only for her, it seemed, there could be no escape from memories. Except one. There was always that one. Her tired mind always came back to it.

"I'm so sorry you had to wait, Madame Arnaud. My last customer was late."

Mary McIntyre touched her arm gently. Letitia Arnaud looked up at the girl. Miss McIntyre was trim like Miss Beckwith. She had on a black jersey dress, very sleek, with a full dirndl skirt. Around her neck a dull-gold link chain dangled a monogrammed locket. Her smile brought a dimple to one corner of her wide mouth. Her eyes were very blue

under reddish lashes. The woman who had been Letitia Gregory gazed up for a second, thinking: She is almost as young as I was when I danced in tulle and stars. Her hair is the same copper-red, and I never used mascara either . . .

"Will you come this way, please?" Mary McIntyre walked beside her, pausing at the desk. "Madame Arnaud's fitting in number seven. Send Miss Haycroft."

Number seven, an inside room used chiefly to fit evening gowns, has a large adjustable triple mirror set in one wall and inverted lighting in the molding above. The walls are pale gray. A gray rug, tapestried chair, gray-painted table with crystal cigarette box and ash tray, a wastebasket and a clothes rack constitute the furnishings.

The girl switched on a flood of lights. It was strong light, not too kind to Letitia Arnaud. She pulled off hat and gloves, tossed them with her bag on the table. Her thin hand brushed back a strand of hair dusted with white that dulled its natural copper. She wore her hair short and straight because that was the easy way when you had to wash it yourself. In the old days when other hands shampooed and set the waves, it had shimmered like this girl's.

"May I help you, Madame Arnaud?"

The black suit dropped at her feet. She wondered if the girl noticed the mending in her embroidered silk slip. She wondered, too, if the look that suddenly clouded the clear blue eyes might be suspicion. And why not? It was logical enough. What was a woman in clothes about to fall apart doing in a Falk-Hastings fitting room?

The fitter came in with a white satin gown. As the soft folds flowed down over her body, Letitia Arnaud touched it, her fingers moving like a caress along the fabric. She closed her eyes and a sense of warmth and completion went through her. But only for a second. Then she took a step backward and examined critically her reflection. No, they did not synchronize, the gown and the face above it. They did not belong together. She had half expected the luminous reflection of those Place Vendôme mirrors, creamy skin and creamy satin flowing together, and to imagine once more the smiling approval of the man she loved. But this was too real, this anachronism; this empty ghostlike face under the uncompromising light that brought out all the radiance of the satin. No, she had passed beyond this too, as she had beyond everything else that had been. She shook her head. "I look frightful."

Mary McIntyre swung the sides of the mirror around. "You look a little tired." There was something in her low voice, something urgent as if she said, "Don't believe what the mirror tells you." She added, "White is so trying when you don't feel tops. You'll be wearing make-up at the opera tomorrow night. Wouldn't a touch of rouge help the effect?" "Perhaps."

The girl turned to the table and lifted the black handbag by the strap. One side fell open. Letitia snatched it quickly, took out her compact.

But the rouge made little difference. Two lively splashes that could not be blended with her skin lay against its whiteness "like a clown preparing for a circus," Letitia told herself.

The fitter adjusted the shoulder straps. "Madame is divine," she murmured with the enthusiasm of a child reciting a lesson. "Now what length? A formal gown like this should of course have a train."

Letitia wheeled around to Mary McIntyre so suddenly that she caught the girl off guard. The blue eyes were moist—it couldn't be tears. "You look beau-



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Evening in Paris

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tiful, Madame Arnaud." Hastily her eyelids lowered. "You do, really. If I were an artist I'd want to paint you."

"That is kind. Do you think you can find a pair of high-heeled slippers—size five? It's difficult to judge the length otherwise."

"I'll try to borrow a pair from one of the models."

From the adjoining room came a strident, "It's an outrage, having to wait hours. I'm late for a luncheon appointment."

The fitter frowned and Letitia asked, "Is it your fitting?"

"The customer is ahead of time."

"No matter. Take her. I can wait."

Yes, she could wait. It was still incredible, being able to wait without anxiety, to be in one place without having to prepare to rush on to the next.

She wiped off the foolish spots of rouge, replaced the compact in her bag. She stepped out of the white satin gown and hung it carefully on the rack.

In her black suit once more she sat down and lighted a cigarette.

She was alone to think. That seemed strange, solitude in a shop crowded with women. But the Keith Hilliards hovered over her, those cousins who were so kind. Carrie Hilliard had insisted on all this, the opera, the new gown, rebuilding her life. "You must go with us, my dear. It's just what you need to restore your morale. Music—relaxation. Once you get inside the Metropolitan looking like a million dollars, you'll feel different. Go to Falk-Hastings, buy the most stunning things they have, exactly the sort you used to wear, and charge them to my account." Sweet generous Carrie, trying to cover emptiness with clothes.

She had refused to charge anything. Some money was left from the funds they had sent abroad and out of that she had paid the deposit and would pay for the satin gown. Idiotic pride! After all, the money was theirs, wasn't it?

Keith Hilliard endorsed his wife's opinion. "Carrie is right. You can't live with the dead." But she could. It was where she belonged.

This was clear to her now, quite, quite clear. Today had proved it. Through all those months of flight she had kept in mind Raoul's last plea: "If I never come back, go to your people, beloved. Go home." It was why she had clung to life. She had come home to find there was no home—except with him.

The door opened so quickly she scarcely realized the girl had entered carrying a pair of spike-heeled gold sandals.

Mary McIntyre's glance took in the white satin on the rack and the tense hand of Madame Arnaud doubling her cigarette in the crystal ash tray. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"No. The fitter is taking care of someone else."

"She shouldn't have left you."

"I told her to, but it is late and I have another appointment. I must go."

Mary McIntyre said quickly, anxiously, "If you want the gown for tomorrow night, Madame Arnaud . . . Unless you can come back this afternoon or early in the morning—say, nine-thirty? Miss Hayercroft will rush it through."

"You need not hurry." Letitia put on her hat and let the veil down. "I have decided not to go to the opera."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I hope you aren't disappointed in the gown."

"No—no, not at all. It fits perfectly."

"When will you come in?"

"I—" Letitia picked up her gloves and bag. "I had better telephone." An odd expression came into the blue eyes; not suspicion but fright that widened and darkened them. Letitia hastened to

add, "But the gown will be paid for even if I have no use for it."

"That doesn't worry me." Mary McIntyre's lips opened as if she wanted to say more. But she said nothing. Her gaze went past with a kind of terror.

It was then that Letitia saw a small brown bottle on the carpet beside the chair where she had been sitting. The girl had already seen it. She was stooping to pick it up. She held the bottle in her palm, looking down at the label with its printed warning in French and the skull and crossbones.

Letitia reached for it.

"Please," the girl said, "please don't."

"Give that to me," Letitia demanded.

Mary McIntyre's hand closed over the bottle. "May I speak to you, just a few minutes? I know who you are. You're the Vicomtesse Raoul d'Arnaud. I saw your picture in the paper when you arrived on the Clipper last week. I noticed it particularly because it was the most wonderful face I'd ever seen. The suffering—I couldn't forget it. Today when you said how frightful you looked, I could almost read what was in your mind. And then this—this thing dropped out of your bag."

"It means nothing," Letitia protested. "Nothing at all, now that I am safe. Over there it had to be. If I had been taken by the Nazis it would have worked quickly and almost painlessly."

"If you don't intend to use it, why carry it with you? Let me throw it away."

Letitia sat down, hands clasped tight. "They took my husband as a hostage."

MARY MCINTYRE bent and touched her shoulder. "He wouldn't want them to take your life too. He wouldn't want you to do this dreadful thing."

It seemed that all Letitia could see was the girl's eyes, their sympathy. "How can you understand?" she said. "When I was your age, life meant something to me. You've everything to look forward to."

Mary McIntyre asked, "How long were you married, Madame Arnaud?"

"Sixteen years."

"That's a long time to be happy. It's a long time to have each other. Sandy and I only had each other five weeks." She lifted the chain from her neck and unclasped the locket. "This is Sandy."

The snapshot showed him waving a hand and grinning. He had eyes full of laughter and shoulders that had no need of the uniform to broaden them. He looked like the soldiers and sailors Letitia had seen on Fifth Avenue, strong and young, eager, unafraid. The other side of the locket held a bit of paper.

The girl, too, was studying the picture, as if she couldn't get enough of the cheery hopeful smile. "We were married last July," she went on. "His birthday. He was twenty-four." Then she took the bit of paper from the other side of the locket, unfolded it for Letitia to read.

It was a newspaper clipping:

Lieutenant Calvin Sanderson of the Army Air Forces is reported missing in action in the Battle of the Solomon Islands . . .

Mary McIntyre broke the silence without taking her gaze from the boy's picture. "Missing in action. That doesn't mean he's gone. I'll go on hoping. But whatever has happened, I know I haven't lost him. We talked about that before he went, and we both know. You can't lose anybody you love. What you have together stays always."

The grip of Letitia's hands loosened. She stared into the girl's eyes, unable to believe they could be so beautifully clear, so brave. It seemed that even love had changed. Love had become gal-

lant, honest, as brave as those young faces. As brave as this girl and boy going into each other's arms, parting without the badge of sacrifice or self-pity. Grimly taking what might come, those two, without the necessity to glorify death by martial music. They had "talked about that," planning for a future in which perhaps he would have no part. They had faced the possible need for her to carry on without him. When they said good-by, the girl may have looked the way she did now, standing there with the light in her eyes. Probably, too, she had said good-by without tears, in much the same way as the boy in the picture grinned and waved.

Mary McIntyre folded the clipping. "You see that I do understand a little. I'm not too young, am I?"

"Not too young, and so very unafraid."

"I wonder"—Mary McIntyre hesitated, began again—"I wonder—would you mind if I suggest something? I'll be giving up my job pretty soon. I'm going to have a baby." She looked down at Sandy's picture, then snapped the locket shut. "Next month I'll probably have to leave. If you had work to do, it would be lots easier for you. May I ask Mr. Falk to take you on in my place? He'll be glad to when he finds out who you are."

"No—I'd be no good whatever here."

"You'd learn quickly. And there are still a lot of women who'd enjoy having a Vicomtesse advise them about clothes."

Letitia shook her head. "Titles are as obsolete as a joke that has lost its humor. When—when all this is over, there will be only one kind of nobility. The kind you have, and that boy who was—who is Sandy."

The girl's head went up. "Sandy wasn't—he isn't—noble. He's just the grandest guy that ever lived."

Letitia said nothing until she could force herself to ask, "After the baby comes—what then?"

"I'll go back to work as soon as I can."

"But you must have someone to take care of the child."

"My mother will. He'll get a lot of love. You see, I know it's going to be a boy. It's got to be." She smiled a little. "It's got to be Sandy's son."

Letitia rose. She reached out and took Mary McIntyre's hand. When she spoke, she felt confused, as if suddenly she had come to crossroads, uncertain which was the one to take. "You make me want to find something useful to do." She paused, searching. "Perhaps in a nursery where they place children with fathers in the service and mothers who have to earn a living. You see, I don't quite know what. I have never done a really useful thing in my life."

Still she made no move. She stood there with eyes on the girl who had reminded her of Letitia Gregory at twenty. There wasn't any resemblance, not actually. Coppery hair and lashes, yes, but in every other way they were very different. She herself, everything she represented when she was Mary McIntyre's age had paved the way for Mary's tragedy. Yet this girl could square her shoulders and take what came with chin up. Chin up! It was as expressive of today as "bootleg" had been of the generation of Letitia Gregory's, the generation of easy living . . . Letitia Arnaud knew at last why she had come home. It was not to escape, but to serve. She said, "Thank you, my dear," and went out.

Mary McIntyre accompanied her to the elevator, as is the habit at Falk-Hastings. The girl wore the smile with which saleswomen always say good-by to customers. Then she went to the rest room and emptied the contents of the brown bottle.



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Through all this we're doing our share in the Nation's job of war production—making ships and shells and planes, send-

ing streams of foods to Britain, China, Russia. But this is a tourist land, too. And this *new* tourist—this boy from your home, your town—we think he's wonderful and we try to show it.

When these boys have left for duty overseas, our people get thousands of letters from them thanking us for being kind. Think of it—they thank *us*!

Yes, we've all a job to do for the duration. But afterwards, come out and have a real vacation. And *please*, bring that boy with you. We want to see him again.

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brought about her release, and she at once took up the cudgels for the Nationalists. So vehement was she in her pro-Franco speeches in the United States, and so fulsome was the Nationalists' praise of her work, that soon there was no doubt as to who was paying her. From that, a transition to Hitler's payroll was logical and easy.

Neurotic, shrill, abusive, Lady Haw-Haw-Anderson is heard four times weekly, and here is a sample of her broadcasts: "Roosevelt has pulled a brass band out of his hip pocket, and a concentration camp from under the coat-tails of the Brain Trust . . . Roosevelt consolidated with Churchill in the simultaneous declaration of war upon Japan . . . The American people have gone to war to save Stalin and the international banker, which are one and the same." According to her, America is hybrid, England plutocratic, and China communistic. It is folly to resist Hitler, she cries. The Catholics of America are insulted by the Nazis when the Berlin announcers introduce Jane Anderson as a "fighter for Catholicism" allegedly endorsed by the Church in the States.

Her undoing came one night in the spring of 1942, when she tried to set Americans straight about the food situation in the Reich. In her broadcast, Lady Haw-Haw-Anderson revealed that only a few hours before she had partaken of this repast in a Berlin cocktail bar: "On silver platters were sweets and cookies. I ate Turkish cookies, a delicacy I am very fond of. My friend ordered great goblets full of champagne, into which he put shots of cognac to make it more lively. Sweets and cookies, not bad!"

Forthwith, Colonel Donovan's Office of Co-ordinator of Information did a bit of co-ordination. "Wild Bill's" bright lads translated Jane's boasting into German and re-broadcast it to the Reich—to make hungry inhabitants quite angry over their dreary rations while their high officials and propagandists feasted. Appalled, the Nazis took Jane off the air. Finally, in the summer of 1942, Lady Haw-Haw-Anderson's voice was recognized again, but its tone was subdued.

Another middle-aged American woman performing in Berlin radio studios is Constance Drexel, who in the long-ago wrote for the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The Nazis laugh among themselves about her stupidity. Of late, her talks on Nazi "culture" have not been frequent.

Nor is there much of Gertrude Hahn on the air these evenings. The Hahn woman, like Fred W. Kaltenbach, is a German-American, although unlike the Iowan she was born in the Reich. On the Berlin radio she first became notorious by playing the rôle of Gertie the Telephone Gal, the slangy, gum-chewing switchboard operator of a Pittsburgh daily (the Nazis pretended it was the Pittsburgh Tribune, but there is no such newspaper in the Pennsylvania city). Gertie read aloud letters full of praise for Hitler and his New Order, allegedly written by her boy friend Joe, an American correspondent of the Tribune in Berlin.

Another German-American broadcasting from Berlin is former Assistant Professor Otto Koischwitz of Hunter College, New York City, now known on the air as "Professor O.K." or "Anders." It is a matter of satisfaction to me that early in this war I did my bit toward exposing Koischwitz and preventing his return to America from Germany. In August and September, 1939, in the course of my services as research and

editorial director of the American Council Against Nazi Propaganda (founded in New York by Dr. Dodd on his return from Berlin), I learned that while behaving with comparative caution in classrooms Koischwitz was not at all subtle in certain of his writings. I deposited with proper authorities in New York photostats and translations of those writings.

At that time I pointed out that in 1935 Koischwitz wrote a book in English, "A German-American Interprets Germany" (published by the Gutenberg Company in Milwaukee), which praised Der Fuehrer and his book-burning practices, denounced democracy and proclaimed: "Intellect is poison, blood is power." I also brought out that four years after the appearance of that book Koischwitz contributed his "American Letter" to the Nazi publication *Literatur* wherein he chided Broadway for its "anti-German propaganda" and depicted Hitler as truly the savior of Germany.

The invasion of Poland found Koischwitz in the Reich, on a six-month leave of absence from Hunter College. He was expected back in New York in February, 1940, but failed to arrive. I have reason to believe he knew of the charges awaiting him in the United States and so preferred to address Americans from a Berlin radio station. The "College Hour" he has been conducting "for American students" since 1940 and the "1,000 Years of German History" he has been trying to explain through the Zeesen transmitter in Berlin fool very few Americans

SUSPECTING the extent of his failure, Dr. Goebbels constantly puts new personages before his Berlin mikes. Herr Doktor's latest attempt to capture Americans by short wave has the guise of a radio station supposedly operating in secret from some place in the Middle West. The announcer calls himself "Joe Scanlon of Station Debunk." His speech is touched with unbelievable vulgarity as he curses President Roosevelt, General MacArthur and other "warmongers" of the United States. The desperate lowest of the low was reached by this would-be cracker-barrel character on a recent night when he took names at random from the United States Army and Navy Register of Officers and proceeded to accuse the officers' wives of prostitution!

Who is "Joe Scanlon"? He may be Chandler, Delaney, Kaltenbach or Koischwitz. There is also a chance that he is a brand-fresh Benedict Arnold of 1943, whose identity we may not know for some time. But whoever he is or has been in the past, he will receive his deserts in the future.

Among the small-time band of these vulgar hacks in the pay of the Axis there is one figure who is truly superior in inherent talent and past performance—although his former honesty and ability make his present-day treason all the more sordid. He is that Idaho-born, Europe-seasoned poet, Ezra Pound.

Not in vain, in the old days of his French café Bohemianism, was he called Ezraordinary Pound. Always an individualist, he is practically the only short-wave American turncoat who prefers to work for Il Duce and not Der Fuehrer. He started broadcasting for Mussolini in February, 1940, praising Fascism and sneering at America and democracy.

Only a few of his friends and admirers tried to excuse Pound lamely on the grounds that the poet "cannot leave Italy because he has close dependents who are

not American citizens" and therefore "has no choice in the matter." This statement came several months ago from an editor who made bold to publish Pound's verse in an American anthology.

A while later, cut off from his overseas book royalties, Pound decided he would come home, after all. But America was no longer tolerant of him. Refused a place on the Drottningholm, Pound sulked in his decaying villa near Genoa and once more berated his distant compatriots over Radio Rome.

The "American Hour" of Rome has also on occasion boasted of the services of Miss Evenia Ernesta Andreani, the daughter of an Italian artillery officer and a Kentucky mother, a fairly glib lady whose cosmopolitan education embraced periods in England and California, and whose English is therefore good. Yet the net effect of the Pound-Andreani vitriol has not been telling.

Tokyo is comparatively new in this game of seducing one's opponents by radio. At this writing, three figures only can be identified in the Japanese stable of braying warhorses—beg your pardon, I should have said "braying war-jackasses." One male voice broadcasting in English from Tokyo since shortly after Pearl Harbor has been identified as belonging to a certain George Gorman, of whom very little is known. Another broadcaster on the English-language short-wave program emanating from Nippon's capital is Emil Masatomi, a columnist of the *Nichi-Nichi* and a former student of the University of Washington. The third is American-born Charles Yoshii. At one time he worked as a free-lance announcer in a few independent radio studios around Los Angeles. He journeyed to Japan soon after the conquest of Manchuria, sloughed off his American citizenship, acquired a native wife, and blossomed out into a highly prized radio propagandist.

Such in sum is the crew that tries to disgrace the name of America by working for the microphones of the Axis. Most of these men and women are petty souls who have never made the grade they sought, and so now quest success through treason. Some are warped mentalities, queerly sincere in their conviction that Uncle Sam is rotten and Hitler (or Mussolini or Hirohito) is great.

To all of them America turns a deaf ear. To those who in Uncle Sam's eyes are still American citizens the answer may soon be most expressive: indictment for treason, even *in absentia*.

Great fear is beginning to penetrate those bought souls with the realization that the tide has irrevocably turned in favor of the Allies. Robert Best, by the fall of 1942, began haltingly to suggest that he really believed in some of the American institutions. Late in December he broadcast from Berlin that he stood for an "absolutely constitutional revolution" to get Roosevelt out of the White House. Ballots, not bullets, was his new plea! For by now he feared a bullet with his own name on it.

Also in December, 1942, Otto Koischwitz broadcast hopefully that "the United Nations cannot get together about Giraud, de Gaulle or Darian." He spoke of "the political conflict and mutual suspicions of the United Nations in Africa" in a way that leads one to suspect his wishful thinking runs along these lines: *In that conflict and confusion there may yet be an amnesty or some sort of escape for us short-wave traitors, too.*

To this the American—the Allied—reply should and will be: "Vain hope!"



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his hand, and it was cold. After a moment of panic she spoke in a light voice. "Darling, it's too bad you have two children to educate and the business and—and me. You wish you were free?"

"Free," said Jim. "That's a funny word. It can mean so many things."

The phone rang, and Alix jumped to answer it. It was her best friend, Leila Warren, and her voice was desperate.

"Alix," she began rapidly, "I want you to get Jim to go to the principal and put a stop to it. It's simply going too far, and my arm is almost broken, and Jim will have to fix it."

"Fix your arm? Where's the doctor? What is it?"

"I tell you I'm a nervous wreck. It's this Commando business. I know Tommy's in it; they're in the same division."

"I just can't follow you," said Alix. "Ted springs at me from behind closet doors," wailed Leila. "He climbs ladders and jumps in my bedroom window, howling like a banshee. He sets traps in the yard and catches the laundryman. Last night he told me he could do jujitsu. That's what's wrong with my arm!"

"Oh, dear," said Alix. "But, Leila, they all have to do it. It's prescribed."

"It will be the death of me," predicted Leila. "If he had his father—and then there's this aeronautics too! He sits up half the night on aeronautics. As if he could fly with his asthma! He says I don't understand because I'm just a woman."

"Don't worry," Alix sounded cheerful. "I'll speak to Jim."

"Here he comes," said Leila. "I better hang up. If I don't he'll creep up and then spring." The receiver clicked.

Alix told Jim. "Poor Leila. Can't you persuade the school to give a talk on not being a Commando at home?" She added slowly, "A boy Ted Warren's age does need a father badly."

Jim said, "Even the youngsters want to be part of it."

A little silence fell. Then Tommy burst in, emitting an odd hollow sound. "Zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom!" he roared. He was circling his arms like a duck's wings. "I'm a dive bomber," he condescended to explain. "Zoom!"

"Have you been in detention again?" asked Jim.

"Sure. I been in more than any boy in the class. I got the record."

"And what kind of Commando would you make if you can't keep quiet?" demanded Jim. "You'd give away the whole show in a minute."

Tommy looked abashed. "Guess you got me there, Pop."

Pen came in, shedding books and packages and purse. "Mother!" Her voice was dramatic. "You never saw such a time as we had! Honestly, it was simply foul! We couldn't get any extension cords for the lights or any wire to hold up the shrubbery, and half the programs got bound upside down because the man went to the Coast Guard this week! Mother, did I have a phone call yet?"

"Not since I've been in," answered Alix. "I'm sure things will work out when you get there. Don't get all worked up."

Bessie hollered from the dining room. "Dinner's about ready!"

Pen said, "I'll slug along up for a quick wash. Don't wait for me. Go on and pass the ammunition. Look, Pest, will you be a good darling brother and dash out after dinner and cut the last bunch of chrysanthemums? There's a bare spot under the rostrum I simply must do something about. And, Mother, I forgot to ask Bessie to shorten my slip. Could

you do it in a frightful rush? And did I tell you Dorothy Ransom is going to make a speech about war stamps? It will ruin the whole dance, absolutely!"

"Why?" asked Jim. "What's wrong with that? After all, it's war—"

"The matter is that Dorothy is a zombie, that's all," said Pen. She vanished up the stairs.

"Exit the master mind," said Tommy. Jim said, "Why does she take it so seriously? After all, it's just a dance."

Alix said, "Well, at that age you just leap from crisis to crisis like a mountain goat."

But then the crisis was over, she thought. Now, looking at Jim's face, she thought, a crisis for Jim and me is different. No matter how much we love each other, we're strangers now.

Dinner was a quiet affair. There were five phone calls for Jim, two for Tommy. Pen got up to answer the doorbell three times while Bessie was trying to serve. Priscilla got stepped on once and had to be comforted. It was just the way it always was, and Alix didn't see why she kept on feeling that gnawing anxiety.

After dinner Jim turned on Amos 'n' Andy, just as he had done for years and years, and they sounded just the same. Tommy was shooed off to do his homework. Alix was filling out air-raids cards at the living-room desk. Number of people in the house; phone number . . .

Then John arrived, young and tall and clean-looking in his tux. He had sandy hair and blue eyes and a wide honest mouth above a firm jaw.

"I was lucky," he said. "I caught a ride in a truck. Hope I didn't get too filthy."

Pen floated down the stairs. Her dress was blue slipper satin, and she looked like music and laughter and dreaming.

"Don't stay out too late," warned Jim. "No, sir. I'll take care of her," said John. His voice sounded proud and earnest and tender. They went out.

Jim heard Kaltenborn. This was the only night in the week they had at home, and it had been a lovely night until lately. Now Alix tried to concentrate on the enormous holes in Tommy's socks. Jim just turned from news program to news program, and smoked.

Alix looked up and saw his intent profile, his hands nervous on the dial. She said, "The news is wonderful this week."

"Yeah," said Jim. Then he went upstairs and called down that he guessed he'd go to bed. Alix snapped off the radio, and went out with Pris. A cold wind had come up and the leaves whirled.

"Even the last leaves let go in time," Alix said aloud. "Everything goes. Come on, Pris."

The house looked stanch and serene in the cold pale moonlight. A house to be happy in. A house that was the fabric of their lives together; an expression in wood and stone of their marriage. How they'd saved for it, dreamed of it. Home. Home. A white house on Maple Street. Alix shivered and closed the door, shutting out the dark.

She went upstairs and peered in at Tommy, lying on the bed, covers off. Still a baby in sleep. She tiptoed in and covered him. She whispered fiercely, "Nobody shall take your father from you!"

Jim didn't hear her come in. He had Roy's letter in his hand, reading it again. There was a look on his face . . .

Alix said, "Jim, what is it?" "Oh, nothing," he said, sticking the letter in his dressing-gown pocket. "Just some ads."

He never had lied to her before. Her heart tightened. She went to him quickly.

"Jim, we've been happy, haven't we?"

"Yeah. We have."

"But you're not happy any longer."

His hands tightened on her. "Oh, well, what the hell," he said, "this isn't a day for happiness, is it?"

She said, "I remember when you first kissed me. Then you went away—and I just waited. Remember?"

He had to remember. He couldn't make his memory separate. That was one thing about love. She felt triumphant now. This sudden yearning to get into the war, this sentimental urge—all due to Roy. Jim wouldn't yield to it without her help. She went on talking, drawing memory out. She would save him, save them all.

The country-club band had been playing "Smile, Smile, Smile!" Jim had said huskily, "Alix, I love you—but I'm going to war. You're so young. Can you understand? I've got to do a man's job."

And then there was that agonizing farewell: Jim in khaki, pale and stern-looking; the band playing, flags flying; the troop train pulling out. And Alix smiling, waving good-by—good-by—her heart breaking like a piece of glass. The Argonne; Saint-Mihiel—oh, no woman's life could hold that twice!

Jim said, "We had a good outfit. Lord, I remember how seasick Roy got on the crossing."

Alix said, "I was afraid of you when you came home. You were a stranger."

He grinned. "I was afraid of you. You looked so clean. So—untouched."

And then the hunger and the grief had dissolved; the strangeness was gone. His mouth on her throat, his body shaking, her tears on his face. All those years ago, and she felt it still—that hour, that moonlight night when Jim came back and life started like a wound-up clock.

"Jim, don't ever leave me again!" That was what she had said then, and he had answered, "I never will, my darling!"

Of course he had to go to the Rotary convention in Chicago, and the class reunion at the university, and to California to that conference for the company.

But really he had never left her.

Now he said, "Alix, if it weren't for you and the children . . . I can't help feeling my place is not here. They need engineers—I've been in the Army. I'd know a lot these kids don't dream of."

"But you do your part. Civilians are important too, when they are like you."

He made an impatient movement with his shoulders and sighed. "Well," he said, "I suppose you're right. But I just can't help feeling—" He walked to the window and stared out at the night.

Pris came in and jumped on the bed, her eyes bright and watchful. Sometimes there was a snack at this hour.

"Can I fix you something?" asked Alix. "I'm not hungry." Jim turned away from the window.

Alix got ready for bed. The silence between them was tangible, heavy and dark. Usually this was the hour when they talked the day over; settled small problems about the children. It was an hour for comfortable intimacy.

Now Jim flopped into bed. Pris edged up higher and higher until her soft nose just approached the pillow. Nice warm spot. Her tail stopped wagging; she slept.

Alix couldn't sleep. There was Jim in the room, yet so far away she couldn't reach him at all.

It's not fair, she told herself. It's a horrible thing! Maybe he doesn't love me any more. If he loved me, he wouldn't get this crazy notion. It's that letter. And they don't want men Jim's age now. After a while, if this goes on—but it can't go on!

Downstairs she heard a door slam; then the sound of feet on the creaking

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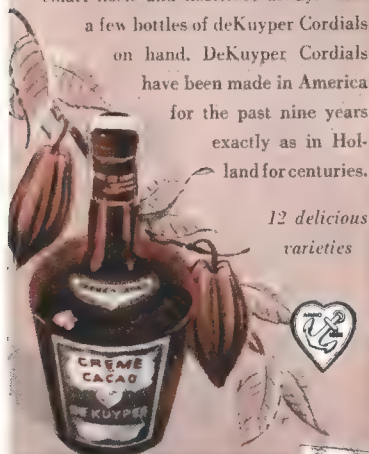


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treads. Pen couldn't be home yet! Alix got up and went rapidly out to the hall. It was Pen, creeping up the stairs with her silver sandals in one hand.

"Pen! Are you sick?" Alix switched on the hall light, and Pen's pale face was swiftly revealed. "What is it?" Alix asked.

Pen went into her room and Alix followed.

"It's John," said Pen in a curious flat tone. "It's nothing really. I just—I only—" Then the defenses tumbled like toy blocks, and she flung herself into her mother's arms. "Oh, Mother, Mother, I thought he loved me. I love him so, but I shall never speak to him again. Never! If he doesn't care any more than that!"

"But what did he do?" Alix was frantic. Pen was shaking. The terrible grief of the young, Alix thought.

Pen tried to stop crying. "He—he's going to enlist!" She flung up her head. "He could stay home a whole year more with me, at least; he could get more schooling. We could—there are so many things—and you're only young once."

"He wants to go into the Marines. The Marines! Leave me absolutely flat. That's all he cares about me! Oh, Mother, I thought he felt the way I did. I—I didn't think it was just kidding."

"Does he say he doesn't love you?"

"He says a girl can't understand now a man feels. He says I ought to be bright enough to know some things are worth fighting for."

The same old words, like the music of a song heard in a dream long, long ago: "worth fighting for"; "how a man feels."

"If we were old, it wouldn't matter," said Pen.

John was too young, Pen too young, Jim and Alix too old. But were they, really? "War always matters," said Alix.

Pen huddled in bed at last, worn out from crying. "Maybe I can still persuade him," she said. "Maybe he loves me just a little, after all."

Alix kissed her. "Look, the way a man loves a woman has nothing to do with his staying with her. Try to sleep now."

The hall was dark and cold. Tommy's door was ajar, and he was making muffled sounds in his sleep. Commando raid, no doubt. Alix pressed her hands to her temples. The ache was steady and sharp in each beat: I can't save Pen this, she thought. I can't save myself. Tommy, lying in there, just a baby still, he's going too. What is the answer to all this agony? What's right? What should we do? Pen is selfish, hard like unripe fruit. She wants to absorb John's life. You can't do that with love. It kills the ripening.

Alix clung to the knob of her own door and felt the impact of her mind against her heart. Am I being like Pen? Must I give Jim up to get him back?

She felt confused and tired. She needed something to hold to in all this chaos. But you can't cling to your old life. It has to change. We can't go on the same way. She felt her mouth relax in a faint smile. We can't even get coffee or keep the house warm. If the little things are all changed, how did I dream I could keep the big things the same?

Pris came out, wagging a speculative tail. "All right," said Alix. "Not that you need to go out at this hour."

They both went down the dark stairs. Alix swung the door open and the night came in, and with it the smell of cigarette smoke from the porch steps.

"John!" said Alix.

The boy stood up, tall and awkward, but so anxious he didn't even apologize. "Is Pen—all right? I was scared."

"She's in bed," said Alix. "Come in. I'll give you some hot tea. There's no coffee, but I still have a little tea."

John's face was drawn, his blue eyes

dark. He sat in the kitchen while Alix made tea, and he said shyly, "I couldn't eat supper. I knew I was in for it, and my stomach—"

"I'll fix you two eggs and some toast."

A little color came back to his face as he drank the tea. Alix had a cup too.

He looked up at her. "Pen told you about me—about us?"

"Yes."

He put down his cup. "I guess, Mrs. Carrington, a fellow always hopes the girl he—the girl—his girl—will kind of see things the way he does. But they can't, can they? You know I'm crazy about Pen. But I've got so I can't sleep over going in the Marines. I—I guess I got to do my job, even if I—if I lose her."

Pris was scratching at the door. Alix let her in, and then she heard Jim lumbering down the stairs.

"Hey, what is this? Celebration?" He was blinking. His hair was tousled. Suddenly he looked young to Alix. He looked like the boy who went to the Argonne; the boy who came home to her to be healed of anguish.

"Celebration," said Alix. "Have eggs and tea? John's going in the Marines."

The look of flashing pride on Jim's face. The little bitter smile that followed.

"Swell," said Jim.

"Then you don't think I'm a fool to quit college and barge in?"

"We've got a whale of a job to do in this country," Jim said, "and the more you like your college or your home or whatever, the more anxious you are to get in. If a man can be free to leave—"

John said slowly, "I'd rather have my choice of my service too. I can do more, get ahead faster."

"Yes," said Jim. "Lucky you're not old and tied down. A man hates to be on the shelf when his country needs him—and all he believes in is at stake."

Alix slid the eggs on Jim's plate. He lifted his teacup. "Well, here's luck."

Alix spoke casually. "Jim's thinking about going too."

"Hey, no kidding!" cried John.

Jim said, "Alix!"

"They need engineers," said Alix.

"Well, I don't know," said Jim. "I'll see."

John stood up. "It sure would be—but I guess it's awful hard to get away. I mean, Pen and Mrs. Carrington and Tommy—and the business and all."

Jim grinned. "This is a time to do hard things if you can."

John went back to his own problem. "Do you think Pen will see me tomorrow?"

"I think she will," said Alix.

John shook hands and left, whistling. "Did you mean it," asked Jim, "about my going?"

"Yes, Jim."

"But how will you manage without me?"

"Oh, I'll manage," Alix kept her voice light.

His hands opened and closed. He spoke quickly. "You can't run that furnace."

"Nonsense, of course I can," she said.

Then he came over and took her in his arms, and he was trembling a little. The drawn look on his face was gone; his eyes were bright. "Alix, there's nobody but you," he said huskily. "You always know. You understand."

"Oh, well, I kind of like you," said Alix, keeping her voice steady.

Jim reached past her for the light. "Let's go to bed."

They went up the stairs together. Alix leaned on him a little. She'd be going up those stairs alone enough times.

But it was all right. They wouldn't really be separated. Not any more. That was the way it worked.

The Story of Dr. Wassell

(Continued from page 23)

out well. No fault was found with his reports. There had been several severe air raids on the town and harbor, and others were expected at any time. The doctor was glad to make the journey back to a place where people still undressed to go to bed at night.

Of course Singapore would probably stand a long siege, and Java was doubtless invulnerable to full-scale attack (unless the Japs were crazy); but still, one could not deny the fact that the war was coming closer, and it might be uncomfortable even in the interior of the island.

He traveled by night, reaching his destination in the early morning. He bought quantities of oranges for the men from the Marblehead and found shops in the town that stocked certain canned goods the men liked. He also bought candy. He did not tell the men he was buying these things, but gave them to the Dutch hospital authorities and let the men think they were part of the regular rations.

And there were other jobs, especially when a batch of long-delayed mail came in. Most of the men had letters from home, and most of these had been penned before Pearl Harbor, so that there were undertones of irony in sentences the men read to one another. The doctor had already helped the men with bandaged hands to write home, so it was natural now, having been initiated, so to say, in their family affairs, that he was invited to hear further news of Pa and Ma and brother Joe and Aunt Nell. And then also there was Goode, who had lost one eye and had the other covered over, so that he could not read the letters he had received. They lay in a little heap next to his pillow, and the doctor thought it odd the boy had not asked his neighbor to read them for him, so he asked Goode if he would like to have his letters read, and when the answer was an affirmative, the doctor sat on the bed and began to read.

The letters were all from a small town in Iowa, and the first two were just family gossip about the farm and the new automobile and Jim's baby. The third, however, was from someone who signed herself "Helen," and after the opening sentences the doctor had a queer feeling that made him glance ahead. He saw then that the letter was hardly calculated to raise the spirits of an injured sailor, for it said that Helen had changed her mind and had already married somebody else.

The doctor made a quick decision. "Well, that's about all—except that she sends you her love and hopes you'll soon be home on leave, because she's simply counting the days."

"Why don't you go on reading what she says?"

"Gosh, boy, that's what I *am* doing, only the handwriting isn't very clear—I was just summarizing for you. Here are her own words: 'Darling, I'm simply counting the days, and that's the truth too, because I love you to death, and when you come back from the war—'"

"She wrote that on December first," interrupted Goode. "Don't tell me she knew we were going to be at war a week before it happened."

"Why shouldn't she? I know plenty of people who had a hunch all this was coming. Maybe she had an intuition or something."

"Or maybe she didn't write any of that at all," said Goode, "and you're just kidding me. You are," Goode continued, "because I know the truth. Muller just

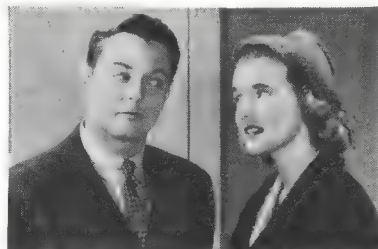
"It's time someone took the child in hand!"



1. It isn't like Joe, my husband, to lose his temper with our youngster. But this day, when I came in from shopping, he was *really* upset. "This child," he said, "has got to learn to take his laxative without all this fuss and fighting. What's more, I'm going to *make* him take it."



2. Then I interrupted, "Wait, Joe. It's *my* fault for not telling you something I learned from the doctor just the other day. He said it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on a child. It can upset his whole nervous system."



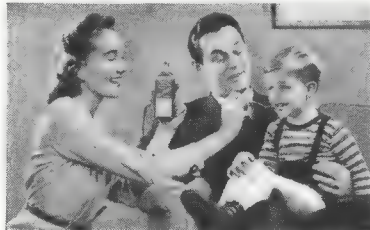
3. "Well, the laxative we've been giving Johnny is bad-tasting and when I was shopping today I should have bought some Fletcher's Castoria. That's what the doctor suggested. He explained that it's pleasant-tasting, so children like it."



4. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made *especially* for children. And he approves it because it's safe, yet effective. He told me it's gentle and mild, so it very seldom causes griping or upsets digestion. Let's go get a bottle now."



5. Our druggist praised Fletcher's Castoria, too. "I recommend it," he said, "not only for babies, but for youngsters up to 10 years. Especially, now, when colds are prevalent and there may be more need for a laxative."



6. I bought the money-saving Family Size, and we gave Johnny Fletcher's Castoria. One taste, and he took the whole spoonful, grinning. Joe was amazed. "All I wish, dear," he said, "is that you'd let me in on these things sooner!" Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

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told me—he's from the same town, and he had a letter with the news in it about Helen."

"I'm very sorry," said the doctor.

Goode smiled. "Nothing to be sorry about. I'm glad she ditched me before she knew. It would have been awful if she'd stuck to me just because she learned I only had one eye. She might have. She's that kind of girl."

The doctor patted Goode's hand and went away. When he reached the corridor outside he met a group of nurses who told him that Singapore had fallen.

That was on February fifteenth. That same day the Japs crossed to Sumatra and also began the invasion of Bali. However impregnable Java was, one could not forget that Sumatra and Bali were the two islands at each end of it.

During the week that followed the fall of Singapore the Javanese situation "somewhat rapidly deteriorated." The doctor was uneasy. He tried several times to telephone to Navy headquarters, which had removed from Surabaya to Tjilatjap, but the line was busy; he could not get through.

Then one night Navy headquarters in Tjilatjap telephoned him to get his less serious cases ready for evacuation at once and bring them down by train to the seacoast the following day. "Bring everybody who can stand a rough passage," snapped a voice at the other end.

The doctor did not break the news to the men that night. However, he went into Wilson's room and told him the truth. "We're getting out in the morning and we'll be on the sea this time tomorrow night."

"What's the name of the ship?"

"Don't know. But we'll be on our way, and I'm mighty glad."

"Same here. But there's the journey to face. I mean the journey to the ship and getting on board and so on. Think all the men can stand it?"

"Listen," answered the doctor. "You've been the worst case of the bunch—barring Bailey, who died. Do you think you can stand it?"

Wilson looked astonished. "You really mean that I was the worst case?"

"Sure. I had you measured for a wooden box."

"Like hell you did! Well, after that, I'll stand anything if only to spite you."

"That's the spirit," said the doctor, holding the thermometer to the light. He did not tell Wilson that the mercury was still far too high for safety. But what a word—*safety!* Where was there safety, anyhow?

Soon after dawn he told the men, and from then until ten o'clock, when the hospital train moved out for its eight-hour journey to the coast, the doctor worked as he had probably never worked before in his life.

When the men left in ambulances for the railway station the entire hospital staff including Dr. Voorhuys waved goodbye to them. Before that there had been a few tearful farewells between the men and the nurses. Three Martini carried some flowers which she laid on Renny's stretcher at the last moment. Before the men from the Marblehead arrived at the hospital Three Martini had donated blood, and blood had been transferred to Renny soon after his arrival. Three Martini was certain (though perhaps not on absolutely reliable evidence) that it was her blood, and it gave her a curious feeling for Renny that she could not have explained even if they had had a common language to speak in.

Thus the forty-one men from the Marblehead and the Houston began the journey on that February day, and with-

in twenty-four hours, nine of them were back at the hospital.

It happened this way. When the hospital train reached Tjilatjap the men's nerves were tense and their physical condition worse after the journey. The doctor knew his men were tired and anxious, unaccustomed to the heat and likely to be dispirited by the scene, for both railway station and town were swarming with refugees evacuated from the interior. He knew that his first task must be to find out exactly where their ship was and to make arrangements for the embarkation. While he did these preliminary things, the men must rest and try to conserve their strength for the ordeal.

There was a hotel opposite the station, and he assembled them there, on a terrace, with cold drinks, and some canned food from the hospital.

On the water front he had a stroke of luck; he found the Navy headquarters easily, and—even more important—the man in charge was most co-operative. "Sure . . . Forty-one? You have the list? . . . Thanks. All right, I'll okay that. You can sail in a few hours. Get your men here right away." The doctor was immensely relieved, and when, almost as an afterthought, the question came: "I suppose they're all able to help themselves?" he answered, "Oh, yes."

He was in mounting spirits as he went back to the hotel. The men also, when he told them to get ready at once, began to bustle about, collecting their small possessions. Several were able to walk the short distance to the dock; others climbed into a truck which he had borrowed from the hotel; there were ambulances to take the stretcher cases.

The crowds on the dock were greater now, but at last he got his men near the largest ship, which was called the Breskens;

then he helped them down from the trucks and ambulances. Suddenly he found that one person was missing—McGuffey. That sent him into a sharp temper. "I'm not going back for him!" he shouted. "If he finds us here, okay. If not . . . I suppose he slipped away when you fellows weren't looking!"

"We were looking," Edmunds said. "But she was good-looking."

The doctor did not smile. He told the men to wait where they were while he arranged for them to go on board.

The Breskens was already packed with agitated humanity. The doctor could not even get aboard himself, because a Dutch officer standing at the gangway demanded some permit he didn't possess, and referred him to the captain. Apparently the captain was to be found ashore in a building near by.

The doctor set off on this quest, and in pushing through the crowd collided with a middle-aged high-ranking officer of the American Navy who asked him where the devil he thought he was going. The doctor informed him; whereupon the officer exclaimed, "Sir, I wish you luck! There's a line of them trying to see him!"

The doctor then explained he had forty-one wounded sailors in his charge and wished to get them on board. "They're from the Marblehead, sir—they've been at a hospital inland, and I've brought them here for evacuation." He added, "Acting on Navy instructions."

"Instructions? Wait a minute. Were you the fellow I telephoned last night? . . . All right; get 'em on board."

"That's what I'm trying to do, but the Dutch officer said I must see the captain. Perhaps if you could explain—"

"Sure, I'll explain. Where are your men, anyway?" At that moment the Navy officer caught sight of the group

waiting near by. He swung his glance back to the doctor.

"What the devil have you been up to? I said to bring only those who could stand a rough passage."

The doctor's voice was calm. "These men can stand a rough passage, sir."

"Are you crazy?"

"These men, after what they've gone through, sir, can stand anything."

"But the stretcher cases! Don't you realize the ship may be torpedoed? What chance would they have?"

"They'll take that chance, sir, whatever it is."

"They'll do nothing of the kind, and I've no time to argue. The stretcher cases are simply out of the question."

"But what'll I do with them?"

"Get 'em back where they came from, and that's an order!"

The doctor stood his ground in sheer incredulity. "You mean I'm to take these nine men back to a hospital hundreds of miles away?"

"Yes, and be thankful it is that far. Don't you know an air raid's expected here any time?" Something in the doctor's expression made the officer add, "I'll take your walking cases on board now. Give me the list of names. And you be off as quick as you can with the others, for God's sake."

The doctor had no time to say good-by to the men who were leaving, but some of them waved to him and he waved back. As for the eight men on the stretchers, he said to them, "Well, boys, I guess you heard what's happened. I feel just as sick about it as any of you, but an order's an order. Let's get going."

Fortunately, the ambulances had not left the dock, so that within an hour he had the men back at the railway station. There, however, he found that the hospital train had already left. Eventu-

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ally he persuaded the railway authorities to hitch a box car to a train about to leave for the interior.

In the dim light in the car after the train began to move, he saw that McGuffey had returned, slightly the worse for wear.

It was a quiet, sad journey back. The men were depressed and disappointed, and the doctor did not blame them. The only cheerful thought was that at least the thirty-two walking cases had had some luck.

He also thought that McGuffey had let him down, but the matter seemed unimportant at the moment. When, however, the train stopped at a junction station for a quarter-hour wait, he told McGuffey to fetch the men bottles of beer while he went to the telephone. "And don't drink any yourself. You've had enough already, I can see."

As soon as the train started again, McGuffey came to the doctor and, handing him some change, remarked, "I suppose you're wondering what happened to me, doc?"

"No, I'm not wondering at all. I know. You went off with a girl and you had some drinks and by doing that you lost your chance of getting out."

"I know all that. But besides the girl and the drinks, there was something else. I went to the Navy people and tried to join one of the ships."

"Then you must be crazy. You're under orders, same as we all are. Don't you realize that? You can't go acting like the Lone Ranger in this outfit. I suppose they made that clear to you."

"Sure, they did, and I got mad. One of them—a doctor—told me I had to have plastic surgery on my ear and it would take six months. I told him he was a damn fool and I didn't want any plastic surgery; I wanted to get back in the Navy. So he booted me out, and then I was so mad I had more drinks, and when I got to the dock the Breskens had left. There's only one more thing, doc. Since I am back, you might let me give you a hand sometimes."

"I'll not only let you," answered the doctor grimly, "I'll make you."

McGuffey did not seem discomfited by the reply. "Okay, doc. Let's have a drink on it." He produced two bottles of beer. "I told you not to get one for yourself."

"You said not to drink any, doc. And I didn't—so far."

"All right; all right."

Presently McGuffey remarked, "I guess it counts against you in the Navy to do what I did. I mean, making a scene and calling a doctor a damn fool."

The Arkansas doctor smiled. "Listen, son, it's no good crying over spilt milk. And as for the doctor, don't worry about that. I've called plenty of doctors fools in my time."

The nurses gave the men a wonderful welcome. They had tea for them and sherry and little cakes. Three Martini took special care of Renny, who had stood the journey less well than the others; and as soon as the men were settled in their beds, Dr. Voorhuys came and spoke to them.

The doctor thanked Dr. Voorhuys, who smiled and patted the shoulder of his colleague from Arkansas. "Of course," he said, "you and your men are doubly welcome because we know how disappointed you must be. But it could not be helped. And you did right to bring them back here. There was an air raid on Tjilatjap during the night."

The fact that there had been an air raid on Tjilatjap took some of the sting out of the Arkansas doctor's misgivings.

It seemed possible that he had got his men away just in time. It could be an omen of some future hairbreadth saving of their lives. But next time there must be no hitch.

While the men still slept he telephoned the local airfield, where there were British and American planes. He got through to an American Air Force major, introduced himself and explained his position, then waited for an answer to a question he had not yet asked.

He got another question: "How many are there of you?"

"Eight stretcher cases. And one other."

"Making ten with yourself?"

"Right."

"It's possible. We haven't any definite

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Family Quiz Answers FATHER

(Questions on page 16)

1. Checkmate.
2. Daniel Webster.
3. The lighting end is cut off straight.
4. Brazil under Getulio Vargas.
5. Railroaded.
6. Scraping the ground with the club before hitting the ball.
7. 48 hours.
8. Yellow.
9. The mule.
10. It is the blank space between two printed pages.
11. An unauthorized tribunal, such as one composed of prisoners acting as judges of other prisoners who have violated some of their rules.
12. It is the right of a nation, state or public service corporation to appropriate private property to public use.

Questions accepted from Mrs. Marie Brewer, Berwyn, Ill.; Mrs. Les Augustine, Racine, Wis.; Mrs. Emelyn Petersen, Chicago, Ill.; Florence Dillard, Birmingham, Ala.; Mattie L. C. Ginn, Miami, Fla.; Minnie Flowers, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. W. S. Groesbeck, Jr., Thistle, Utah; R. C. Mayfield, Harlingen, Tex.; S/Sgt. W. A. McIlwaine, Seattle, Wash.; Della Neiswander, Clayton, Mo.; Mrs. J. C. Hamilton, Wichita, Kans.

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orders yet. Call back in an hour, and I'll let you know. But you'd have to pack up quick."

"Quick as you want us," said the doctor.

Then he tried to telephone the Naval officer in Tjilatjap, but could not get through. He did, however, speak to some other man in authority, who replied brusquely, "Get out with your men any way except through here. We were raided last night and expect more today. And there are subs outside the harbor that got two of our ships."

"Not the Breskens?" questioned the doctor.

"Don't know. Don't know any of the details."

He waited till the hour was over, then telephoned again to the airfield. The major said merely, "We're only thirteen planes and a crowd of us have to go, but we can make room for you on the last one."

"Sure, that's fine. We're not superstitious."

"Not what? Oh, I see—you mean the thirteenth plane? It'll be damned uncomfortable, but it won't last long—that is, if we're lucky."

"How long?" inquired the doctor.

"Say, nine or ten hours. That means extra gas, so we can't take luggage. Get that?"

"Sure. When do you want us at the field?"

"I'll call you an hour ahead of time. It won't be till night."

The doctor went back to the ward and looked at the sleeping men. Sun, the Chinese, woke when he approached.

The doctor said in Chinese, "You are like a Chinese boy I once knew in China. This boy served me at a mission station in Kupiang. I was deeply attached to him. He was just like you."

Sun answered, "Yes, he was very like me. He was my brother."

"What?"

Then Sun explained. It was not such an extreme coincidence, after all, for it was on the doctor's recommendation that Sun had become a messboy on one of the Yangtze gunboats of the American Navy.

"So you are here because of me," said the doctor, hoping this would make Sun smile.

"Yes," replied Sun, but he did not smile.

Toward five P.M. the shrill whine of the air-raid siren came over the air. Dr. Voorhuys entered the ward immediately, ordering that the men be awakened and carried to the air-raid shelter at once; but at that moment came the first crash of bombs. Dr. Voorhuys said maybe they'd better stay where they were. The concussion shook pieces of plaster from the ceiling; one of the pieces fell on Renny's bed and narrowly missed his face. "Pull the mattresses off and have the men lie on them under the beds," ordered Dr. Voorhuys. Then he left to look after the patients in other parts of the hospital.

When he had gone, the doctor from Arkansas supervised the carrying out of Voorhuys' instructions. Presently he had all the men under cover and crossed the corridor to recommend the same for Commander Wilson. But Wilson refused.

When the doctor got back to the ward he found that some of the nurses had accepted shelter with the men and were enjoying cigarettes, judging from the wreaths of smoke fringing every bed.

Then he saw that one mattress still lay on top of its bed. McGuffey's, of course. But this was no time to look for him. So the doctor got under McGuffey's bed, not bothering about the mattress, just as a piece of plaster as big as a coconut crashed to the floor within reach of his hand.

Three Martini and Renny were under the bed next to his, at one side; they were not talking or giggling or smoking, because Renny was too ill. Half an hour later, the all-clear signal sounded.

Night fell, and the doctor paced the corridor near the telephone. He was anxious about that call from the airfield. Toward nine he went into Wilson's room and told the commander about the possibility of getting away by air.

The telephone rang. "That's probably for me," said the doctor.

When he came back a few moments later his face was pale. "They can't take us," he said. "One of their planes was smashed up in the raid—that means they can't make room. And they've just had orders to move at once with all their crowd. The fellow I talked to seemed very upset."

"Like hell he was, and like hell he should be," retorted Wilson. "Live air-force personnel is more important these days than wounded crocks like us. This is no women-and-children-first war. It's fighters first, and no sentiment about it!"

Later that evening, under a bright moon, a great roaring filled the sky over the hospital. It woke some of the men, who wondered if it were another air raid, until McGuffey cried out,



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"That's one of ours. You can't mistake these four motors!"

The roaring died away in the distance, and then another came across the sky, and another. The men were exultant, thinking that long-awaited reinforcements had arrived at last, and that the planes were en route to bomb the enemy. It was a tonic thought to them lying there—that overhead, monster weapons from Seattle and Santa Monica and Long Beach were roaring to their rescue.

The roaring went on, plane after plane. When it ended, an argument sprang up as to how many had flown over.

"Twelve!" cried Hanrahan.

"Thirteen!" retorted McGuffey.

Renny, who was still in a good deal of pain, muttered, "Twelve or thirteen—what the hell does it matter?"

The doctor thought it mattered a great deal, but he urged the men to go to sleep. Then he went into Wilson's room.

"Twelve it was," said Wilson. "I heard the men arguing."

"Yes, twelve," agreed the doctor. "The thirteenth should have been ours."

"Did you ever feel as bad about anything in your life?" asked Wilson.

"Yes, once. About fifteen years ago—in China."

"Anything similar to this?"

"Hardly. I'd been working for years tracking down the carrier of amoebic dysentery, and I found it just about a day before an article appeared in a medical journal announcing the same discovery by someone else."

In the middle of the night, the doctor heard a tap on his door and went to open it. Dr. Voorhuys was standing in the corridor, fully dressed.

"There is something you ought to know," said Dr. Voorhuys. "I did not think it would happen. The enemy has landed on Java."

The doctor nodded, dressed quickly and glanced into the ward. All the men were asleep. The doctor then glanced into Wilson's room and saw that he too was asleep. Next he telephoned to Tjilatjap. After that he left the hospital and walked into the town. Evidently the news had reached there, for crowds were congregated at street corners and in the lobby of the Grand Hotel. Just before dawn the foremost vehicles of an apparently endless British convoy parked in front of the hotel, and its commanding officer entered to ask what he could buy in the way of food and supplies.

This officer was not the kind of man the doctor took to on sight. There was a languid aloofness about the way he gave his orders to the hotel people and to his subordinates. The doctor nerved himself to approach the fellow.

"Excuse me, but are you evacuating your men to Tjilatjap?" he asked.

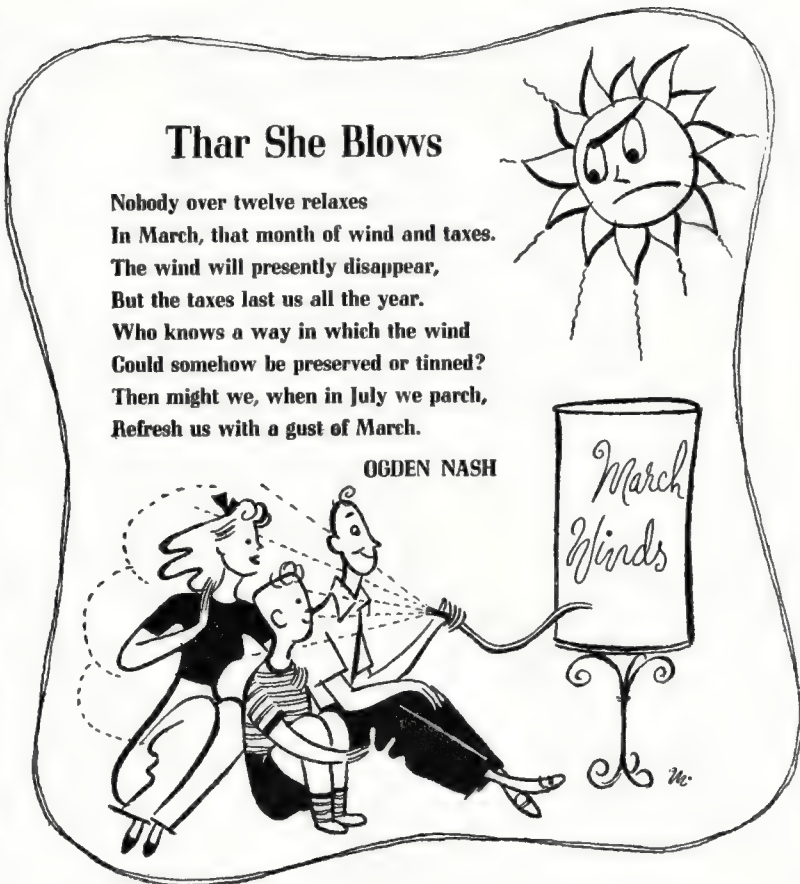
"Rather," answered the Englishman, almost yawning. "Anything I can do for you by any chance?"

The doctor said abruptly, "Sure you can, if you will. I have nine wounded men in my charge—mostly stretcher cases. How about taking us with you?"

"Don't mind if I do, provided they can travel in trucks, and you have 'em here in two hours."

The doctor snapped out, "Okay," and dashed away.

At the hospital he woke the men. "Boys," he said, "we've another chance to get out of here, and it's a last chance. You don't have to go, but I'm going and I hope everybody will go with me. Hurry up and get ready. I'll be back in half an hour for those who've made up their minds." Then from the door he added, "If you want any reasons, I'll give you just two. The Japs are in Java, and those planes we heard last night weren't reinforcements. They were our own planes getting the hell out."



Thar She Blows

Nobody over twelve relaxes

In March, that month of wind and taxes.

The wind will presently disappear,

But the taxes last us all the year.

Who knows a way in which the wind

Could somehow be preserved or tinned?

Then might we, when in July we parch,

Refresh us with a gust of March.

OGDEN NASH

inforcements. They were our own planes getting the hell out."

He woke Wilson and gave him more details. "So get ready," he finished. "That is, if you want to go. I'm going."

He knew it had been a big bluff, talking like that to Wilson and the men. He knew that if a single one refused, he could not leave him.

All the men were ready.

He looked at them, unable to speak. Then he made the thumbs-up sign. "Good for you, boys. Let's get going."

So the nine men from the Marblehead went down to Tjilatjap a second time.

They sorted themselves out (under the doctor's supervision). The men who were better rode in a truck, lying on the flat boards. The worst cases climbed into the Ford car whose springs and cushions were kinder to their wounds; there were Sun, whose legs were not much recovered, and Francini, who had to sit upright. Wilson sat next to the doctor. Muller, with the shattered leg, rode in the British captain's car.

The journey began before the sun was high and continued slowly but without a pause until well into the afternoon. The doctor drove.

Toward noon he began to feel sleepy, but fortunately a British motorcyclist rode alongside to shout a warning of possible air attack.

Now there was an increasing amount of opposite traffic: Dutch army cars loaded with soldiers; Staatswacht troops in forest-green uniforms; Red Cross ambulances; native oxcarts, which were the worst peril of all. The doctor began to fear those oxcarts more than bombs.

So they went on throughout the long hot afternoon. At last the doctor saw

arms waving from the truck a hundred yards in front. It was the signal for a halt. He pulled to the side of the road and clamped on the brake.

Then all was suddenly alive in a still world. For a mile or so ahead British soldiers were jumping down from trucks and cars, shouting excitedly as they threw down gear. The road was lined with tall trees, and beyond the trees were rice fields channelled with running water.

The doctor got down from the car and attended to his three passengers. Meanwhile, hundreds of men along the road ahead were scurrying about. Some were changing or washing clothes; others were making tea or heating cans of baked beans over blowpots; many were sluicing themselves in the rice-field channels and lying naked in the sun to dry. Little Javanese boys, appearing as it were from nowhere, shinned up coconut trees and dropped the nuts to the men, who gave them small coins in exchange; the men knocked open the nuts and drank the green milk out of them. Finally the doctor drove the length of the convoy till he spotted the truck in which were the five other wounded men.

The two British soldiers who had driven the truck were making tea by the roadside; they gave him a cheery greeting and shouted that his boys were all right, only tired. The doctor nodded and climbed into the truck to scrutinize the men and make each one comfortable.

Finally he turned to McGuffey, who was crouching against a pile of army uniforms as if he were hiding something. All at once the doctor saw that McGuffey was hiding something.

It was Three Martini.

The doctor was fighting mad. He

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cursed McGuffey; then he caught the brown girl's eye and stopped. "Well, McGuffey, this is the limit," he ended. "What the hell do you think will happen to her when we get to Tjilatjap?"

"Dunno, doc. I didn't ask her to come. She came on account of Renny."

"Renny?" The doctor swung round. "Well, Renny, what do you say about all this?"

Renny didn't answer, and after a pause McGuffey said, "She thought Renny might get worse on the way."

The doctor snorted. "Well, anyhow," he said, "you'd better keep her out of sight because if the captain of the convoy sees her he'll put her off."

McGuffey nodded. "That's what I thought, doc."

A mile or so in front, in the staff car with Muller, the languid officer was drinking tea. Actually he was not languid, just overwhelmingly weary. He had been told that he and his men were to remain at Tjilatjap to make a last stand, and he guessed that there was small chance for any of them, save to be killed or to spend uncounted time in a Jap prison camp. Quite calmly—almost languidly—he hoped he would be killed. And as he hoped this, he thought of home in England and the road over a hill where his wife and children lived.

The convoy started again and the nine men from the Marblehead went riding down to the sea.

The doctor felt refreshed after the halt, but that made him eager to get ahead and also anxious about what would happen in Tjilatjap. This need gave him the idea to drive ahead and make arrangements, so when next the convoy halted he rode on and asked the British officer's permission.

It was almost nightfall by then, but there was no darkness; a terrible bright moon (terrible because of the help it would give the Jap bombers) rose in the sky, and all along the horizons the fires of demolition spurted into a flickering frieze. The roads were more crowded now, with refugees on foot as well as wheeled traffic.

From now on every bridge they passed was mined for dynamiting, its structure often loosened so that traffic must crawl over with utmost care. Just before entering Tjilatjap, they came to a long suspension bridge over a river. Like the others, it had been mined and was under strict guard and patrol, with a Dutch officer scrutinizing all traffic before he let it go through. He did not know any English, and none of the car's occupants knew any Dutch, but a Javanese sentry spoke a little Chinese, so the doctor became eloquent for several minutes, after which the deal was cemented by opening a whisky bottle and passing it around. At the other end of the bridge there were more sentries, but the Javanese who had spoken Chinese obligingly ran across to expedite matters. Then there were more drinks and an extra one for the Javanese. Scotch whisky, the doctor was finding, was really a universal currency, handier even than dollars.

Tjilatjap, in the middle of the night, was fantastically alive. Doors were wide open where one would have expected them to be shut; lights burned in isolated rooms. And over it all a curious scent in the hot night air—the smell of burning over a great distance.

The hotel was crowded, yet strangely quiet; for most of its occupants were asleep. The sleepers sat about in the lobby and lounges, sprawled in chairs, curled up against kit bags or bundles of

clothing, a litter of humanity—Dutch and English and Javanese, old and young, white and brown, soldier and civilian, man, woman and child.

The doctor parked his car in front of the hotel and walked inside. He went to the desk, but there was no one on duty. Then he picked his way into the hotel's interior. He saw people sleeping on tables, under tables, in passageways, half-wedged in telephone booths. There was nothing to eat, and the taps, when turned on, yielded nothing but a slight hiss and a few drops of yellow water. Presently, however, the doctor wandered into the hotel kitchen, where several Chinese were cooking rice over a stove. He talked to them and found that they proposed to serve this rice to the crowd in the morning. No one had asked them to do it; they had just made the decision themselves. They gave the doctor some bread and several bottles of warm beer. As he was going through the lobby again, a Dutch Staatswacht officer, dressed in a bathrobe, approached him carrying a pair of white shoes.

"Good day," he said, holding them out. "You will take them, perhaps? The Admiral left them by mistake. They all went away last night—all your Navy people. It is unfortunate. But I will find you a place to sleep."

"What's that? You say the Navy isn't here? But surely there are some ships that haven't yet gone?"

"They all left yesterday, but a few more will come tomorrow on their way from other places. It is all very unfortunate. But nothing can be done till daylight."

Later, this Dutchman found a room with two beds in it and helped the doctor carry his patients into the hotel. Sun and Wilson had each a bed; Francini, who must sit up all the time, was given a chair. The Dutch officer placed the white shoes in the center of the room.

The doctor went back to the car and found four or five people already sleeping inside it. He was wondering how he could get them out, when a Dutch wireless operator came to his rescue, inquiring in excellent English if he needed help. The doctor explained his position. The Dutch wireless man was tall, young and very handsome. "Nothing can be done till daylight," he said. "Then I will go with you."

Although this was exactly what the Dutch officer had said, it sounded immensely different, so they left the intruders sleeping in the car and returned to the hotel. There were only a couple of hours till dawn.

At dawn the town faced the problems of a new day. The sleepers at the hotel began to wake, and the Dutch officer changed into his green uniform.

At dawn the Chinese in the kitchen put the finishing touches on a huge dish of rice and assorted oddments. They carried it steaming into the hotel lobby, blandly smiling. They carried also great urns of tea. It was for all to share.

At dawn the sea mist drifted in, covering the hills behind the town; and later the sun did not rise, but a fine rain began. Those who saw this from streets and windows were glad, because they thought it might keep off the raiders.

Two ships edged through the mist and anchored like ghosts in the harbor. The doctor left the wireless man in the car on the pier and signaled a Javanese whose launch he had already engaged and paid for. With his thin tropical uniform drenched and sticking to him coldly, the doctor watched the downpour whip the harbor waves into a still calm.

Presently the grayness ahead darkened

into the side of a ship, and the doctor climbed aboard.

Captain Prass, a tall blond man wearing a blue beret, said it was impossible to take nine wounded men. His ship, the Janssens, was only a small inter-island coastal steamer; he had no sick bay or medical supplies beyond the merest first-aid kit; and furthermore, he had only put into Tjilatjap to take on Dutch army personnel. He would not refuse passage to able-bodied Americans, but men who could not look after themselves in an emergency (torpedo attack, for instance) had better stay on land. It would be safer.

The doctor had heard that argument before, but never quite so emphatically. He signaled the waiting Javanese to take him to the other ship, where refugees were already streaming on board from rowboats and launches; the whole deck space was crammed, with not an inch to spare. The doctor made up his mind that he would go back to the Janssens again.

Captain Prass was shaving in his cabin. Somehow, that seemed to give the doctor an advantage. He had a chance to edge in a few quick sentences: "Sir, I have to get these men aboard some ship and out of Java. They don't mind taking a chance; they *want* to take a chance. And I'm going to see that they get a chance. And it's no good saying no. I won't take no from you, Captain Prass. Now, what are you going to do to a fellow who won't take no from you?"

Captain Prass said, "But you understand, you and your men must keep out of my way. This is not a hospital ship; there is no proper accommodation. You must look after them yourself. And get them here soon; we leave any time after dark. We shall all be killed, doubtless; a hundred to one, we shall all be killed. You understand all that?"

The doctor answered joyfully that he understood all that. Then he hurried to the hotel.

The street in front of the hotel was wedged tight with British army trucks; the convoy had arrived. This too raised the doctor's spirits. When he opened the door of the bedroom his eyes took in a sight that to most people would have seemed unspeakably tragic—his men in drenched clothes, in drenched bandages, sprawling on floor and beds in attitudes of pain; but to him the sight was reassuring, because he had good news for them. He noticed that McGuffey was wearing the Admiral's white shoes.

"Boys," he cried, "I've found a ship that'll take us, and we go on board just as soon as I can get you there!"

Most of the men were too tired to be excited, some were in too great pain to care what happened to them, but none withheld a murmur of cheer.

The doctor was taking Hanrahan's temperature when his attention was suddenly riveted elsewhere. "Why, there's only seven of you here! Where's the other two?" His eyes ran round, identifying them. "Where's Muller and Renny?"

McGuffey answered, "Don't know where Muller is—downstairs, maybe. But they dropped Renny off at a place along the road. About sixty miles back."

The doctor was on his feet in an instant. "But I don't like this at all," He rushed downstairs.

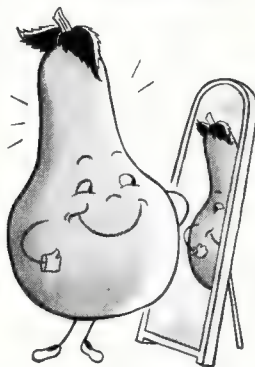
The languid British officer sat at a glass-topped table as if waiting for a waiter who never came. The doctor approached him without preamble. "Look here, sir, I want to know where two of my men are. There's the one who was in the truck, and there's Muller, who was with you in the car."

The British officer's eyes sought focus and found it momentarily. "Ah, yes—the boy with the smashed elbow. I sent him

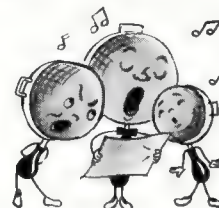


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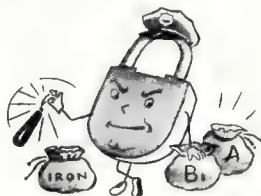
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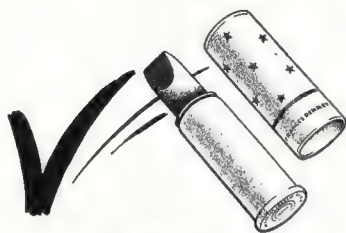


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ahead with my evacuation officer. He caught one of your Navy ships last night."

"You mean Muller's already out?"

"Rather. Any objection?"

"Good God, no. I'll say he's lucky. But what about the other boy—Renny?"

"We dropped him off at a first-aid station." The British officer stared into space. "He was very ill. He said he couldn't stand any more. We stopped at the first-aid station to see what they could do for him, and he begged us to leave him there. We left one of our own men, too. There was a Javanese nurse who stayed with your man. She told me she'd given him her blood and felt she must look after him whatever happened. You see, I had to use my own judgment; right or wrong, one often has to use one's own judgment."

All at once the officer fell forward across the table. The doctor was just in time to save him from crashing to the floor.

"Awfully sorry," the Englishman mumbled. "Three days and two nights since we left Surabaya; on the road all the time—sort of a tiring trip . . . What was I saying? Oh, yes, about your man. I tell you frankly, he looked pretty ghastly. I was afraid he'd die. I wouldn't have liked that."

"I understand," said the doctor.

"But I'll keep in touch with him, and if any of us get out, we'll take him with us. Er—I'd better give you my name."

He did so, and received the doctor's, after which the latter said gently, "Why don't you get some sleep?"

"Not half a bad idea," replied the other, slumping forward across the table instantly.

The seven men from the Marblehead went aboard the Janssens at dusk. They had rested until all arrangements had been made by the doctor, assisted by the Dutch wireless man. The latter had somehow commandeered a school bus, and into this vehicle the less wounded men piled with their luggage and were driven through the rain to the dock. The others traveled in the doctor's car.

But the Dutchman had done something else; he had procured some mattresses which he presented to the doctor for the use of the men during the sea trip. The doctor did not quite know how to thank him. So he gave him the car.

The doctor found a place for the mattresses on the stern deck of the Janssens under an awning.

The Janssens, packed like a ferryboat after a holiday, waited till dark to nose out into the channel and zigzag through the mine fields, and when at last it leaned to the touch of the first sea rollers the doctor leaned with it in a great sigh of content. Then he pushed his way to the bar and was soon in conversation with a newspaper correspondent who had been in Singapore and Batavia.

The doctor would have enjoyed this talk thoroughly except for a realization that came to him when he fished in his pocket for the long cigarette holder. "It's in my brief case," he reminded himself. "I put it there for safety." Then he said aloud, "By golly, I must have left my brief case on the dock or at the hotel."

"Oh, that's nothing. I left a cigarette case Chiang Kai-shek gave me in a cocktail bar in Calcutta."

"But there were papers in it as well as my cigarette holder," said the doctor, uncomfortable. "Important papers."

The correspondent laughed. "Take it from me, doctor, no papers are important these days—not even newspapers."

The doctor did not feel he could tell a stranger (and not a Navy man) what

his lost papers were, but later that evening he confided in Wilson. "I've lost all those receipts," he blurted out. "You know the Navy people gave me a thousand guilders and I've spent about half of it, but I can't remember the items—not without the receipts and the notes I made at the time. You'll have to back me up, Wilson, when they come on to me about it, and they sure will. You've got to show papers for everything!"

All night the Janssens sailed into the rainy sea. She was a small ship, but fairly luxurious, with her spick-and-span white-painted cabins, and the teak-paneled smoking room and the picture of Queen Wilhelmina in the lounge which faced (somewhat rebukingly, one could imagine) that of a bare-breasted bronze beauty whose charms in happier days might have tempted the traveler to include Bali in his tour.

But now the Japs had included Bali, and for them there was a small gun on the bow and another on the stern, besides thirty-caliber machine guns on each side of a concrete-protected bridge.

Two hundred passengers the Janssens had often carried with peacetime speed and comfort, but now she had more than thrice that number and her Diesel engine, designed for eleven knots, made seven and a half at best. She was high in the water because, despite her excess passenger list, she had none of the usual heavy cargo of tea and rubber and cars—only cases of ammunition, and if one were pessimistic, far too few of them.

Far too few were the lifeboats and rafts also, and the shoulder straps of the cork life jackets had been a little rotted with salt-water spray. But one tried not to think of these things.

Toward midnight, when the Janssens had been six hours at sea, the doctor slept in a chair in the lounge, but about two o'clock he was on deck again—for fresh air, he told himself, but really to see how his men were. He passed them quietly in review: they were all asleep. Then he went back to the lounge and slept again, while the Janssens pushed through the rain and water. Just before dawn the rain stopped, and the clouds overhead broke into a patch of blue. Mist still fringed the horizon, but presently, as the sun rose, those passengers who were staring northward saw something that shocked them. *It was the land.*

The land was not more than a couple of miles away—long low jungle-skirted beaches; estuaries with sand bars gleaming through the haze. It could be nothing but the coast of Java, so all night long they must have been hugging the shore.

When the doctor paid his first visit to the men, he found they had slept well and were feeling better. He looked after them and brought them breakfast.

Several of the men who could walk took a turn along the deck to stretch their legs. Wilson decided he was well enough to stand. The doctor helped him to a chair in the smoking room, where they found the newspaper correspondent. The doctor introduced the two and slipped out. He climbed to the top deck to take quiet stock of things and events.

It was odd, the doctor thought as he walked along the deck, how differently people behaved at a time like this. There were some who wore their life preservers all the while; others merely used them as a pillow for sleep; some forgot about them altogether.

There were some who behaved as they would behave in far different circumstances. Like McGuffey, the doctor realized a moment later; for he suddenly came upon that young man talking to a girl. She was a very charming girl, with a clear, gentle face, and from her first

words it was obvious she was an American and nearly as obvious that she came from the Middle West. McGuffey made the introduction. Somehow the idea of McGuffey attaching himself to such a gentle creature made the doctor feel that he ought to give her at least a half-caution. "Well, McGuffey," he said, "I can see you're in good hands at last." And to the girl: "But don't believe all he says. He's a bad boy, you know."

The girl answered, "I was the last woman out of Sumatra. I walked for two hundred miles through the jungle and I was nearly killed by wild elephants and I got ill of something I ate and I nearly died. But I kept on till I got to the coast, and then I persuaded a native boy to take me in a small boat. The Japs fired at us and sank the boat, but I managed to swim ashore on Java. Six weeks the whole journey took, and all kinds of people helped me—Dutch, English, native. But somehow, I didn't meet any Americans till I came aboard last night. And then, believe me, I felt I could love the worst American sailor in the world!"

The doctor chuckled. "Well, there you are, McGuffey; that sounds to me like a mighty fine proposition."

The girl blushed. "I guess I really don't know what I'm saying. I'm a missionary."

"So was I," answered the doctor. "And mighty fine folks they are. I take off my hat to missionaries."

At that moment a scurry of movement drew their attention to the deck below, where Dutch sailors were manning the two-inch gun and pointing it southward.

There were submarines. It wasn't merely scuttlebutt talk (as the men from the Marblehead called rumors), but plain truth proved by the extra vigilance of gun crews and the captain peering from the bridge. At any moment the sea might break to show something—a periscope stalking the sea a mile away; the long steel creature itself near at hand. Only a minority aboard the Janssens had ever seen a submarine, yet all knew they would give it an awful moment of recognition, and for this moment they waited, half hypnotized by the waiting. Meanwhile, Captain Prass kept the ship steadily eastward.

The doctor made his way to the smoke room. Wilson was enjoying a bottle of beer, and had kept another one for him. As they sat there drinking they noticed a sudden change in the rhythm of the Janssens' Diesel engine. Most of the occupants of the room stopped talking.

"We seem to be changing course," Wilson murmured.

"I'd better go up and see the boys," said the doctor.

"Sure, finish your drink—then I'll go with you. There'll be time, whatever happens."

But there was no time. The danger was on the Janssens in a matter of seconds. And it came, not from the sea, but from the sky.

Jap bombers were roaring in dozens from Bali to Tjilatjap, their racks full-loaded—flying fast and direct and at a great height. Halfway, their leader saw the Janssens below; he gave a signal, whereupon three of his fighter escort of Zeros detached themselves in a sudden zoom to the south.

No one in the crowded smoke room of the Janssens knew what was happening until a few seconds after they heard the roar. Then somebody shouted, "Planes!" and at the same instant the roar expanded into successive explosions as bullets tore through the super-structure.

Everyone dropped to the floor. But there was no room on the floor for a roomful of people who had been jammed enough when sitting or standing, so that

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bodies soon piled on top of bodies. Meanwhile the ship swerved sharply.

The doctor and Wilson were on the floor, half under a table, still holding their half-filled glasses. For some reason that neither of them was ever able to explain, they finished their drinks during the first cannonade. The whole incident, from the beginning of the roar to the end of the drinks, could not have lasted more than twenty seconds.

Once the firing stopped, everyone tried to get to the lower deck, pressing into the companionway toward the lower saloon, and the doctor and Wilson could not get farther than halfway down the stairway when the roar began again.

The roaring increased; expanded again into the shatter of bullet explosions.

Three Jap Zero fighters were raking the Janssens from stem to stern, swooping up when they had finished each dive and circling back again. A dozen Dutch sailors manning the guns fore and aft were trying to blast a series of targets moving toward them at four hundred miles an hour. These Dutchmen were brave, disciplined and intelligent, but they were too eager, too excited. They fired too soon.

The diving and raking went on. Presently there was no more ammunition for the Janssens' guns. Then the planes dived again and again upon the defenseless ship, till at a signal they suddenly turned off and flew back over the land.

Throughout all this (only a matter of a few minutes in all) Captain Prass had stayed on the bridge, his eyes measuring the track of each dive. When the planes flew away he set the ship again on her eastward course.

No one had been killed aboard the Janssens, nor had any serious damage been done to the structure of the ship. It seemed almost a miracle that only ten human bodies out of over six hundred had been struck by bullets. Most of these ten had been among the gun crews.

Not till the all-clear whistle sounded was the doctor able to push through to the men from the Marblehead. He found them all safe. Those who could move had dragged the others on their mattresses under the shelter of a projecting upper deck. The men were as glad to see the doctor as he was to see them; then somebody asked, "Where's McGuffey?"

The doctor, knowing where McGuffey had been half an hour before, hurried to the upper deck. It was there, and among the gun crews fore and aft, that the casualties had occurred. The doctor went far enough to see that McGuffey and his companion were unhurt; then he hurried back. He had work to do.

The wounded were carried into the bar, where the first-aid cabinet was. There were no facilities for final treatment of wounds; all the doctor could do was to give shots of morphine, splint smashed limbs, swab and stanch and bandage. It was an hour's hard work.

Meanwhile, important discussions were being held between some of the passengers and Captain Prass. It was being demanded that, in view of the extreme probability of further attack by air, the Janssens should put ashore and allow those to leave the ship who preferred to take their chances on land.

Captain Prass said he would consider the matter and make his decision within half an hour. Then he went down to the deck where the men from the Marblehead lay. As he had expected, the doctor was there with them.

"Well, doctor," said Captain Prass, "I am obliged to you for your help. Tell me, how many do you think will recover?"

The doctor answered, "Most of them ought to—barring complications. One

won't, I guess, and there's a few doubtfuls. If they were in a hospital—"

"Thank you. I understand."

Captain Prass went away, and presently the doctor lighted a cigarette while he contemplated his own problems. He was aroused by a ship's officer scurrying about the decks with the announcement that the captain wished to see the passengers in the smoke room immediately. So there the doctor went.

Captain Prass mounted the small platform and spoke in a staccato bark. "We have decided to put in at a place near here and send the badly wounded ashore. Anyone else who wishes to leave the ship may take that opportunity to do so. You all have half an hour to think it over."

The doctor went to his men and told them what the captain had said. For once, McGuffey was there with the others, a little scared after his experience on the top deck. Wilson was there also. The doctor stated the facts, then went on. "I don't feel it's a matter I ought to decide for you, but I'll tell you this: whatever you decide, I'll stick with you. If you say you'd rather go ashore and take that sort of chance, I'll tag along. Or if you want to take a chance of being bombed or torpedoed, that's okay with me too. So that's how it is, boys; it's all up to you, and make up your minds quick."

He walked away, noting that the Janssens was making a wide turn toward a little inlet in the shore. He did not like the look of that inlet. It was shallow and unprotected. The Janssens would have to tie up at a ramshackle pier, and he could not imagine an easier target.

He went back to the men. "Well, boys, what's it to be?"

One of the men turned to Wilson and said, "What do you think, sir?"

Wilson answered, "I think the doctor ought to decide. He's the one who'll have the trouble of looking after us, whatever we do."

The doctor nodded. "I know that, but I don't want to influence you."

"But if you *had* to decide for yourself?"

The doctor hesitated, then answered, "Okay, then; I look at it this way. When fishing's good, you'd better stay where you are. Yes, sir, that's how I feel, and I'd put my trust in God and Captain Prass and stay on this ship till the cows come home." (It was the first time he had ever mentioned God to the men from the Marblehead.)

The men smiled. They felt the same; they were glad he felt that way too.

All at once the doctor saw that Sun was smiling. He cried out, "Why, look at Sun! I said I'd make that feller smile before I was finished, but what's he doing it now for? He can't understand a word of all this." So he spoke rapidly in Chinese, and Sun answered him, still smiling. Then the doctor told the men. "Well, he says okay, so I guess that goes for all of us."

The Janssens put in at the inlet. By that time it was two o'clock—three hours after the raid. The sun was high and the sky cloudless. The water was too shallow at the pier, so the Janssens anchored offshore, while the single lifeboat that was at all seaworthy transhipped all who wanted to leave in relay trips.

The Janssens stayed four hours in the little harbor. Those on board watched the crawl of the sun across the sky, and the crawl of the moments on their watch faces; watched also the long low line of hills whence planes might come at any one of those moments. But to the doctor, as he washed his soiled clothes and dried them in the sun, there seemed a new note in his own tension, and that was

a deep unspoken companionship with the men who now waited with him. He felt closer to them than ever before and sensed that they felt closer to him.

During that long wait, Wilson asked, "Well, doc, are you still sure we're doing the right thing?"

"I'll tell you that when we get to Australia."

"I notice you say *when* and not *if*."

The doctor smiled. "I hadn't noticed. Still, I'm glad I said it. Maybe it's a good omen." He added, "And there's another thing. One of these days our boys'll get back to Java, and I'd sure like to be with 'em. Yes, sir, I would . . . and please God, I will."

But there seemed no good omen in the moon that rose as the Janssens put out of the little harbor. It was a full moon in a perfect sky. It shone strong and yellow over land and water, marking the hills and the village and the decks of the ship as she rode out to sea.

Everyone said, "They'll find us; they can't help it. We haven't a chance."

But everyone added, "All the same, though, I wouldn't be back on land where those others are."

For the people on the Janssens were now a different crowd. They were the gamblers who double their stakes when the timid ones are out of the game.

The Janssens was different also. To begin with, there was room on her, and the men from the Marblehead could have moved into cabins if they wished. But one of the advantages of sleeping on deck was that their lifeboat was only a few paces away.

The doctor, however, accepted the offer of a cabin within easy reach of his men; he would share it with two others, one of them a Dutch padre.

Toward ten o'clock a Dutch officer went around among the passengers with word that Captain Prass would again like to meet them in the smoke room. When the doctor got there he found the captain scowling down from the platform. He told them that the Janssens was now heading due south, out to sea, and would reach Australia within ten days, barring unforeseen events. At that, he glared as if defying them to occur. And he added, with a special glare for the doctor, "I am glad that the wounded American sailors are with us. They show courage. But courage is not enough. We must work. For that reason you must consider yourselves under my orders—passengers and crew alike—no ranks; no exceptions. I shall set watches and duties for all. You understand?" He concentrated himself into a final glare; then shouted as he marched out, "Some of you begin by clearing up this room. Never in all my life at sea have I permitted such a state of affairs on board a ship!" He pointed to the litter of blood and cigarette butts and broken beer bottles that lay on the floor under the portrait of Queen Wilhelmina.

When he had gone everyone felt much better. His talk had been a tonic, electric, dynamic. The doctor turned to his neighbor, a tall broad-shouldered Dutchman whom he had not met before, and said, "Well, what about it, brother? Shall we set the example?"

The man agreed, so during the next hour they fell to with mops and pails and brooms. When they had finished, the doctor invited the Dutchman to his cabin for a nightcap. "You see," he said gleefully, "I've got a bottle of Scotch in my bag."

"Oh, no," protested the other. "You must come to *my* cabin. I have some Bols gin—very good. And my name is Van Ryndt."

On the way to the Dutchman's cabin

"I was a 'single' wife"

HOW A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN
OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT
OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



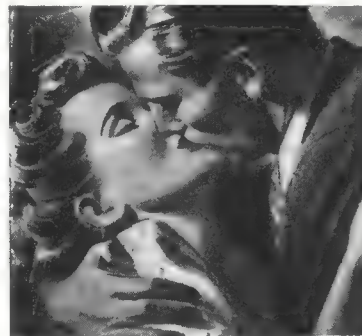
1. Ours was the Perfect Marriage . . . at first. But slowly, gradually, a strangeness grew up between us. I couldn't believe Jim's love had cooled so fast!



2. One day, Miss R., a nurse from my home town, found me crying and wormed the whole thing out of me. "Don't be offended, darling," she began, shyly, "I've seen this happen before. Many wives have lost their husbands' love through their neglect of feminine hygiene (intimate personal cleanliness)."



3. Then she told what she'd heard a doctor advise. Lysol disinfectant. "You see," she went on, "Lysol won't harm sensitive vaginal tissues—just follow the easy directions. Lysol cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. No wonder this famous germicide is the mainstay of thousands of women for feminine hygiene."



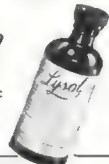
4. Ever since, I've used Lysol. It's so economical, so easy to use, gives me such a wonderful feeling of personal daintiness. And—here's the most wonderful thing—Jim and I are once again happy as doves.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol
Disinfectant

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...the silverplate with the two
 blocks of sterling silver inlaid
 at backs of bowls and handles
 of most used spoons and forks.

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STERLING INLAID
SILVERPLATE

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they passed the men from the Marble-
 head. The doctor peered at their faces
 in the moonlight and repeated their
 names softly.

"You like these men a great deal?"
 queried the Dutchman.

"Sure, I like them. They're *my* men—
 my job, if you look at it that way."

The other mused, "You spoke their
 names as if—well, it reminded me some-
 how of saying the beads on a rosary."

"I spoke their names because I wanted
 to check up if they were all there—and
 by golly, one of them isn't," said the
 doctor. "McGuffey, of course. Excuse me,
 but we've got to find him."

They found him sitting with the Amer-
 ican girl on a heap of coiled rope.

"Okay," muttered the doctor. "I guess
 we can leave him there."

"You think he is all right?"

"I'm dead sure he's all right." The
 doctor smiled and took the Dutchman's
 arm as they continued on their way to
 the latter's cabin. Not till they were
 entering the doorway did he make a be-
 lated discovery. "Why, this is *my* cabin!"
 he exclaimed, recognizing his suitcase.

"Then you must be the American
 doctor."

"Sure, that's what I am."

There was another man already in one
 of the bunks, snoring. For some reason
 the doctor thought this must be the
 Dutch padre, until his companion said,
 "You will pardon him—he is one of the
 ship's officers who is very tired. He was
 watching for the submarines all day."

"Then *you* must be the padre," said the
 doctor.

"That's right. Are you surprised?"

"Well, I guess it was the way you
 knuckled to at that clean-up job. Sort
 of didn't put the right idea in my mind."

"Oh, but I have often done that in my
 own church. It is—it was, I mean—a very
 poor church financially, and I do not
 think there is any shame in physical
 work."

"You bet there isn't," said the doctor,
 remembering incidents in his own life
 during his first medical practice—the
 way he had chopped wood and cooked
 his own meals. This led to a pleasant ex-
 change of reminiscences over the drinks,
 and it was past midnight before the doc-
 tor felt drowsy. Then he thought of
 something else. "Padre, how'd you feel
 about a bit of a prayer tonight before we
 turn in?"

"Certainly, doctor."

So they both knelt beside the bunk and
 prayed, the padre in Dutch. The doctor
 said the Lord's Prayer first of all, and
 then: "O God, we thank thee for keeping
 us safe so far. O God, keep on keeping us
 safe. Give all the boys a quick recovery,
 and look after Renny, and let's win the
 war good and proper this time, so all the
 boys can go home. In Christ's name,
 Amen."

He did not think it much of a prayer,
 but he had never been much good at ex-
 tempore praying. But as they rose, he felt
 much better.

All night the Janssens pushed through
 the light, but toward dawn the moon
 dipped into the sea, and there was a
 single hour of darkness. Then the sky
 unfurled for another day of blue skies
 and perfect weather.

But there was now no land in sight,
 and ten days later the Janssens nosed
 into the harbor of Freemantle.

The doctor took the seven men from
 the Marblehead ashore to an Australian
 hospital and got them settled. After he
 had filled out countless forms, his only
 remaining problem was that of those lost
 receipts for the goods he had bought
 with the Dutch guilders given him by

the Navy. He still had about five hun-
 dred guilders left, and during the days
 that followed he made several attempts
 to get rid of them. The top Navy offi-
 cial at Freemantle Harbor pushed them
 aside. "I can't do anything with these,
 doctor. You'll have to hand them in
 somewhere else."

"But it's Navy money—it doesn't be-
 long to me."

"Well, it doesn't belong to me, either.
 Why don't you try the Paymaster's
 Office?"

So the doctor went to the Paymaster's
 Office and was there advised to await
 word from Washington. "Can't do any-
 thing here about it. We wouldn't know
 how to put it in the books."

So the doctor trundled his money to
 a third office, where the refusal to accept
 it was even brusquer. Finally, after wor-
 rying about the matter for several days,
 he had an idea: he would put the bills
 in an envelope and mail them to the
 Navy Department, Washington, D. C. He
 reached this decision while, having a
 bath, and was just enjoying the sensa-
 tion of a load lifted from his mind, when
 a message came that the Admiral wanted
 to see him at once.

The first thing he did on being ushered
 into the Admiral's presence was to plank
 down those five hundred guilders on the
 desk with a burst of explanation. The
 Admiral looked puzzled as he listened;
 then he said, "I don't know anything
 about this, doctor. It's not my depart-
 ment, anyhow. What I asked you to come
 for is something else altogether. The
 point is, I have to give you a message,
 and as I'm not much of a talker, I'll go
 right at it. You've been awarded the
 Navy Cross. Congratulations."

The doctor could only stammer, "Wh-
 what?"

"I said you've been awarded the Navy
 Cross. For gallantry in getting your men
 out of Java. A mighty fine thing to do.
 You saved their lives—no doubt about it.
 They say so themselves. They give you
 all the credit. They say—"

"Oh, no—no—no," said the doctor. And
 suddenly tears streamed from his eyes.
 He couldn't help it. It wasn't only being
 praised by an Admiral, but to think that
 the men from the Marblehead thought
 that much of him! The Marblehead . . .
 those boys . . .

A few days later the Admiral gave a
 dinner, and the doctor found himself
 telling about Three Martini, and the
 British officer who had seemed at first
 so aloof but had really been a grand fel-
 low, and Dr. Voorhuys, and the Dutch
 wireless operator at Tjilatjap. "All those
 fellows helped us; we couldn't have done
 anything without them. And Captain
 Prass, of course. That man was a man
 if ever there was one. And then there
 were the boys themselves. It wouldn't
 have been any use trying to get 'em out
 if they hadn't had the guts to be got
 out." He turned to the Admiral. "And
 finally, sir, there was something I haven't
 talked to a soul about till now, but I
 think I ought to mention it. And that's
 prayer. There was a Dutch padre on
 board the Janssens, and every night after
 that first air attack he and I prayed that
 those Nips wouldn't find us again. Yes,
 sir, we prayed hard, and I don't really
 figure anything else could have got us
 through."

The Admiral was at first slightly em-
 barrassed, but when he looked across
 the table and saw the face of a man tell-
 ing very simply what he believed, he felt
 he must be equally sincere himself.

So he replied quietly, "You might be
 right, Dr. Wassell."

THE END

Understudy

(Continued from page 62)

there looking up at chairs and the bed and the clothes heaped on them. He remembered then that he had been packing, and for a moment he thought he must have fallen. Then, in a clarifying flash, he remembered Durand.

At the same time he became conscious of pain—pain in his bandaged arm, doubled under him; pain in his side, smarting, excruciating. He remembered the shot.

So that's it! he thought. Cautiously he rolled over to get his arm free, then hoisted himself up slowly to a sitting position and looked down at his side. His coat hung open; he could see the dark stain on his shirt. He felt it gingerly; it was sticky and warm, but the bleeding had stopped. His shirt stuck to a trail of blood, and when he tried to pull it away he grimaced, then set his teeth and jerked.

The shot had not gone deep, he thought, but that green dye in his shirt wasn't doing it any good. He'd have to get to a doctor. When he tried to get up his head swam so dizzily that he sank back, afraid of falling. He felt in his coat pocket for his cigarette case, and when he brought it out he saw that the bullet had struck it and glanced off.

The gold case had been one of Jinny's gifts to him for Christmas. "And what a gift you were!" he apostrophized it. He got out a cigarette and rummaged for matches and smoked.

The pain was bad. But the dizziness was what kept him lying there. He felt weak, too. He must have lost a lot of blood, he thought, and he didn't want to start the bleeding again. It would be sensible to wait quietly. That young fool must have gone for help.

He looked about the room; he said, "Rose Cottage," with a grim intonation and lay back.

Finally he became convinced that no help was coming. That boy had bolted.

Peter felt no hate for Durand; only disgust for his own stupidity in losing his temper and drawing out that gun. He had meant merely to threaten with it, to dominate the situation, but he should have known the boy's nerves were hair-trigger. His eyes had looked insane. Perhaps the boy thought he was dead, and he'd gone to give himself up. No, in that case they'd have come to the scene.

Carefully he got to his feet and went to the bathroom, where he did the best job he could of washing off the shreds of shirt. The bullet, turned by the cigarette case, seemed to have done only superficial damage, but the bleeding had been profuse.

Somehow he got through the night. He even slept a little, with the aid of aspirin. When it was light he told himself that help would soon come; someone would realize his arm was hurt and that his nonappearance augured incapacity. Betty would worry about him.

On the other hand, she might think he was purposely staying away from her, since Virginia had gone.

It was one hell of a note! He groaned; the waiting grew intolerable, and he told himself he ought to try to get away before he became too weak; he could have managed it all right, he thought, if he hadn't been so dizzy.

His ears were ringing, and he didn't hear the car when it came. Dr. Glover walked in, and Peter looked up from the bed with a faint grin. He said, "I was going to wait one more hour, then try to make it."

The doctor said, "Miss Shearer was

Wise Rhymes for These Times

1. Benjamin Rabbit
Has mastered the habit
Of doing the hard-to-do.
While others are worrying
Benny is hurrying—
Putting his war jobs through.



2. The light of his life
Is his beautiful wife
In the Motor Auxiliary Corps.
She leads the parades
With her dozens of aides,
And she does all she can for the war.



3. So they're wonderful mates
With a merger of traits
That are happily matched
for today.
And here is a clue
To a whiskey for you—
It is CALVERT that's blended
that way!



4. For CALVERT has lightness
And richness and rightness
In a blending as mellow as chimes.
It's whiskey perfection—
Your wisest selection—
The Happiest Blend for the times!



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afraid you might be in trouble with that arm of yours and insisted I come out."

"Trouble is right," said Peter. "I shot myself."

"You—?"

"I didn't go for to do it." Peter was wanly humorous. "I had my revolver in my hand looking for some place to pack it. I started across the room and tripped on some damn thing and it went off. Hell of a note, isn't it?"

Glover's voice was briskly professional. "Please lie back, Mr. Thorpe. I'll make an examination as soon as I wash my hands."

Peter watched the doctor's face anxiously as he straightened from that examination. "It isn't very bad, is it, doctor?" he asked.

"You had luck," the doctor said. "The bullet was deflected."

"There's the lucky piece. Look in the pocket of that coat!"—Peter nodded toward the coat he had taken off—"and you'll see what did the trick."

The doctor turned the cigarette case over and over. He repeated, "You had luck, Mr. Thorpe."

"Yes and no. It wasn't luck to have the gun go off like that. I don't know how my finger happened to be on the trigger, but I expect I hit the gun against something as I stumbled, so it turned. I wouldn't know."

Confusion was better than too-clear detail, he thought shrewdly. There was no clear detail in an accident.

The doctor asked more questions, and he answered them. He said nothing about Durand. He wondered what had become of Durand, but he wasn't going to ask. The doctor said, "I can send the ambulance," but Peter said, "I can sit up, or just tuck me in your back seat."

He turned the key on Rose Cottage and went out, his arm across the doc-

tor's shoulders. The end of a good-time week, he thought sardonically.

They went to the hospital to have the wound dressed and the arm rebandaged. "I'd like this kept under cover," said Peter. "I don't want the sensation mongers to get hold of it. If they don't, I'll do something for your hospital," he added bluntly.

Glover nodded. "I'll do what I can."

Peter refused to take a room in the hospital. "You can take just as good care of me in the hotel," he insisted, and Glover had to agree—you didn't argue with a rich patient like Thorpe—but he shook his head over Peter's pulse and temperature, and tried to hurry him to the hotel. But Peter made them wheel him into Betty's room for a few moments.

"Don't worry, kid. I could be walking around except for this infernal dizziness," he told her. "I'll be about in no time." He grinned at her, and Betty, white-faced, tried to grin back. Then he said weakly. "All right—get me along."

He walked into the hotel leaning on the doctor. When he was in bed, Glover asked in an offhand way, "What is Mrs. Thorpe's address? I don't expect this to take a turn for the worse, but I feel she should be notified."

Peter lay still a moment. Then he asked, "Is there a telegram for me?"

There was one. Peter read it; then he said, "She's at the Blakeleigh." He read the address aloud, and thought how silly it was for Jinny to imagine she could disappear. He had only to phone the head of an agency he knew to have every hotel in New York combed for her registration.

He told the doctor, "But I'm not sure I want her notified. No sense in worrying her unduly." He thought about that a moment more. Then he said, "Yes, get her to come. If there's infection . . ."

His last thought as he drifted off to sleep was that perhaps Durand had not done him such a bad turn, after all.

Clearburg got a great deal of pleasurable excitement out of the Peter Thorpes. First, there was the motor accident and its thrill of probable scandal—though that had been dashed by the appearance of Mrs. Peter Thorpe. Then there was an immediate revival of interested speculation when Mrs. Thorpe motored off to New York after a talk with a good-looking young man—some said he had gone with her; that she had waited outside the town to pick him up.

And it was very peculiar that Mr. Thorpe did not know where his wife had gone. He called up a man in New York—Dorothy Cook always listened to long-distance calls—and told him to call every hotel in New York if he had to, to find where she was registered; he said she'd told him and he'd forgotten, but Dorothy didn't believe that.

But the real thrill was when Peter Thorpe was found at the cottage, shot. Dr. Glover said it was an accident and pooh-poohed any idea of attempted suicide, but that was just professional ethics. Henry Ailes, the interne, said it looked like a funny accident to him.

Bud Hawkins, on the News, didn't dare write a hint of suicide—the editor wouldn't let him—but he said it was an open-and-shut case. Wife trouble. Thorpe's wife had left him, hadn't she? She didn't come back even when Doc Glover phoned her when Thorpe took a turn for the worse.

Glover tried to explain it away by saying she was sick, but if ever a woman looked in the pink of health it was Mrs. Thorpe, walking up and down the hotel veranda that afternoon she went away, her eyes so bright, talking to that young

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Every item in your wardrobe is doubly precious now! And here's the way to save your washable silks, woolsens, rayons, gay cottons . . . new, improved Lux!

It's the mildest, safest ever made. Richer, more cleansing suds that last longer, too. Thrifty!

Give precious dresses, blouses, sweaters, gloves—like stockings and undies—this super-safe care. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

With the makers of today's nice washables, it's LUX 9 to 1

Buy U. S. War Bonds—\$6.00 will buy 1 anti-tank shell

man. It might be she had some kind of shock, as Glover said, misunderstanding his first words about her husband being shot—thinking him dead when he wasn't. But a shock like that doesn't last for days. She could have come.

Peter Thorpe's going was another source of surprise. One day he was so sick you could tell Dr. Glover did not know what was going to happen, and Dr. Pensby said it was high time they called a consultation; and then, like that, Thorpe was up and off.

And he didn't take his cousin, as you might think he would, since she was walking around then on crutches, and had been to see him at the hotel.

It was unspeakable relief to Don Fielding that Jinny Thorpe did not renew her plea to him. To refuse her made him seem hateful to himself, but there was no alternative in his mind.

The night he left her at the hotel he thought wryly of the chain of circumstances set in motion by his very natural desire to know the name of the African tree beneath which his tent had once been pitched. If he had walked into a steel trap that day he could not have been more irrevocably held.

She was the woman his heart wanted and his feeling for her went deeper than reason; a good many men, he realized detachedly, would have sheered off at the knowledge of her predicament; but though he hated the situation for both of them, his compassion fed his love. He wanted inexpressibly to comfort her, but he could not do what she asked of him, and he steeled himself to resist the entreaty he was sure would come.

But Jinny did not ask him again. Perhaps, he thought, it was because she was much too spent to plan. The shock she had experienced when she heard what she took to be the news of Peter's death—that Clearburg doctor saying, "Your husband is shot!"—brought her to the verge of collapse.

It was a good thing, Fielding felt, for her to have to keep quiet for a day or two; quiet would give her a chance to adjust herself. But it was not a good thing for his hopes that she had reacted so intensely. All too vividly it showed how much that husband of hers mattered. She might now, Fielding thought, hardening himself to the thought, cling to the child, in the subconscious wish to justify the continuance of the marriage.

Would she ever get over that fellow? He did not know. He did not attempt to talk of the future to her.

He talked about his work, about little daily things, about the war, about books and plays. Sometimes he dined with her at the hotel; sometimes he took her to some near-by place for dinner.

She said she did not want to see anyone else she knew in New York, not yet, and her dependence on him and their intimacy was very dear to him. Only once did he refer to the problem she had presented to him. It was when she was beginning to go out again, and he said, "I couldn't rest easy a moment if I thought you'd do something rash. Will you promise me not to—to take steps without warning me?"

His thought: I think you owe me a warning—this time, was almost audible.

She looked at him so long he realized that some struggle was going on within her. Then she said, "Yes, I'll promise that."

He had the feeling that she was waiting for something. When her husband had been so ill after the Clearburg doctor telephoned, she had kept in constant touch by wire; but the telephoning had stopped after that, and Fielding did not

To the Heroines of America



Martha Washington by her charming manner, devotion and understanding did much to inspire her husband to greatness.

Now, when men are again fighting for the survival of their nation, women are by their sides inspiring them to the greatness that is demanded by Total Victory. And one of the modern American woman's contributions is her calm outward beauty which so eloquently expresses the courage and faith in her heart.

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America's Luxury Cigarette

IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red).

know what the situation was. It might be that she was waiting to see what Peter Thorpe would do about that girl.

When Fielding was away from Virginia, he had the despairing feeling that she would slip away from him again, but when he was with her he forgot everything but his gladness at their being together. And every day they were together, he thought, was one more bond between them. But what were days against years? What did any feeling matter—friendship, liking, sympathy, understanding, respect—against love?

He tried to shut the questioning out of his mind. It was two weeks now, since she had come to New York, and that night they were going out to dinner. Really stepping out. Dinner in the Sert Room. He had wanted to introduce a note of festivity into their evening, though the Sert Room, he was aware, did not mean as much to her as to him—she and her husband had probably dined at all the chichi places in New York.

He wished Peter Thorpe had not been so rich. But a professor's daughter ought to know how to live on a physician's income—quite a good income, really. There he was again, he caught himself, beginning to hope and plan!

How could he keep from it?

Jinny was dressing with a good deal of care. It was pleasant to be dressing up; to be doing something different. Ella had sent on the dinner suit for which she'd wired, enclosing a note in defiance of all postal regulations—would those girls never learn?—saying, "We are that glad you are asking for this, so Mr. Thorpe is better and going out again. Cook sends her best as do I."

Ella, thought Jinny, would be surprised if she knew that Mrs. Thorpe was going out to dinner, while Mr. Thorpe lay on a bed of pain. She was rather surprised, herself. But Betty Shearer was undoubtedly sitting by that bed of pain. And the last report a week ago was that Mr. Thorpe was doing extremely well.

The dinner suit had a long skirt and a black jacket. She knew that she looked her best in spite of all she had been through. Her skin had a soft iridescence; her eyes were clear and luminous and the darkness beneath them had lessened so it was only shadowy.

It was good to be feeling well again. And it was odd, she thought, that no one, not even Fielding, had realized all that had been the matter. You would have thought a doctor . . . But he did not suspect her of so much secrecy. She had almost told him, that day he had worried so about her "taking steps," but a queer instinct in her had put its fingers on her lips.

If Don knew that she was free of any bond with Peter, then he would begin to put pressure on her. And she wanted to be free of pressure. She wanted just what Don had given her—a pleasant, undemanding companionship. She had been grateful for it.

But Don wanted more than gratefulness. She didn't know what she was going to do about Don. Could she go on with him and forget Peter? Go on in a dim, quiet twilight of the emotions, forgetting anguish and desire?

Those were things you couldn't answer. You had to wait and see. Peter might want her to forget him. He might be planning a future with Betty. She ought to write him that there was no hope of a child now for him to consider. Why didn't she? Somehow, it seemed significant that she had not.

At any rate, there was no dreadful sense of obligation grappling them to-

gether. She could decide her life—if she had again a chance to decide it—as a free human being. Free? Well, free of everything but what Peter made her feel.

She had dressed early, and the knock on her sitting-room door came before she expected Don. She gave a last quick look in the glass and opened the door.

Peter Thorpe was standing there. She looked at him so astoundedly that his eyes crinkled with mischievous pleasure.

She gasped, "Peter! I thought you were in bed!"

"Well, I have been," he said. "You didn't think I was going to stay there forever, did you?"

"Well, no. Won't you come in?" she said mechanically.

"You seem to be stepping out," he said. "Yes. Not yet. Won't you sit down?"

She hated her own confusion and the note his smiling eyes made of it. "Are you really all right again?" she said. "I mean, isn't this too soon to be out?"

He put down his hat and gloves and settled himself in one of the overstuffed chairs; she took the other, facing him.

"I'm right as rain," he said. "Oh, I'm still swaddled up here"—he put a hand against his left side, where his coat looked padded out—"and there's still some support about this arm, but that really isn't necessary. What got me down was that infection. They got that in time. Doc Glover is good."

"I'm glad. I thought he ought to have a consultation, but he said—"

"He was right. He could handle it."

"I'm glad," she repeated.

"I wouldn't have let him phone for you," said Peter, "if I had been in my right mind. I didn't want you dragged back through sympathy. As you weren't," he added ironically.

"I couldn't come, Peter. I was all in. I went to pieces. When he started out about your being shot—well, I thought—"

"It does you credit," said Peter. "And I understood, too. In your condition—"

"I couldn't come," she repeated. "And when I could, you were getting better."

"So you just sat tight and waited."

Unsteadily she smiled. Then she asked, "How did you know where I was?"

"My dear, there are resources. I phoned a chap who heads an agency that does business for us and told him I'd forgotten the name of the hotel my wife had mentioned—and he was to comb New York for you. His wire was there when they brought me back to the hotel."

"I—see. I wondered, when I got around to thinking about it." Then she asked, "How did it happen? And how badly were you hurt—really?"

"Not badly. The bullet was deflected and skimmed along my side. But it would have been just too bad—for me—if it hadn't been for this." He showed her the cigarette case with the deep dent in it. "You gave that to me," he said solemnly. "Remember?"

She had the feeling that he was making capital out of the sentiment, and if he wanted to make capital out of it, then he wanted her to feel for him again . . .

She turned the case over in her hands. Then she gave it back to him. "It was a narrow margin," she said quietly. "But how did the revolver happen to go off?"

He hesitated. "That's quite a story. The actual story. Your young friend came to see me, the one who'd been talking to you. Oh, he didn't shoot me," he said, at the look of horror in her eyes, "but he was acting like a lunatic, trying to hit me, and I pulled the gun to keep him off. He tried to get it, and it went off. He didn't intend to do it, so I left him out of the account. He ran like a rabbit. I thought he'd gone for help when I came to, and it was a shock to realize

that he'd just cleared out. I dare say he thought I was done for. Lucky he didn't do something drastic to himself before he found out. He was in the mood for it." He added, "Or maybe he hoped it would be taken for suicide. It was my own gun. And you'd just deserted me."

He spoke half jocosely, but his eyes were watchful of her changing face.

She was seeing Peter on the floor of the cottage; seeing the boy running off. She thought of the boy's burning eyes and twitching face. She should have known that he was dangerous.

She said, "Have you heard from him?"

"Not a thing. He's probably thanking his lucky stars . . . He talked with you first, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. But I had no idea—I knew he was worked up, and I tried to get him to go back to New York with me, but I never dreamed—" She added contritely, "I should have warned you!"

"Nothing to warn me about, really. I saw him after you did, at the hospital, and that should have been all the warning I needed. It was my own foolishness in pulling that gun that did the mischief. All he meant to do was to shoot off his mouth. But my own nerves weren't any too good. Why did you go away like that, Jinny?"

The sudden question, almost affectionately reproachful, startled her.

She said wearily, "Because he told me why you had come back to me. He told me what Betty had told him."

"What he said Betty had told him," said Peter quickly. He added, "Or—maybe she did."

"It was what you had told her, Peter."

He looked as if he were about to contest that; then he flung out, "God, I don't know what I told her! What can you say to a girl when you're letting her down? Maybe I did soften it up a little—I don't know. I was in the hell of a spot—throwing her out on her ear, after all I'd promised. Don't be too hard on me for what I might have said."

"You didn't exactly throw her out on her ear," Jinny reminded him. "You threw her to New York and went on seeing her."

He said, "Just how do you deduce that? From this one time?"

"That young man told me. He used to watch you."

For a moment she thought Peter would deny it flatly. Then he exploded, "The little rat!" and something in Virginia sympathized with him.

"It's all pretty sordid," she agreed. "It was pretty sordid, your lying to me, Peter. In Clearburg," she added quickly, for something in his expression indicated that he was groping among several past duplicities. "When you said this last meeting came out of a clear sky."

"Well, I didn't want to hurt you, Jinny. I didn't want you to know what a damned fool I'd been. That's the long and short of it. It seemed to me the least I could do was to save you all I could."

There was a silence. Then she asked, "Just what is the truth now, Peter?"

"The truth?"

"Yes. What is it you want? Why did you come to see me?"

"Why did I come? My dear, you're my wife. You're very precious to me. Precious beyond words," he said feelingly. "And I want you to put all this behind us and come home with me."

"But why do you want that?"

"Good Lord, Jinny, is this a catechism!" There was irritation in his humor which he quickly suppressed as he went on, smiling at her. "The answer is, because we're married; because of all we mean to each other. Because of all—that's ahead of us."

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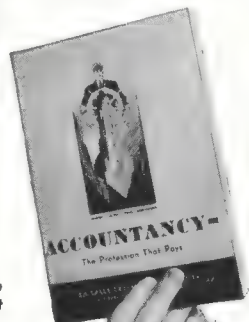
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"If you are thinking of the child—
there isn't any. That went—when I had
that shock."

He stared speechless for a moment;
then he burst out angrily, "The damn
fool; to scare you like that!"

"It doesn't matter." Her voice was dry,
impersonal. "I meant to end it, anyway.
I wanted no more bonds."

His eyes examined her with an amaze-
ment so profound that all other emotion
had dropped from them. Then he got to
his feet and moved about the room,
pausing at the window, his back to her.
When he turned his expression was one
of simple directness.

"I don't deny that's a blow to me, and
I'm appalled at your saying what you
did. I refuse to believe that. In any case,
you had no hand in it—and that water's
all over the dam."

She thought of herself crouching in
pain. "Yes, it's all over the dam."

He said, sudden suspicion hardening
his tone, "You *didn't* do anything, did
you?"

"No, I didn't. But I would have," she
insisted stubbornly. "I didn't want you
to have to say to me, 'Come back for the
sake of the child.'"

"Good Lord!" Then he gave a laugh,
harsh and yet relieved. "What a thought
to have in your head!" He gave her an
astonished look. "No compulsion, eh?
Well, then, there isn't any compulsion.
This is just between you and me." His
eyes smiled warmly at her. "It's *you* I
want, my sweet."

Jinny thought: This is what I wanted
him to say. This is what I have to be-
lieve—or pretend to believe—if I am to
go on with our marriage. I mustn't
wonder if he means it; I must be con-
tent that he wants the marriage. And
perhaps he does want me more than he
did. My stock has gone up. I was able
to carry a child quite a while before
losing it.

She thought these bitter things, but
quite without passion. She was surprised
at this lack of feeling.

"Well, honey?" He was standing in
front of her now, his eyes smiling down
into hers. "How soon can you pack up?"
She had thought that his voice would
move her unbearably. She had been des-
perately resolved to destroy every tie be-
tween them so she would not be drawn
back. And yet in the secret places of her
heart there had lurked the hope that
she would be compelled against her will.

But now she was curiously unstirred.
She said, "I don't think I want to pack
up. I think I'm—all through."

"Now, Jinny!"

"It isn't anger, Peter, or hurt feelings,
or being vindictive. I'm not trying to put
you over a barrel." Her voice skirted the
edge of humor with that remembered
phrase. "Or wanting to be wooed," she
said more stiffly, drawing back as he
bent toward her. "It's just"—she groped
for the right words—"it's just that you
don't seem to matter to me any more.
It's all burnt out."

He looked uncertainly at her. She
could sense the conjectures in his mind,
and she smiled faintly at them. "It isn't
an act. I'm just as surprised as you are."

"Listen, sweet, this is a mood."

She shook her head. "You could say
'Sweet' all day and it wouldn't do a
thing to me. Except to make me wish you
wouldn't do it so perfectly."

"You're bitter, Jinny. I don't blame
you. But in time—"

"We're washed up, Peter. And you
ought to want it that way. You ought
to want to marry Betty."

"So that's it! Because you think—"
"I think what you and Betty have is
real."

That clear, unqualified pronouncement brought silence for a moment; then he admitted slowly, "That was only one part of me. The other part—the part that counts—that's yours."

Yes, part of him was hers, she thought, a little shaken now. That was true. Something always remained. There was so much that only they two knew. Funny little things, some of them. How they'd bought the squabs for that first dinner they gave. How Peter had laid the linoleum on their first kitchen floor. How the diamond in her engagement ring wasn't the real engagement diamond but a larger stone Peter had bought her several years after their marriage.

"Well, Jinny?"

The buzzer on her door sounded. She got up, saying, "Excuse me. There's someone." Her voice was breathless with the embarrassment she foresaw.

Don Fielding was standing outside, his topcoat open, his white shirt front gleaming, a square box from the florist in his hands. He started to say something in a gay voice; then he caught sight of Peter.

It must seem to him, she thought, that he was reliving that other scene, back in Florida. His face grew grave; his glance came back to her inquiringly.

She looked up at him in mute entreaty, asking him to believe that she would not have had this happen, and suddenly his eyes smiled at her as if absolving her. No look had ever seemed to her so kind. That he could smile at such a moment!

"Come in." Her voice was still breathless. She turned toward Peter. "You remember Dr. Fielding?"

"Oh—yes," said Peter, very slowly.

Don Fielding said, "How do you do?" with stiffness.

It was not an inquiry, but Peter told him, "I'm very fit, thank you," his eyes

intent. Then he said, as Fielding started to put his hat and the florist box on the table, "I wonder—would you mind waiting downstairs? My wife and I are just making some plans."

"No, Don!" Jinny spoke quickly. "Don't go, Don. We are not making any plans." She looked toward Peter. "What I told you is true. It isn't just a mood. I'm not going back to you."

"Oh, yes, you are! You're my wife and you're going to stay my wife. That's the way I want it and that's the way I'm going to have it." He was speaking roughly now, in irritation at Don Fielding's presence. "And that's the way you want it, too. You just said as much."

"I thought I did. Before you came. I thought I wanted you to want me . . . Oh, God, I don't know what I thought!" said Jinny desperately. "Love dies hard, and it was love. My young love. But it's gone. I'm not trying to hurt you, Peter. It's just so."

"You don't know what you're saying." "I do! I know I'm free of you at last. I look at you and listen to you and wonder why I cared so much."

Peter stared hard at her and she gave him back his look, clear-eyed and direct. He swung about to Fielding and his face was ugly. "This is your work." "I hope it is," said Fielding.

"And what else have you done?" Fielding stared at that, and Peter growled, "I'll have you disqualified."

"You fool!" Jinny blazed at Peter. "You fool! He doesn't even know!"

"What don't I know?" demanded Fielding.

"That I love you," said Jinny quickly. Her eyes flashed to him, went back to Peter. She said defiantly, "I know that, too, now. It just needed to have you threaten him to make me know."

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Peter.

Fielding said tautly, "And if you want to threaten me—for alienation of affection—I shall be very proud."

Peter gave him a queer look. "Don't worry about that," he said. He picked up his hat and gloves and said with heavy irony, "And don't let me interfere with your plans for the evening. Or for anything else." He moved toward the door.

He was angry now, Jinny thought swiftly, because he was resenting Fielding, but when he had seen Betty again, when he had begun to plan their life together—

Every parting was a death of something. Years of her life were going out the door with her husband . . . But thank God they were going! That there were other years.

The past had been dead in her a long time and she had not known it. She had not known how dear, how unbelievably dear Don had grown to her until that ugly menace had been flung at him.

She said chokingly, "If he had dared!" and Don Fielding, gripping her shoulders, said, "What do you mean by that?"

"It doesn't matter . . . I'll tell you . . . But to have him threaten—"

"Jinny, look at me. Do you mean this?" His voice was stern as if it said, "Don't deceive me. Don't disappoint me again."

She looked up at him with the tears running down her face. For a long time she had felt empty of emotion and now there was too much emotion surging in her; the spring had been unsealed and she was powerless against the rush of it. "Oh, I do love you," she whispered. "And I'm so glad, so glad—"

"Oh, my girl, you've come home to me!" he said, and he held her to him and kissed her, over and over, with lips hungry from their long denial.

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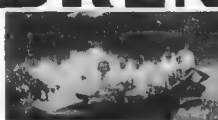


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MINEOLA, L. I., NEW YORK

Life in a

Putty Knife Factory

(Continued from page 41)

I'll prove it as soon as I explain the disease. Vicarious Vertigo is a malady endemic in the United States of America and is characterized by pleasurable dizzy spells, swollen tongue and, in some cases, nerve twitch. Something also happens to the head. Both children and grownups suffer from Vicarious Vertigo which is contagious, and the pill hasn't yet been peddled that will cure it.

Perhaps the most common manifestation of the disease is to be observed outside stage doors. Here the Vicarious Vertigo germ is joined by bacillus autograph, causing the victim to see spots before the eyes as big as basketballs.

I have already confessed that the V. V. germ has had possession of my own carcass for years and I fear I have passed the disease along to my children. My daughter, who is in her teens, came dashing into the house a while back, crying, "I think I saw Billy Gilbert!"

"Billy Who?" I asked.
"Billy Gilbert," she answered breathlessly. "You know, Billy Gilbert, the big fat movie star, the one that sneezes, got a little mustache."

"Where'd you see him?"

"Well," she said, "I was crossing the street, Northern Boulevard, and the light was red and this car was stopped and just as I got across I looked up and there were two men in this car, the driver and this other man, and it was Billy Gilbert. Honest it was! And he was looking straight at me. And he grinned at me. It was Billy Gilbert. It couldn't have been anybody else. And he acted like he almost knew me!"

Then she flew out of the house, headed for the homes of all her girl friends, to brag about this earth-shaking thing that had happened to her. I was left to sit alone and brood over the appalling evidence. The fact stared me in the face. My daughter had inherited V. V.

By now you know Vicarious Vertigo and how it works, and I can demonstrate how intimately I know Irving Berlin.

One evening I was a guest in the home of the Carters in Greenwich Village. Mrs. Carter is employed by a large firm of interior decorators. Some time during the evening she began talking about her Easter bonnet. She had constructed it herself and it was unique beyond being simply a woman's hat. She had fashioned it of materials left over from three recent decorating jobs.

The main part of the hat was built from a slab of straw matting. This was left over from a table mat on the huge liner America, which Mrs. Carter had helped decorate. She had taken the fragment of matting and formed it into a shallow crown, and around the edges she had tacked on some yellow silk stuff that was left over from the bandstand of a leading New York night club.

Hanging down the side of the home-made hat was a small black tassel. This came from—here's the pay-off—this came from the home of Irving Berlin. Mrs. Carter had helped redecorate the Berlin home and had preserved a tassel left over from the drapes.

She got the hat out and let me look at it, even let me hold it. I held it in my lap for, well, maybe ten minutes all told. And I fondled the tassel that was left over from the drapes that were hung in Irving Berlin's house when Irving Berlin's house was redecorated.

Do I know Irving Berlin? Know him



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That handsome contraption tucked away in your desk drawer—which you habitually dip in an inkwell when you want to write—is a fountain pen!

"Then," says you, "why on earth doesn't it act like one?"

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Dr. Scholl's LUPAD

well. Known him for years. Practically pals, me and Irving.

Lunch with Emily Post

Gentility is probably a nice thing, serving the excellent purpose of covering up the operations of a scoundrel, but unless a man is born to it his prospects of acquiring it are very remote. The entire field of high-grade etiquette confuses me because it is so complex.

Some time ago a famous thing happened to me. I had lunch with Emily Post. It was an intimate little affair, this luncheon, with only a thousand people attending. It was held in the grand ballroom of a New York hotel and I was told in advance that I would be seated at Mrs. Post's table.

This luncheon was given for magazine people and at one end of the ballroom were three long tables, set in tiers and occupied exclusively by writers. In order to forestall fist fights, hair-pulling and public biting (writers being what they are) the guests were seated in alphabetical order.

Mrs. Post fell into place about midway of the table where I sat. She was between a Mrs. Moore and Channing Pollock. That doesn't make sense alphabetically, but that's the way it was.

Before all these people began feeding their faces, I made an earnest effort to chisel into one of the seats on Mrs. Post's flank, but sitting next to Emily Post was something both Mrs. Moore and Mr. Pollock wanted to brag about, and they wouldn't yield.

Well, I did everything but crawl up on the table trying to watch Mrs. Post in the act of taking on fodder. Finally the party broke up and I hurried to the people

who had been nearest Mrs. Post. Mrs. Moore said that she talked with the etiquette lady all during lunch.

"Did she spill anything?" I asked. "Did she fumble her forks? Did she sneeze in her asparagus?"

Mrs. Moore said she hadn't noticed anything in the way of miscues. Channing Pollock had disappeared, so I approached Libbie Block and Katharine Brush, who had been sitting in front of Mrs. Post, though facing away from her. Had they noticed anything?

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Block, "I tried to watch her for one reason. I wanted to see if she eats English style or American style. Over here, we cut a piece of meat, then put down the knife and change the fork into the right hand. In England they cut the meat as we do, but keep the fork in the left hand and carry the food to the mouth with the left. I never did catch her at the right moment. It wouldn't be polite to stare at Emily Post. So I only cast glances."

Thus my report on that luncheon is woefully incomplete. For all I know Emily Post may have burped and then fallen face forward into her string beans. If she did, I missed it. *S* is too far from *P*.

My Three Ambitions

I intend to go out to Hollywood someday, to achieve three small ambitions.

First, I want to visit Harry Carey's thumb. Harry Carey's thumb was my favorite movie actor when I was a kid. I went to all his Westerns and I was always fascinated by his thumb. He employed it dramatically whenever he was communing with himself. He'd place his thumb, cocked back from his fist, against his chin and just think, think, think, and

what he was thinking was not healthy for the rustlers.

Secondly, I want to go out to Lola Lane's ranch. I interviewed Miss Lane once and she told me about her ranch, which had belonged to Edgar Rice Burroughs. A big tree stands in front of the main house and it is this tree that interests me. Miss Lane told me that one summer night Edgar Rice Burroughs couldn't get to sleep in the house because of the heat, so he dragged a mattress into the yard, placed it beneath the tree and lay down on it. He was lying there, still unable to get to sleep, staring up into the branches of the tree, when he saw something. It was Tarzan.

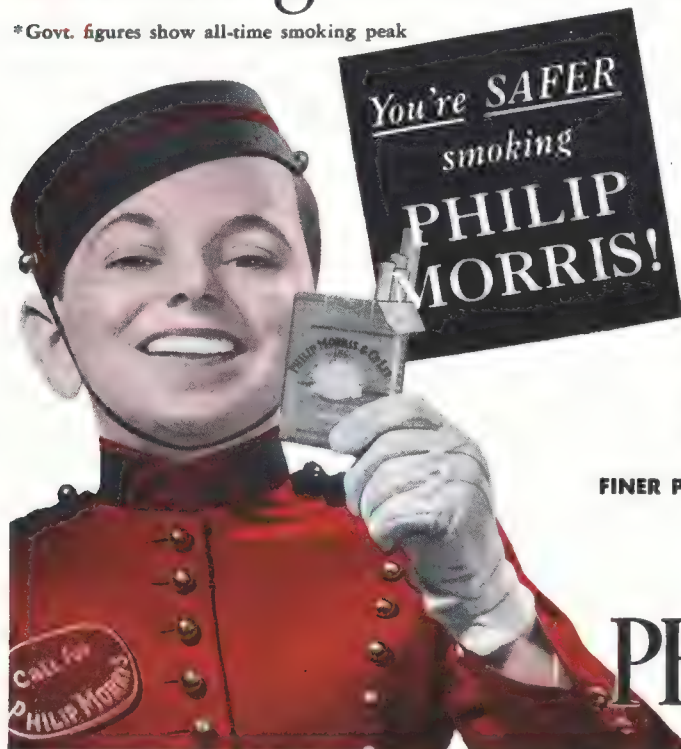
When I heard about this I told Miss Lane I'd dearly love to try that tree. She said that I could spend a night at her ranch; she'd fix me up with a mattress and I could stare up into the tree all night if I wanted to, and that anything I saw up there I could keep and write about. I have no idea of what I might see but I do know that if Edgar Rice Burroughs could see Tarzan, I'll be able to see something.

My third minor ambition is to sit on Lana Turner's stool. It appears that Miss Turner was a high-school girl in Hollywood and one day she was sitting on a stool at a soda fountain when a big shot happened in and "discovered" her for the movies. Subsequently, I'm told, the proprietor of the soda fountain had a metal plate attached to the stool, saying: "This is the stool on which Lana Turner was sitting when she was discovered." I want to sit on that stool. It's an urge I can't explain. I can offer no reason why I want to sit on it, but I do, and I will if I can find it.

These excerpts provide some of the high lights from "Life in a Putty Knife Factory," shortly to be published in book form by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Smoking Less_or Smoking More*?

*Govt. figures show all-time smoking peak



This is the cigarette scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat.

Eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . report that:

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America's FINEST Cigarette



It was a long way from the quiet countryside of England to the tropic island of Aloupka. How could a simple girl like Candia hope to accomplish her mission there when her rival was a suave and ambitious Russian woman with a sinister advantage?

OF THE three honeymoon couples on board the S.S. Manconia, two were very romantic: the feckless young Pagets, spending their last penny on a deck cabin; the exotic Van Dykes, he a millionaire, she an ex-film actress. The third couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Cotterell, had with them a children's nurse.

It was impossible not to ask questions, and Candia Cotterell answered them with a serene frankness which was her outstanding characteristic. Yes, her husband had been a widower. Yes, there were stepchildren. Three of them, the eldest eleven, the youngest three. No, she had never seen them. They were with their grandmother in Malaya. No, she and her husband did not propose to stay there; they were going to collect the children and take them—not back to England, but to Massachusetts. Why Massachusetts, when he was English? Was his first wife American? No, she was Russian. A *Russian*? Yes, a Russian . . . But he had a married sister living in Massachusetts, and he thought Massachusetts a good place to bring up children.

(Cotterell also thought it beautiful. He had very slight powers of description, but he had managed to present vividly to Candia's imagination a stretch of clean white dunes under a pale clear winter sky. The fine sand blowing in a cold wind. The sea beyond clean and salt. It was the only picture he had been able to show her. He had spent perhaps an hour there, and it was the only hour he had been able to re-create for her out of twenty years.)

"My dear," said the kind, inquisitive old ladies, "you must know him very well."

"Oh, yes," said Candia. "We grew up together."

They grew up together in Somerset, in a small complacent town of old houses and fine gardens, and when 1914 came, John Cotterell was twenty and Candia Graham seventeen, and they had a wild idea of running off to get married before he went to the war. But such things were not done in Somerset, so they said goodbye in public, emotionless as the rules demanded. He came back for his first leave; then he came back for his mother's funeral; and then he did not come back for over twenty years.

Candia Graham went about her work in the local hospital, refused two offers of marriage, inherited from her parents a charming house and a diminished income, and gradually settled down to the traditional life of a country gentlewoman. She was a great gardener, an immaculate housewife, and she bred Angora rabbits. More originally, she worked her way through French and Russian literature. (When the fighting in France was finished, Cotterell volunteered for Archangel.) Much of what she read shocked and surprised her, but she had a charitable mind and presently arrived at several conclusions alien to the soil of Somerset. For example, that the English was only one (though still the best) variety of human nature; and that the conventions were not immutable.

By the time Candia was thirty, her looks had flowered. She was tall and slender, with curly dark hair. Her mouth was heart-shaped, with a small, full lower lip. At thirty-five, she received her most important offer of marriage, from a wealthy tobacco magnate who had

taken the Hall. Candia liked him, but refused him. She was not consciously waiting for John Cotterell to return, but when a year or so later he walked into her drawing room, her first thought was one of deep thankfulness that she hadn't married Mr. James.

Cotterell was greatly changed. He had gone away a raw boy. Many, perhaps the majority of Englishmen, retain something of their boyishness all their lives; John Cotterell came back a tired man. Candia greeted him as she had bidden him

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS



good-by, unemotionally. He took her hand, and, still holding it, looked first into her face and then around the sunny room. "Just the same," said Candia, smiling.

"Thank God," said Cotterell.

Before he left that evening he asked her to marry him, and Candia accepted.

He told her everything, and nothing. He had come back from Russia by way of China, and it apparently took him five years. In China, he married Tamara; she was seventeen, singing in a cabaret, supporting a mother. The mother thenceforward accompanied them—to Singapore; to Malaya, where Cotterell worked for a rubber company; to Borneo and to Australia, where he fell in with a man named Rumbolt. Rumbolt, extremely wealthy, had thoughts of dabbling in rubber; hired Cotterell to advise him; lost interest in the project, but made a fortune instead out of manganese.

Cotterell was splashed by the golden shower. He too made a fortune—smaller, but still respectable. Then he got out. He wanted to settle down. Rumbolt sold him a place in Malaya. There was a large house, built on the island of Aloupka, and

thither Cotterell transported his wife, his mother-in-law and his three children. Two years later, a widower, he came back to England, taking the long way round in order to visit his sister in Massachusetts. And there had fallen in love with the white dunes and the pale sky.

"The wind," he said, "was so cold. It was all so clean and—and empty. A good place to start in."

Candia nodded. She was old enough to understand that at forty a man might just be ready to start. One got so involved; life had such a knack of sidetracking one.

"We won't stay long at Aloupka," said Cotterell. "We'll just pick up the children and go on."

Candia considered the photograph he had brought to show her. A girl eleven, a boy six, another girl three. The elder girl had hair like a colt—long fringe and streaming mane—and a colt's long legs. The boy was stockier, and the baby no more than a baby.

Candia smiled. "Do you know," she said (and held her breath), "I think we'd better take out a children's nurse."

Cotterell hesitated. But he was not thinking, as might have

With a yell of rage Elena tore off the pearl necklace and flung it in her grandmother's lap.



No Turning Back

been expected, that a children's nurse would make an odd third on a honeymoon. "Yes," he said. "At any rate for the voyage. Then if they don't like her, we can send her home."

Candia's breath came out in a little sigh. The answer confirmed what she had almost immediately guessed: that he was marrying her primarily for the sake of the children. However, she was not dismayed. He had also come back to her, across half the world, after twenty years. He was simply too tired to think of more than one thing at a time.

So when Candia went to London for her trousseau, she also hired a nurse. The trousseau was a great success, and Candia hoped Miss Parry would be too. She had the proper certificates, aristocratic references, and red hair. Candia was particularly pleased by this last attribute. She thought that in dealing with half-Russians, a redhead would have a better chance.

Two days before the wedding Mr. James came to the house and gave Candia a diamond bracelet. It was an inch and a half wide, and it could be unlinked into five sub-jewels—a pendant and four clasps. Candia gazed at it in alarm.

"Well?" said Mr. James. "What d'you think of it?"

"It looks just like the Wages of Sin," replied Candia.

"It won't on you. Anyway, it's my wedding present."

"But—it must be worth a fortune!"

"Two thousand five hundred pounds," replied Mr. James. Candia began to laugh. "My dear, I'm not penniless."

"I KNOW you aren't. But diamonds are easy to carry about, they never lose their value, and practically everyone on earth knows it. I can't tell where this chap's taking you. And if you don't need the cash, you'll have a pretty piece of jewelry and make the other women jealous."

"I don't want to make other women jealous. Really, my dear, I can't possibly take it."

Mr. James growled. "Don't bore me," he said. "You've never bored me yet; don't start now. You know the money's nothing to me. This may mean a lot to you, and I want you to have it. I shall feel easier in my mind."

He looked at her with such a depth of anxious affection that Candia was at once touched and a little annoyed. "You talk as though I were going into danger," she said.

"At any rate, take that thing along with you."

"Very well," said Candia. "I will. Thank you very much."

It was an offhand, an almost ungracious way in which to accept a gift worth twelve thousand dollars, but she resented, while she was amused by, the implied mistrust of her future husband. It was so ridiculous to suppose that with Cotterell to look after her she could be other than perfectly carefree, perfectly safe, perfectly guarded from all harm.

Candia was sorry to part from so good a friend on a misunderstanding. But she had a great deal to occupy her—she had to find homes for seventeen Angora rabbits—and the brief conversation left no impression on her mind.

As soon as possible after the wedding they collected Miss Parry and embarked for Singapore. Candia was very happy. She loved her husband not passionately, but dearly; walking with him on deck, sitting opposite him at table or beside him in their deck chairs, she felt a warm contentment running through her veins. Cotterell's habit of silence did not worry her; if he did not tell her much about his first wife, or even about the children, she knew it was solely because he was not yet ready for the effort. But each day found him more relaxed, more like his old self, and Candia was content to wait.

They took little part in the ship's gaieties, the dancing and sports and swimming parties, for Cotterell's physical energy was easily exhausted. He seemed to have lost the habit of exercise, and Candia, who needed a great deal, at first summoned Miss Parry for an hour's table tennis every morning. But Miss Parry, already the masterful belle of the second class, came so obviously as in duty bound that Candia was glad to find a substitute in Sir James Woodward—elderly but still agile, a retired Indian civil judge.

"He's lonely," she explained to Cotterell. "He's going to visit a son in Australia, and his wife stayed behind because their daughter's expecting a baby, and he has no one to lay down the law to. You do like him, don't you, John?"

"I think he's the world's bore."

Candia was pleased. To be bored was at least not to be indifferent, and she wondered whether she should cultivate a certain Mrs. Harbuckle whom she felt sure he would detest. But there was plenty of time, and Cotterell's return to vitality, though slow, was also sure.

"I'm dull," he once said apologetically, as they sat on deck reading. "But I don't think it's permanent."

"Have you ever had a holiday in twenty years?" she asked.

Cotterell shook his head. "Not really. I never had time. It's been such a fight." He reached out and took her hand. "If you've been fighting your way to a place—to a country—for twenty years, you aren't able, when you first reach it, to enjoy it. You've just got there. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"And you don't want to start talking about the journey. It's all rather a bore and a nuisance and—done with. But we're going to be very happy."

"I'm very happy already," said Candia. "I've begun."

Time, she thought, is the essence of the contract. Plenty of time, years and years lying ahead, to be filled with homemaking and travel and bringing up the children.

"What I like about marriage," she said suddenly, "is that it's so enjoyable."

Cotterell, who had gone back to his book, looked up inquiringly.

"For instance, the laundry," elaborated Candia. "If there was one job I used to dislike, it was sorting the washing. When I sorted our things this morning, I enjoyed it."

"That's because you're happy."

"I was quite happy in Somerset, but I didn't enjoy Mondays."

"Then it's because you're in love."

Candia flushed. It was the first time he, or she either, had used that phrase. Though they loved each other, they were not (it was tacitly understood) in love. Their emotion was deep, not turbulent. Now, before the first ripple, Candia held her breath.

"That seems to be the only explanation," she said lightly.

Cotterell smiled at her and reopened his book. But Candia was satisfied. The waters had stirred, and having so much time, she could afford to wait.

She was perfectly happy for three more days, and then in the heat of the Red Sea, as he sat beside her, John Cotterell's heart failed and he quietly died.

"Poor thing, poor thing," cried the kind inquisitive old ladies; and their kindness kept Candia shut in her cabin. The young Pagets, holding tight to each other's hands, sent her flowers from the ship's booth. Mrs. Van Dyke sent a couple of black frocks. Miss Parry offered her services. Candia refused them. She desired simply to be alone, and for the first few days would see no one but the stewardess and the ship's doctor. What she really desired was to slip quietly out of life; but she still had so much to do.

On one point only her mind functioned with its usual clarity: Cotterell was to be buried at sea. She remembered how his soul had yearned after the white sands and clean waters of the Atlantic coast; she would not commit his body to any hot jungly earth. All the passengers attended the service. Candia stood a little apart, and looked and listened with a saving sense of unreality. She was not in mourning, for she would not wear borrowed weeds, but her face was as white as her frock, and people could not look at her.

Candia did not notice this; she did not notice anything—until, on her way back to her cabin, she came face to face with the young Pagets and saw Mrs. Paget in tears. She asked what was the matter. The girl gave her one terrified, wondering look and hid her face. Candia paused. For the first time since her husband's death she recognized the continuing existence of another person. She couldn't speak again just then, she was too tired; but presently she sent for the doctor to give him a message.

"Tell the captain, please, to make them go on."

The doctor looked at her anxiously, for the ship was once more plowing ahead. Candia tried again.

"Dances and things. She'll have all her frocks. They've spent all their money. Don't stop them."

"You're very brave," said the doctor.

"No. Why do I find it so difficult to talk?"

"It's partly shock. You'll be better in a day or two."

"Yes," agreed Candia. "Say I'll be better in a day or two."

THEN she lay down on her bed and waited hopelessly for the days to pass.

But they were both right: by the end of the week she was able to speak again, to eat and sleep, to walk around the deck, and also to think. She felt curiously empty, but calm and sensible. Sir James was her shadow, and Candia was grateful to him because he seemed to know what to do. At his suggestion, they went through Cotterell's papers together—very few, but all in order, approved Sir James. There was her marriage certificate, and two copies of a will—one addressed to Candia; the other to a solicitor in Singapore.

Candia knew its provisions already: all Cotterell's property went to the three children, with Candia as their guardian, and the Malayan estate to their grandmother, Madame Spirianoff, for life or so long as she continued to live on it, Cotterell having in addition bought her an annuity. Mr. Rumbolt was executor. When Candia explained that she had her own income, Sir James approved these arrangements also. He had foreseen the difficulty of her situation, and such a will seemed likely to obviate the worst of it. They also found the address of Cotterell's sister in America, so that Candia could cable to her, and her prompt reply was heart-warming:

DEAREST CANDIA SO TERRIBLY DISTRESSED OF COURSE BRING THE CHILDREN STAY AS LONG AS

Margery Sharp

YOU LIKE LONGING TO LOOK AFTER YOU SHALL
WE ADOPT THEM ALL MY LOVE MARY

Candia almost laughed over it, for she remembered Mary Cotterell as prim and reserved. Then she sighed, for this loving expansiveness was so evidently the flower of happy marriage. But when she showed the cable to Sir James, he looked grave, and the next day Candia was invited, alone, to the captain's cabin.

"Sir James tells me," the captain began, "you're thinking of going on to the States." Candia nodded. "You couldn't have a better chap. He can probably give you better advice than I can. But—am I right in believing you've never met your husband's family?" Candia nodded again. "Russian, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"I can't help thinking that in many ways it would be simpler and easier for you if you went straight back to England."

"In many ways I should like to myself," replied Candia. "Only I can't, you see, because of the children. They are with their grandmother. My husband was very anxious to take them to be brought up in America. I've got to do it."

"You have friends there?"

"My husband's sister. I've had a most kind and—and welcoming cable from her. But I can't go there directly. You see, the children don't know me at all. I can't take them away until they're used to me. I suppose—for the first time her voice shook—"I shall have to begin by proving my identity."

"You ought to have someone with you," the captain said, almost angrily. "I'd come ashore with you myself," he added, "but this place—how far up the coast is it?"

"About two days by boat. Please," said Candia, "don't worry about me. My husband's solicitor is in Singapore. I shall go straight to him, and if there's time, I'm sure Sir James will come with me."

The captain looked relieved. "There'll be time enough for that. And of course you'll have to see the fellow. I dare say he'll give you the same advice that I have."

"If I'd take it from him, I'd take it from you," said Candia. "But you see, I'm the children's guardian."

He reflected a moment. "I don't know," he said slowly, "but if you wish, I imagine you could transfer the guardianship to the grandmother. She is, after all, a blood relation."

"You don't understand," said Candia painfully. "That is why my husband married me," she explained to this stranger. "To make a home for the children, in Massachusetts. It's very cold and clean there, with sand blowing."

She stood up, and brought the interview to an end.

They docked at Singapore, and still Sir James knew what to do. Candia simply obeyed his instructions and found her path smoothed. They were unable to locate Mr. Rumbolt; but in company with the ship's doctor, Sir James paid a preliminary visit to the solicitor, a Mr. Moffat, and arranged that Mr. Moffat should accompany Candia to Aloupka.

Sir James installed her with Miss Parry in a suitable hotel, wrote a letter of introduction to the governor's wife, and bade Candia an earnest farewell. "Good-by, my dear," he said. "There's a long trip ahead of you, and I don't know how things will be at the end of it. Have you enough ready money?"

"Three hundred pounds."

For some reason Sir James looked slightly embarrassed.

"That's surely enough?" asked Candia anxiously.

"Plenty, I should say." He paused again. "You're a very courageous woman."

"Am I? I don't feel it. But I do feel quite well and strong again."

Sir James looked at her and nodded. She was still too pale, but she had lost that first troubling air of vagueness. She's pulling around, thought Sir James. Plucky little woman. And Candia, with a flash of returning humor, so accurately read this conventional phrase that she smiled.

"Good-by," she said, "and thank you again."

"Good-by, Mrs. Cotterell, and God bless you."

They shook hands solemnly. He went quickly down the hotel steps, turned and strode back.

"That money," he said. "I should advise you to keep it in your stays."

"I don't wear any," said Candia thoughtlessly.

For the first time Sir James considered her figure with real attention, his gaze lingering particularly on her trim legs. "Garter belt," explained Candia.

It was a most incongruous note for their stately friendship to end upon, and so Sir James evidently felt. Without another word, with no more than a baffled shake of the head, he withdrew. For some moments Candia reproached herself; after all his kindness, it was a poor return to send him away so shocked. Then she began to laugh, until she found herself thinking she must remember to tell Cotterell; and even then, after her tears, she tried to laugh again. The habit of laughter

BOOK 4 THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

was one of the things he had loved in her, and she meant to keep it—for the children.

The coast boat which called at Aloupka left twice a month; there was one the following day, and Candia insisted on taking it. She was impatient to end her journey and had no intention of wasting a fortnight (as Sir James had proposed) in making herself known to the ladies of the British community. Mr. Moffat raised no objection; and the next day they set off.

It was an odd voyage. Since they were the only passengers, they naturally ate at the same table; in the intervals between meals, however, Miss Parry constituted herself a one-woman second class and spent all her time writing letters. Candia and Mr. Moffat had thus ample time for private conversation, but though the solicitor talked freely, it was always upon indifferent topics. He liked particularly to revive memories of London in 1912, and these occupied the whole of the first day. On the second, Candia took the conversation into her own hands with a direct question.

"Mr. Moffat, do you know the children?"

The solicitor blinked. "The children?"

"My husband's children. Elena and Xenia and Anatole."

"I have only seen Elena once. The others, never. Sir James told me about your plans for their future, and let me say at once I regard it as a matter to be settled entirely between you and Madame Spirianoff. When you come to a decision, I am of course at your disposal."

Candia could hardly blame him; but she was a little disconcerted by the energy of his disclaimer. He was evidently (and perhaps naturally) resolved to keep out of a family wrangle; but the fact that he foresaw one was not promising. It took two, however, to make a quarrel, and Candia, who was prepared to spend unlimited time, tact and patience in avoiding one, felt no real need of Mr. Moffat's co-operation.

"Then please say nothing about it to Madame Spirianoff. I shall tell her myself." Candia hesitated. "Mr. Moffat," she asked, "have you seen them since—"

He shook his head. "No. But I wrote as soon as I received your cable, breaking the sad news. Madame Spirianoff will have told the children. The worst will be over."

Candia sighed, aware that she had been spared a great deal. "I suppose you know Madame Spirianoff quite well?"

"Quite." The solicitor paused. "That is, we have been acquainted a good many years. I have her confidence. But she leads a very retired life. In fact, she never leaves Aloupka."

"Does she live there all alone—with the children?"

"Exactly. And the servants, of course. I don't know about the baroness."

"The baroness, Mr. Moffat?" Candia could not remember having heard of any baroness.

"The Baroness von Froelich. An Austrian, I believe. She turned up soon after your husband left, to pay a visit to Madame Spirianoff. As far as I know, she's there still."

Candia was both surprised and pleased. She welcomed the baroness. It would be much easier, she thought, to take the children away if their grandmother were not in consequence to be left completely alone. But she did not find the picture of Aloupka growing much clearer.

"What is the house like?" she asked.

"HANDSOME," replied the solicitor promptly. "Very handsome. In fact, if it belonged to a rajah it would no doubt be called a palace; indeed, I believe the original place was, and Mr. Rumbolt built on." He paused; the name seemed to pull him together, and for a moment his manner took on a proper solicitorship gravity. "As your husband's executor, Mrs. Cotterell, you must of course see Mr. Rumbolt as soon as possible. I don't know where he is now, but he's due back in Singapore soon, and then I shall ask him to come to see you at once. Mr. Rumbolt will settle everything."

"If he's not back in a month, I shall be gone."

Mr. Moffat looked really shocked. "My dear Mrs. Cotterell, you couldn't do that. You must see Mr. Rumbolt. I insist upon it. It's necessary."

"I suppose it is," agreed Candia half resentfully. She resented Mr. Rumbolt because in many ways he must know more about Cotterell than she did; but she was also curious. Cotterell had never described the man except for one brief phrase: he said he was outside the rules. This Candia translated as unscrupulous on a large scale; then translated again, into American, and decided that Mr. Rumbolt must be a tycoon. She had never met a tycoon, and thought it might be interesting to do so.

"The time will soon pass," added Mr. Moffat encouragingly. "It's a splendid house, and I have no doubt excellently run, for Mr. Rumbolt left his own servants there. I occasionally see Casimir, the head boy, in Singapore. He's Chinese."

"Casimir?"

"A whim of Madame Spirianoff's," explained Mr. Moffat. "Alphonse and Pierre are Chinese also, but Celeste, of course, is a Malay."

"Of course," said Candia.

She felt her head beginning to spin. She felt it was no use trying to find out any more; she had better let them all burst on her in the morning—Madame and the baroness and the children and Casimir and the rest. She felt the best thing she could do was to get a good long night's sleep.

Next morning, they arrived.

A small Malay village, by whose wharf the boat was tied, at the mouth of a wide, swiftly flowing river; beyond, a dark forest, and beyond again a ridge of bluish hills; about two miles offshore, the island of Aloupka and a large white house plainly visible in its green setting. Such was the morning scene, and Candia had plenty of time to examine it, for Mr. Moffat had caused himself to be rowed across to the island, leaving her on board. As she leaned on the rail, looking and thinking, the captain came to stand at her side.

"There you are," he said. "Aloupka."

"What does it mean?" asked Candia curiously.

But the captain did not know. It wasn't native, he said.

"Has it always been called that?"

"Only for the past few years. In Mr. Rumbolt's time, it was called Chantilly."

Candia wondered why; but the captain, meeting her glance of inquiry, looked discreet and went off about his business. Miss Parry, who had just joined them, coughed.

"Mr. Rumbolt lent it to a French lady, Mrs. Cotterell, and she called it Chantilly." (Miss Parry had evidently spent her time in the second class to advantage.) "He spent thousands of pounds on it and made it quite a jewel."

Candia was pleased: a Frenchwoman of extravagant tastes fitted nicely into her conception of Mr. Rumbolt as a tycoon; but she resisted the temptation to gossip, and made no comment.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Moffat returned. He looked as though he had been through an exhausting experience, but he was pleased and confident. He had explained everything: the circumstances of Cotterell's death; the provisions of the will. Madame Spirianoff understood everything; she sent Candia her fondest love and was only anxious to welcome her to Aloupka for a month, or a year, or as long as she cared to stay.

"Is she—is she very distressed?" asked Candia nervously.

"No," Mr. Moffat said. "She cried a good deal; she's an emotional woman. But frankly, no. You must remember, Mrs. Cotterell, that your husband was away a great deal; indeed, neither Madame nor the children have even seen him for nearly two years. Their sorrow is naturally blunted."

Candia was content that this should be so. She had no wish to share her mourning with a stranger; she was glad that the children had been spared any searing grief.

"Now, if you're ready, we might start," said Mr. Moffat.

"This is a funny time to ask," Mr. Rumbolt told Candia, "but I suppose you wouldn't think of marrying me?"



Leaving their baggage to follow, they got into the boat and were rowed across the blue water. Prominent among some provision boxes in the stern was a case of champagne, and as the solicitor's eye rested upon it, he observed that he hadn't seen the Baroness von Froelich.

"But she's still there?" asked Candia.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Moffat.

They landed at a small quay and walked up through a parklike garden; then between flowerbeds bright with cannas; and so reached the sprawling white mansion. Candia felt her knees shake, but she managed to walk steadily, holding her head high, across the veranda, to the threshold of a huge shadowy room. Here Mr. Moffat halted, his hand on the nurse's arm, so that Candia went in alone.

They were there waiting for her—two old women, the two bigger children. Candia received the confused impression that one of the women was large, a collapsed Brünnehilde; that the other had bright brown eyes and strange streaky hair. Then she was enveloped in a cloud of violet powder as Madame Spirianoff folded her in a close embrace.

"My poor child!" cried Madame Spirianoff. "My poor, poor child!"

Candia felt a soft dry cheek pressed to hers and smelled above the violets a strong odor of cachous. It was bewildering, this scented embrace; but it was also a welcome, in the circumstances generous, and she was grateful. Madame Spirianoff kissed her two or three times and then drew back. She was small and dumpy, and had to look up into Candia's face. "You are suffering!" she exclaimed. "It is terrible for you, but you are no longer alone. You shall stay here with us."

"You are very kind," said Candia.

"I have a heart, that is all. And this"—Madame put a hand to the large woman—"this is my best friend, my dearest Genevieve, the Baroness von Froelich."

The baroness in turn folded Candia in her arms. There was the same smell of violet powder, backed this time by Turkish cigarettes.

"And our treasure, Elena!"

Candia turned eagerly, but this time there was no embrace. The child gave her a stiff curtsy and a suspicious stare from her queer eyes. They were exactly like a squirrel's, exquisitely oval, a bright reddish-brown, the only striking feature in a plain little face. Candia searched in vain for any look of John Cotterell. Elena evidently took after her mother's side of the family. But the boy—here Candia's heart paused—the boy was unmistakably, almost absurdly Cotterell's son. The shape of his head, the broad forehead, the angle of his chin, all were identical.

"This is Anatole," said Madame. "Toly—your bow!"

Toly bowed—so low that he looked backward between his own short legs. There was a moment when his balance seemed in doubt. But he came up again unruffled and considered Candia with grave attention.

"Did you come in the boat?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you see the engine?"

"I'm afraid I didn't," said Candia regretfully.

"It's inside. Good-by." He walked out.

Madame Spirianoff threw up her hands. "He is a little savage," she apologized, "and not very interesting."

"They cannot all be prodigies," said the baroness.

Both women looked at Elena, who bridled self-consciously, and Candia felt a first stirring of dislike. But she knew that was unfair; the child was obviously spoiled and needed only to be taken in hand. Candia at once remembered Miss Parry.

"You know," she said, turning back to the grandmother, "that we—that I—have brought a nurse?"

"So Moffat told me. Does she understand hair?"

"I don't know," said Candia, surprised. "We brought her for the voyage."

"The voyage? Are you such a bad sailor?"

Candia hesitated. It was too early to explain about the further voyage, the voyage to America.

"No," she said, "Miss Parry is a children's nurse. My husband wished her to look after the baby, and Toly."

Madame Spirianoff seemed pleased. "But that is excellent!" she agreed warmly. "In Russia, in all the best families, there was always an English nurse. Was it not so, Genevieve?"

"Always. And in Vienna also—always a Mees."

"So I am sure she will be a great acquisition. And for Elena as well."

Elena shrieked. It was the first sound she had uttered, and Candia spun round. But there was nothing amiss with the child; she wasn't hurt or startled; she was simply drawing attention to an infringement of her personality.

"I will not have a nurse! I am too old!"

"But she can look after your clothes, my darling. She will not be your nurse; she will be your maid," promised Madame Spirianoff optimistically.

At that moment Mr. Moffat and Miss Parry entered the room. Candia hoped the latter had not caught Madame's last words; and apparently she hadn't, for she advanced and

shook hands most affably—though not with Elena, who at once bolted. Madame Spirianoff proposed taking Miss Parry to her room; Genevieve swam off after them; and Candia and the solicitor were alone.

"Well?" he asked. "Shall you be all right here? I dare say you find them a bit queer."

"But most extraordinarily kind," said Candia. "And I don't mind people being queer. I rather like it."

"Then I'll leave you," said Mr. Moffat, with an air of relief. "They've asked me to lunch, but I shan't stay. I'll go back to the boat. We don't leave till six, and if you want me again before then, all you've got to do is send down."

They shook hands, and Mr. Moffat left.

For some minutes Candia was alone, and she looked with interest around the enormous room. It was furnished in ormolu and buhl, and though some of the veneering had cracked, the general effect was still sumptuous. Candia gave a passing thought to Mr. Rumbolt's French friend: evidently a lady of expensive tastes. Her eye was further caught by a china pug, several times larger than life, and a statue of a little Negro dressed in red and gold, which perhaps reflected the taste of the Spirianoffs. Certainly theirs was the ikon with a tiny lamp burning below. It was a Mother and Child, drawn in the austere Byzantine convention, apparently very old.

A door opened, and Madame Spirianoff came in alone.

"I have arranged the Mees!" she proclaimed. "And now, my darling, tell me all!"

The old lady wanted to know everything—but everything!—about her new dear daughter; and Candia obediently started at her childhood and worked through the years. Despite every attempt at accuracy, she could not help realizing that she was giving a totally false impression: when she described the pleasant house in Somerset, with its garden and two paddocks, Madame saw it as a country estate; when she spoke of her father as a captain in the navy, Madame promoted him to Admiral. These misunderstandings, however, undoubtedly made her more acceptable, and Candia let them go. It was only when they spoke of Cotterell that words had any real importance.

"I can see so well why he married you!" exclaimed Madame Spirianoff. "You are so cool, so calm; you would never remind him of the one he had lost. I am not being unkind, my darling, I am not being jealous for my Tamara; but the fact remains, she was worthy to be a grand duchess."

"I'm sure she was," murmured Candia inadequately.

"**A**ND a saint as well. A raging beauty, but with the heart of a child. Cotterell never understood her. I will not say he was unkind, but he did not understand. For instance, the matter of the hyacinths. Tamara loved to sleep among flowers, filled her room with them; Cotterell said they gave him the migraine. 'But I cannot sleep without flowers,' said Tamara. 'They are my guardian angels.' 'Very well,' said Cotterell; 'I will have another room.' Was that understanding?"

Candia thought it at any rate reasonable, but she did not say so. And Madame talked on and on, throwing in anecdotes of Czarist Russia, of Tamara's childhood, of her own early married life.

About one o'clock a Chinese boy (presumably Casimir) brought in drinks, a samovar and a tray of sandwiches. "*A la fourchette*," explained Madame. "Today we eat alone." And she resumed her character study of her daughter. Tamara Cotterell had been a saint, a child, a red rose; too good for this world, and therefore an easy victim of *la grippe*. But as Madame warmed up, she let slip certain other indications. Genevieve, it appeared, did not understand Tamara either, and though the latter had forgiven everyone ere she passed away, Madame hoped the baroness sometimes suffered from remorse. (The baroness, in a subsequent conversation, was more explicit: she said they had had most awful rows. "*Orful*!" insisted Genevieve, rolling her eyes. "And she had or-ful rows with your husband too!") It seemed that no one had understood Tamara except her mother, who daily used to weep sympathetic tears; and who now wept again over luncheon *à la fourchette*.

Candia comforted her as best she could. But she understood why Mr. Moffat hadn't stayed to lunch.

"You are an angel," sobbed Madame at last. "I am so very, very glad you have come. I feel we are already old friends!"

And Candia began to feel so too. The odd reversal of their rôles—herself the consoler instead of the consoled—was partly responsible. But she was also extremely tired, and at last she yawned.

At once Madame Spirianoff started up, her grief forgotten in hospitable concern, and insisted that Candia take a siesta. Candia was only too willing, and in the room which was to be hers, but to which she did not then pay much attention, put on a dressing gown, let down the mosquito nets, and thankfully dropped her head upon an enormous embroidered pillow.

Madame gave her a last powdery kiss. "Sleep well, my darling!"

No Turning Back

And Candia did sleep soundly until five o'clock, when Miss Parry came in to give notice.

"But why?" demanded Candia. "You've only been here a few hours."

"Five," supplied Miss Parry precisely. "And in those five hours, Mrs. Cotterell, I have been asked to catch a lizard, help Madame Spirianoff dye her hair, and fan the back of Miss Elena's neck. I have been ordered by Madame Spirianoff to do everything Miss Elena tells me. The nursery, it appears, has no rights whatever. Miss Elena also called me a cow. The situation is impossible."

Candia sympathized with this tale of wrongs, but there was also her own point of view to be considered. "You know, nurse, how I've been relying on you?"

"I do, Mrs. Cotterell, and I cannot say how sorry I am. But even when I was with the duchess, and Lord Arthur called me a beast, her Grace made him apologize at once. When I went to Madame Spirianoff, she said that a *heifer* would have been more appropriate."

Even in the midst of her worry, Candia could not help admitting the justice of this correction. Miss Parry, with her sleek red hair and her big bony frame, was rather heifer-like. But it was no time for humorous refinements. The situation was grave.

"I'm not asking for my fare back," said Miss Parry suddenly. "I know I'm not entitled to it."

"But of course you must have your fare," said Candia, annoyed. "What else can you do?"

Miss Parry had the grace to blush. "You remember a lady on board with a little girl? Mrs. Harbuckle? Her home is in Singapore, and I happen to know that she would be very glad of my help."

For a moment Candia was too angry to speak. On the ship she had disliked Mrs. Harbuckle—the wealthy, the loud, the overbearing. Mrs. Harbuckle had grabbed the best table, the best place on deck, and now she had grabbed Miss Parry!

"I assure you I had no intention of accepting her offer," said Miss Parry. "I told her I was engaged by you."

"It doesn't matter," said Candia. "The baby," she went on worriedly, "I haven't seen her. There is some kind of nurse?"

"A native. They call her Celeste. But I must say she seems to have proper ideas of cleanliness," admitted Miss Parry handsomely. "Miss Xenia is well cared for, and I think you'll find the person reliable. The previous nurse, the one they engaged after Mr. Cotterell left, was from Melbourne."

"What happened to her?"

"It turned out she was wanted by the Australian police."

"We seem to be unlucky with nurses," Candia said dryly. "I suppose you want to go straight back to the boat?"

"If you please. The boxes haven't come up yet."

"Very well," said Candia. "Go."

She lay down again, and presently, idiotically, felt the tears start under her eyelids. They were quite unreasonable, for it was plain that Miss Parry, at Aloupka, would have been more of a liability than an aid. She belonged to a world of strict hierarchy in which nurses were apologized to by visitors; she could never adapt herself to a more fluid system where little girls called her a cow, and their grandmothers said it should have been a heifer, and the proper course was probably to answer back in the same vein.

"I'M OVERTIRED," Candia told herself; she could not otherwise account for the sense of abandonment which had so suddenly overcome her. And illogically, to prove that she wasn't tired at all, but perfectly well, strong and confident, she got up and began to unpack. The strange room offered plenty of accommodation: fine rosewood furniture; built-in cupboards; gilded chest big enough to hold not only most of Candia's clothes but also Candia herself. The adjoining bathroom contained an enormous porcelain bath, rose-pink, but lacking taps and plug, and (more practically) several pails of water. Candia washed and changed her dress, and then opened the door onto the corridor. There she hesitated a moment. The house was spellbound by silence, and she did not know which way to turn. At length, feeling like a character in the Arabian Nights, she clapped her hands; and at once, suddenly as a jinn, there appeared a small, dark, slender creature in a bright sarong.

Candia was enchanted. "Are you Celeste?" she asked.

The creature bowed and smiled. Candia smiled back. Once, as a little girl, revolted by the warts of a parlor maid, she had declared that when she grew up she would be waited on by cats. Now the memory recurred. In color, grace and silent speed of motion, Celeste was exactly like a Siamese cat.

"I fasten your dress?" she offered gently.

"No, thank you. But I wish you would take me to see the baby," said Candia.

Celeste, the little cat, slipped softly ahead, guiding her along so many passages, through so many half-empty rooms, that Candia for the first time realized the size of the house. She received the impression that a succession of owners,

whenever they wanted a place to put a pianola or a bird cage or a sewing machine, had simply built another room. It was at least a fact that three otherwise bare apartments each contained one of these objects. But in the nursery, when they at last reached it, all was white enamel, spotlessly kept. As they entered, a younger Malay girl rose up from beside the cot. Celeste raised the nets.

"The *baba*!" she said proudly.

Candia stooped to see. Three-year-old Xenia slept with great aplomb, her lower lip thrust out. She looked rosy and strong, and slightly contemptuous.

"How well you must look after her!" said Candia sincerely. Celeste flashed a brilliant smile and gave an order in Malay. The undernurse produced a large shiny book. It was an American publication containing, apparently, everything there was to know about the rearing of children. From the state of its leaves, Candia gathered that only the last portion was in use, but this contained a series of menus covering the needs of a child from six months up.

"But can you read English?" asked Candia, in astonishment.

"Casimir," explained Celeste. "Every time goes to Singapore, takes book. If in doubt, ask hospital."

CANDIA began to feel a mingling of admiration and bewilderment. The two little *amahs* were evidently resourceful and devoted, but it seemed extraordinary that with the child's grandmother in the house, the nursery should be so self-dependent. It was of course possible that Madame Spirianoff, who did not consider Toly very interesting, found Xenia less interesting still, and did not bother about the child so long as she was in good health.

"Where did you get that book?" asked Candia suddenly.

"The Melbourne nana gave it to Casimir; told him what to do."

Candia thought the nurse from Melbourne had showed great sense; but the answer did not throw any light on the attitude of Madame Spirianoff. She could hardly go on questioning Celeste, however; and indeed, the interview was at that moment ended by the mistress of the nursery herself. Xenia stirred and grunted like a little pig. Candia started to pick her up, but Celeste forestalled the motion.

"Baba play tomorrow," she said firmly. "I fasten your dress?"

Candia repeated her refusal, but took the hint and left.

Afterwards she realized she should have asked for a guide back to the salon; for after passing the sewing machine and traversing a short corridor, she lost her way. She could not find the pianola; and when she retraced her steps, even the sewing machine eluded her. The small empty rooms were extraordinarily alike; they led out of each other interminably, but never, it seemed, on to the main passage.

Candia had the impression that she was in the older part of the house, the rajah's palace. In other circumstances, the adventure might have been interesting, but not now, when she risked being discourteously late for her first dinner. Once she called out, but her tentative "Madame!" sounded so foolish that she did not care to repeat it. However, there was nothing else to do, and at last—standing in a small chamber like an anteroom—Candia called again, with the full strength of her lungs, "Madame!"

The door before her slowly opened.

For a moment Candia felt her heart race as though she had been running; yet there was nothing intrinsically strange, certainly nothing intrinsically alarming, in the person who stood timidly regarding her. This person was merely an elderly lady dressed in an old-fashioned style—a long gray alpaca skirt, a high blouse with a lace yoke. Indeed, she seemed the more startled of the two; her big wrinkled hands were trembling. But the sight of Candia seemed to reassure her, and she spoke in French.

"You called me?" she asked.

"Not exactly, Madame. But I was hoping to attract someone, because I lost my way. I've just arrived—"

"Have you come to live here?"

Candia shook her head. She simply hadn't time to explain all the circumstances of her visit. "If you would be so good as to show me the way—" she began.

But the old lady wasn't listening. She was staring eagerly into Candia's face. Suddenly she raised a hand—long, wrinkled, the big loose rings slipping back from the knuckles—and touched her lightly on the cheek.

"I live here," she said suddenly, "because I prefer it."

"Of course," agreed Candia politely.

"But sometimes it is inconvenient. One becomes old. But you are young. I can see you are a young woman of great capability. A businesswoman. I dare say you could do a piece of business for someone very well indeed."

Candia smiled. "I'm afraid I'm not good at business at all, Madame. I am very ignorant about such things."

"But if I explained it to you?" persisted the old woman

eagerly. "It is not much. It is more a question of being able to travel; of taking the papers to the right person."

"Won't you tell me about it later?" said Candia. "If you will show me the way to the salon, or to Madame Spirianoff—" She broke off, for the old face had gone blank again. Feeling that she was simply losing time, Candia turned to the door on her right. "You must forgive me," she said. "Later, perhaps."

The old lady sighed. "But you will come back?" she begged. "I'll come back," promised Candia.

This time, by sheer luck, her blind hurry took her the right way; she emerged almost at once in the passage opposite her own door, and there found Casimir looking for her. Nor was she as late as she had feared, reaching the dining room under his guidance only a minute after the rest.

Candia surveyed the party with some surprise. At one end of the long table (it was very grand, with candles in silver sticks about a centerpiece of orchids) sat Madame Spirianoff, wearing a tea gown of purple velvet; at the other, young Toly. He looked pale and heavy-eyed, and no wonder, for it was far too late for him to be up. Candia was further disturbed to see a wineglass by his plate. Of the old lady she had just left there was no sign. To Toly's right sat the baroness, majestic in tarnished gold lamé, and next to her, Elena. Candia thus had the other side of the table to herself, and felt rather isolated. She was also feeling slightly guilty about her private excursion and determined to make a clean breast of it at once.

"I hope you don't mind," she said, "but I've paid a visit to the nursery. Celeste came to help me, and I asked if I could see Xenia."

"But of course!" said Madame warmly. "How is she?"

"I only saw her asleep. But she looked very well indeed."

"She has good health," agreed Madame. "Take plenty of sauce with your fish, my darling; otherwise, it tastes only of mud."

Candia covered her fillet with ketchup. "On the way back—"

"Where is the H.P.?" demanded Genevieve suddenly.

Madame Spirianoff looked round the table and shrugged. "You have evidently eaten it all, my dear. Casimir shall get some more the next time he goes to Singapore."

"We have been without H.P. sauce for a month!" said the baroness loudly. "Why did he not fetch it last time?"

"Perhaps because you did not write clearly."

"I write perfectly clearly. I admit I do not write like a tradesman—"

"And I have no doubt Casimir wishes you did," retorted Madame Spirianoff. "However, one does not sit down to dinner to discuss the wrongdoing of a servant."

Candia hoped this snub was directed solely at the baroness, because she felt she must refer to Miss Parry. "You know," she said, "the nurse I brought with me has gone away."

"And a good thing too!" exclaimed Madame. "I do not wish to hurt your feelings, my darling, but she was not obliging. She would not do the least thing!"

CANDIA could not help stealing a look at the old lady's hair. It was violently dyed, but streaky, giving a particularly effect in rust and gray. Madame, with thoughts evidently turning in the same direction, looked at Candia.

"Does your hair curl like that by nature?"

Candia nodded. They all looked at her earnestly and, she suspected, with disbelief. The baroness sighed.

"The Empress Elizabeth had curly hair. It was so long and thick she could never get a hat to fit her."

"The Princess Rastignac—the young princess," observed Madame Spirianoff, "was said to have the second prettiest head of hair in Europe."

"Feuille-morte," agreed the baroness.

They nodded gently, lovingly, at each other; the incident of the H.P. was forgotten. And Candia, wondering if this were a proper topic at last, fished around in her mind for a suitable contribution. "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, once cut off half her hair to annoy her husband."

To her surprise, this historical titbit aroused immediate interest. "Why did she do that?" demanded the baroness.

"I don't really know. Simply to annoy the duke. But after he died, she found it still put away in his desk."

This too went well. Both ladies considered the anecdote very touching, and Candia, feeling as though she had scored a social success at the Mad Hatter's tea party, turned her attention to an enormous plate of curry. It was delicious, but highly spiced; she looked at Toly and saw with alarm that he was picking out the hottest morsels and leaving the rice. As a late meal for a young child, she could not imagine anything more pernicious. But there was only half an inch of champagne in his glass, and for that she was thankful.

"Elena!" cried Madame. "What did the Empress Elizabeth wear at the dinner to the Czar and Czarina?"

"A court gown of black velvet," recited Elena promptly,

"veiled in silk gauze, embroidered with violets, each having a black pearl in the center. A black velvet train, *en éventail*, and a black ostrich fan with her cipher in diamonds."

"Very good. And the Czarina?"

"Cloth of silver, with epaulettes of real pink roses."

"Very good indeed. I had the privilege of curtsying to her," added Madame, turning to Candia, "at the State Ball."

"When Leon made such a fool of himself over the little Souvaroff," put in the baroness.

"Who, after all, was of very good family. If she had had an affair with the count—"

"With the count, and with the count's brother, and with half the provincial nobility as well," finished the baroness.

Candia listened with a growing sense of unreality. Scandal after scandal, anecdote after anecdote, none less than thirty years old, were banded back and forth. If the baroness told a story, Madame Spirianoff capped it, and then the baroness recapped that. As the exchanges flew, Candia began to have the curious impression that all the people of whom they spoke were not only still alive, but actually in the next room. (Generals and princesses, archdukes and ambassadors, all superlatively distinguished and all thoroughly amoral, waiting for Casimir to serve their coffee.)

THE child Elena listened with all her ears, and every now and then the baroness or her grandmother flung her a rapid question as to a date, a costume, a family name. All of them Elena answered with the happy alacrity of a puppy catching a ball. It was an extraordinary performance; to Candia, it was also unpleasant. But she was still too much a stranger to drop her mask of agreeable interest, and presently Madame Spirianoff turned to her again.

"At least you have come where there is good talk, my dear. You will not be bored here?"

"No," said Candia truthfully. She was feeling far too much astonished to be bored. "It is most interesting to hear you talk of people I've only read about."

The two old women exchanged approving looks.

"But that is splendid!" said Madame. "Books are not much, but it is very creditable that you should have read them."

"Very creditable indeed," added the baroness.

Candia could not understand why her literacy should arouse such enthusiasm, but she welcomed any break in the conversation. Thoroughly punctilious, she was still anxious to let her hostess know of all she had done before dinner.

"Coming back from the nursery, I was quite lost," she began.

"But that is very possible," said Madame Spirianoff kindly. "In some parts of the house I dare say I should get lost myself. It was very clever of you to find your way."

"But I didn't—not exactly. In fact, I called out."

"Did anyone hear you?"

"Yes," said Candia, "a lady."

All at once she felt a change in the quality of Madame's attention. It was no longer merely polite, but urgent.

"An elderly lady," elaborated Candia in the silence. "She spoke French."

Over Madame Spirianoff's face dropped a mask of placid indifference. "That was Mademoiselle," she said. "Tamara's governess. She still lives with us because she is—not quite like other people. *Un peu toqué*, you understand. I hope she did not alarm you."

"Not in the least."

"What did she say?"

Again Candia felt a disproportionate attentiveness in the casual voice; and quite instinctively, she lied. "Hardly anything, Madame. My French is so poor, I think she simply gathered I was lost and showed me the right door."

On the other side of the table, the baroness dropped her fork with a loud clatter. Elena laughed rudely, and Madame Spirianoff turned from Candia to scold in Russian. The uncomfortable moment was safely over, and in a few minutes they were talking again, about the children. Elena—though a rude, wicked girl—was uncommonly intelligent, and a great reader. Toly was backward, but he had a good heart.

"And better manners than his sister!" put in the baroness, with a tart look.

"Let us say they both have their faults as they both have their virtues." Madame Spirianoff looked down the table at her grandson, nodding in his big chair. "Toly!" she called sharply. "Anatole, my chicken, dinner is over."

The child opened his eyes and sat up. His short nap had given him a healthy flush. He looked cheerful and engaging. "Toly!"

He slipped to his feet and clutched his champagne. "A health to the Czar," he mumbled sleepily.

They drank it standing. For one wild moment Candia wondered whether she was supposed to throw her glass over her

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shoulder. But no, all glasses were set down, and the meal was ended.

As a playgoer during the first interval restudies the program to check up on the cast, so Candia, lying in bed next morning, mentally reviewed the residents of Aloupka. Both Madame Spirianoff and the baroness were undoubtedly queer; but their welcome had showed kindness and generosity, and their queerness was comprehensible. Most old people tended to live in the past. Madame and the baroness presented no difficulties; it was at Mademoiselle, the third old lady whom she had encountered for only a few minutes, that Candia paused. She did not understand Mademoiselle at all, and Madame Spirianoff's explanation did not convince. It seemed incredible that Tamara's vagabond career should have been governess-attended: the old lady wasn't like a governess. With all her dowdiness and timidity, she did not have the manner of an underling. But she did not dine with the family. Possibly she was madder than she seemed. Possibly a relation, taken in, cared for, and then ignored.

It was puzzling, Candia decided, but not important. They didn't matter, the daft old ladies; the ones who mattered were the children, and at the recollection of Toly in his big chair and Xenia in her cot, Candia smiled. They were adorable, and she loved them. Then with an effort she turned her thoughts to another small face, brooding and sulky, with squirrel eyes. She suspected that Elena already disliked her, but that was not surprising. Dislike of a stepmother was a natural reaction. What troubled Candia was the fact that she rather disliked Elena.

SHE hoped she was not projecting a hidden jealousy of the mother upon the child. But on the closest self-examination she could discover no feelings toward her predecessor at all. From Madame Spirianoff, she had gathered an impression of a rowdy, emotional household in which John Cotterell had played little real part; from everything he himself had let fall, Candia was convinced that his first marriage had been an children did not shake this belief. As for Tamara, she might have been a saint, a child and a red rose, but angels had carried her to her rest. Madame Spirianoff had seen them doing it, and that, so far as Candia was concerned, was that.

She wasn't jealous of Tamara; she was not therefore jealous of Tamara's daughter. It occurred to her that possibly she disliked Elena because Elena wasn't a nice child.

Neither Madame nor the baroness appeared that morning. (She afterwards learned that they never did appear until lunchtime, for both persisted in keeping St. Petersburg hours.) Candia went outside, for she thought she could best find her way to the nursery by looking in all the windows. She had not gone far, however, before she came upon Toly sitting on the veranda steps. He seemed pleased to see her; he scrambled up and made his duck's bow, and Candia seriously bowed back.

"Have you come to play with me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Candia promptly. "But first I'm going to see Xenia. Will you show me the way?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to play with her too."

"She can't play anything. She's only a *baba*."

Candia felt herself weakening. "Where's Elena?" she asked. "Won't she play with you?"

Toly shook his head. "Elena never plays with anyone," he said.

"Why not?"

"She's got a blighted life. If you come with me, we'll play trains."

He slipped his fingers—delicious moment!—into her hand, and tugged. Candia fell. "Just for half an hour," she said, "while it's still cool."

"That's what Papa said," remarked Toly. "He's dead, did you know?"

"Yes, darling, I know."

"The angels got him too," continued Toly, looking rather worried. "Let's play trains."

Still hand in hand, they went down into the garden, and there for far more than the half-hour Toly shuttled between the flowerbeds and Candia was animals on the line. These had either to leap aside at the last moment or to flee ahead down the track. The game was energetic and continuous. Candia was briefly aware of Elena, who gave them a sidelong superior look before passing on, and of a dark friendly gardener whom Toly chased off the line. But there was no real pause until Celeste appeared from the house leading Xenia by the hand. Xenia insisted on playing too, but she slowed up the game, and they had to make her an obstruction instead of an animal, and every time Candia picked her up, the child squeaked and clung to her neck; and then Toly squeaked too, and Candia laughed.

They were in the middle of this new game when the gar-

dener returned and said something to Celeste in Malay. The *amah* turned to Candia and translated: "Mademoiselle Elena says no more noise, she has the migraine."

Candia stiffened. She was aware of both Celeste and the gardener watching her attentively.

"Please tell him," she said to the former, "that he is not to bring any message from Miss Elena again. If she wishes to speak to me, she must come herself. That is all."

Celeste spoke in Malay, and the man went away. But not, Candia noticed, in the direction from which he had come.

She turned back to Celeste. "If the children disturb Madame Spirianoff or the Baroness von Froelich, you must keep them quiet. Otherwise, to shout and play is good for them."

Celeste nodded eagerly. "*Babas* never disturb the house. Madame's room on the other side."

"Then keep them here till it is time to go in. Where is Miss Elena?"

The *amah* pointed toward the lower terrace. Candia smiled at an anxious Toly and went down the path.

In the center of the terrace was a small circular balustrade built round a bed of cannas and shaded by small trees. Elena was crouched upon it, her knees drawn under her in the attitude of the Sphinx, her chin between her fists, her nose in a yellow novel. Candia thought that if the child really had a headache she was doing everything to make it worse; but she suspected Elena's migraine was pure fiction. For a moment she was tempted to ignore it; it was unfortunate that her first words should have to be a rebuke. But the children's noise had ceased, and it would be bad for Elena to think that it had ceased by her order.

"Good morning," said Candia. "Will you please tell me, in English, exactly what message you gave the gardener?"

Elena stared at her without moving. "I said, please keep the *babas* quiet, because I have the migraine."

"I am glad you at least said 'please,'" observed Candia pleasantly. "However, I have told the gardener not to bring me any message from you again; nor will Celeste."

"Why not?"

"Because they make you sound such a rude and silly child."

Elena hesitated. She saw the offered loophole, but she was stubborn. "If I want to be rude, I shall."

"But not to me," said Candia. She turned as if to go, and at once Elena spoke again.

"Why should I play with the *babas* if I don't wish to?"

"No reason at all," agreed Candia. "By the way, Toly tells me your life's been blighted. How?"

"Because I want to be a dancer like Keshinskaya, and I can't. I suppose you think that's rude and silly too."

Candia looked at her with a stirring of hope. The idea was new and unexpected, but the more she examined it, the more fruitful it seemed. A bait to lure Elena to America; a promise of discipline and work; perhaps, eventually, of happy fulfillment—a complete answer, in fact, to the problem of Elena. But before she could say anything more, her attention was diverted. Elena sat up. Her tousled locks fell back. Round her neck something flashed and trembled like green fire.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Candia. "What have you got on?"

Elena preened complacently. "My emerald necklace. It was given me by the Czar after I danced Swan Lake. He came into my dressing room and knelt at my feet—"

Candia caught her by the shoulders. The green stones, in a setting of filigree and tiny diamonds, blazed under the sun.

"I believe they are!" she marveled.

"Of course they are. Don't you know emeralds when you see them?"

CANDIA was thoroughly taken aback. She could easily deal with a child who told fairy stories about the Czar; she could deal, at a pinch, with a child who read French novels; but a child who casually wore emerald necklaces presented greater difficulties. There was no time for the wisdom of patience, Candia glanced round the garden. No one was in sight; but she shuddered to think of the potential danger to a girl-child, unattended, with a fortune round her neck.

"Take them off, Elena. At once!"

"Why should I? They're mine."

"Does your grandmother let you wear them?"

"Of course not. She hides them in the bookcase with all the rest. Only now I suppose I'll have to tell her," said Elena sulkily, "so she can find somewhere else."

Candia did not grasp the implications of this last remark, so was not offended by the image of herself rifling a closet for another woman's jewels. She felt simply as though she were faced with an ugly hurt. It was unpleasant, but it had to be cleaned up.

"I'm sure the necklace is yours if you tell me so."

"It is. Mr. Rumbolt gave it to my mother, and now she's dead, it belongs to me."

The abrupt introduction of this new name made Candia pause again; it thrust upon her so much to think about, Mr.

Rumbolt had given Tamara an extremely valuable necklace. Had he also given her what Elena so lightly referred to as "the rest"? And if so—Here Candia pulled herself up. The whole thing was none of her business, and in any case, why should not a millionaire—a tycoon—make a present of emeralds to his partner's wife? She turned her attention strictly to the matter in hand.

"Elena, dear, you really mustn't wear an emerald necklace in the garden. Someone might steal it."

"Not with my bodyguard of Cossacks lurking in those trees."

Candia reached out and caught her by the scruff. The child wriggled away like a lizard, but Candia felt something hard between her fingers, and there were the emeralds in her palm. The clasp, when she tried it, barely held.

"You see?" she said. "Even if it's not stolen, you might lose it. Don't cry, Elena; we'll have it mended."

"I am not crying for that," said Elena with dignity. "I am crying for the treachery of my Cossacks."

Candia looked at her. She was standing erect and rigid, the tears streaming, and on her small, very dirty face a look of such real woe that Candia felt a remorseful pang.

"I expect they were bribed," she said gravely, "or perhaps drugged. Cossacks are rather simple, aren't they?"

"But who bribed them?"

"Perhaps one of your rival ballerinas."

IMMEDIATELY the child's face cleared. "Spessiva!" she cried. "The jealous cat! You darling, you darling, to have thought of her!"

She prouetted up, kissed Candia lightly on the cheek, and dropped out of sight behind the balustrade.

Candia walked quickly back to the house. She wished to be rid of the emeralds at once, and it was so nearly lunch-time that she hoped to find Madame Spirianoff awake. As it happened, the old lady was seated before her dressing table in a lace wrapper remodeling her eyebrows. She was so engrossed that not until Candia appeared behind her in the mirror did she suspend the tweezers and turn.

"I found Elena in the garden, wearing these," said Candia at once.

Madame uttered a scream: "The demon! The imp!" she cried. "The wicked, wicked child! Was she then under the bed?"

"I have no idea," replied Candia. "But she knows where—the rest are, too."

Madame Spirianoff snatched the necklace and thrust it into her bosom. Her bright brown eyes considered Candia warily. "Did she tell you the place?"

"Yes. She also told me that they were given to her mother by Mr. Rumbolt, and that they are now hers."

"They are not," said Madame sharply. "They are mine. When I die, they will of course go to Elena, but that may not be for a long time yet."

She picked up the tweezers again. It was a gesture to end the conversation, but both women knew there was still something to be said. Madame Spirianoff plucked out another hair, then looked up at Candia with a sly smile.

"That poor Mr. Rumbolt! He was in love with Tamara. And for poor John's sake, she was forced to be agreeable."

Candia stiffened. She could take the matter in her stride so long as they left John Cotterell out of it. But the picture of him as a complacent husband, a husband benefitting financially by his wife's attractions, was not to be borne.

"I understand perfectly," she said with great politeness. "It is, of course, no business of mine."

The old lady giggled. "But there was nothing in it, my darling; nothing to shock even your English prudery. This poor Mr. Rumbolt, a millionaire and like a father to us all! He brought Tamara an emerald necklace, a diamond brooch, as he would bring a toy to Elena. I have seen him myself at my daughter's feet, begging her to accept them!"

"Quite," said Candia. "However, now that you know Elena has found out where they are kept, I hope you will change the place. It is dangerous for her to run about alone wearing valuable jewels."

"Of course I will change the place!" agreed Madame. "As soon as you are gone, I will change it at once."

As Candia went slowly to her own room she carried with her, like bright fishes snatched from a whirlpool, two agreeable thoughts. The first was the memory of Elena's swift, butterfly-light kiss; the second, an inexplicable gladness that the emerald chain had been the gift not of Cotterell, but of Mr. Rumbolt. If this were jealousy, she could not help it; but she did not think it was jealousy. She was merely thankful her husband had left nothing to be fought over and spied for.

And at that, she paused. Nothing to be fought over, spied for? What about Elena and Xenia and his son?

Candia began to think that the activity of Madame Spirianoff and the baroness must be largely nocturnal, for immediately after lunch (having spent most of the morning in

bed) they both retired again for their siestas. The heat of the day, however, made this the obvious course, and Candia too went to her room. But before lying down she sat in front of the dressing-table mirror, considering her own reflection and her husband's photograph.

That she was not happy was only natural, but she was suffering in addition from an odd sense of insecurity. Even her own personality wasn't stable. She was John Cotterell's widow; she was Madame Spirianoff's guest; she was the children's stepmother. Moreover, she had been married so short a time that every now and then she felt far more like Miss Graham of Mill House than anyone else. Such moments were disturbing: Miss Graham was so far from home, so isolated so utterly dependent on her own resources. It was quite alarming to be Miss Graham at Aloupka. Mrs. Cotterell was in better case, for a married woman (even a widow) is automatically better equipped to face the world than any mere spinster.

Candia turned the photograph so that Cotterell's face was reflected beside her own. It was odd, she mused, how their quiet sensible marriage had turned out the briefest love story. And at the thought of the never-to-be-garnered riches that had lain beyond, she let her self-control go and put her face down in her hands. It was only for a moment; only while she was alone. In public, her head was held high.

"I must be sensible," said Candia aloud.

What was the sensible thing at that time of day? To lie down. Candia did so.

She fell asleep, and in her dreams remembered something. She remembered her promise to pay another visit to Made-moiselle. There had not really been time, she was uncertain of finding her way back, and she doubted whether Madame Spirianoff would be pleased to conduct her. There was every excuse, yet the thought so troubled Candia that she actually dreamed she heard the old lady's voice. The vividness of it woke her up; and then she realized it was not a dream at all. On the far side of the thin door not one, but two voices spoke softly in French.

"But what do you want with her?"

"I tell you nothing!"

It was Madame Spirianoff who asked the question, Made-moiselle who replied. Her voice was at once timid and defiant. "You must have some reason. What did you say to her yesterday?"

"I did not see her yesterday!"

"That is nonsense. She told me about it herself. She will tell me everything. I warn you."

There was a long silence, while Candia lay rigid. Years of careful training urged her to make some sound to reveal her wakefulness; but for some reason she did not do so.

"You would only make a fool of yourself," Madame Spirianoff continued kindly. "Go back to your room, my dear, and I will send you cakes with icing."

Again silence. Then, very slowly, footsteps diminishing down the corridor. A long pause, and then a tapping at the door: "Are you awake, *chérie*?"

Candia did not answer.

AT TEA in the salon, Madame Spirianoff made no reference to this incident, nor did Candia. She did not give it much importance. All old women had their secrets and jealousies, and her chief desire was to avoid becoming involved. "Genevieve and I drink tea *à la russe*," said Madame. "But for you there is a proper English pot. Elena shall serve it!"

With elaborate care Elena poured, and Toly carried Candia the cup and established himself on a stool by her side. It was all very pleasant; it was almost, thought Candia, like drawing-room tea at home. Then Elena brought a plate of petits fours, and at once the comparison was shattered; for never, in an English drawing room, had Candia seen a little girl of eleven wearing a double rope of pearls.

Instinctively she turned to Madame Spirianoff, but Elena forestalled her. "*Grand-mère* says I may wear them," pronounced the child smugly. "She gave them to me herself."

"It is bad for pearls always to be shut away," explained Madame.

Candia was silent. She had never been a woman who cared much for jewels, and it astonished her that at Aloupka they should occupy so large a share of everybody's thoughts. Tamara's emeralds; the rope of pearls; the big rings on the Frenchwoman's fingers—they all were important. They entered into all calculations. Candia felt sure, for example, that Elena had been allowed to wear the pearls for some specific reason. Possibly as a bribe.

At that moment, as though to illustrate this theory, the baroness remarked that it was perhaps time she took her necklace into her own keeping.

"What necklace, my dear?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

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The baroness pointed with her teaspoon. "The one Elena is now wearing. The one Tamara took from her own neck just before she passed away and pressed into my hands. 'Genevieve,' she said—"

"She said nothing of the sort!" cried Madame indignantly. "You are lying!"

"I am not. 'Genevieve,' she said—"

"Then why did you never mention it before?"

"I did not wish to reopen your wound. But now, when I see it given to Elena as a plaything—"

"It is not a plaything!" shrieked Elena. "It is my present from the Czar!"

"—I can be silent no longer. Olympiada, those pearls belong to me."

Candia listened with interest. She did not believe the baroness' story, and thought it quite probable the baroness herself did not expect to be believed and was merely creating a little excitement. But Madame Spirianoff was angry.

"Genevieve, I repeat that you are a liar. The pearls are mine, in due course they will be Elena's, and whatever my poor child may have said in her delirium is of no account whatever."

"What *did* she say?" asked Candia impulsively.

THE baroness beamed like a child at last allowed to recite. "She said, 'Genevieve, our temperaments have not perhaps been so well matched as these pearls, but at least our hearts are as pure of all unkindness. Take them, wear them always, and remember Tamara.'"

Candia could not wonder that the baroness had been eager to speak this piece. If she had made it up on the spur of the moment she really deserved applause.

"How very beautiful!"

Madame Spirianoff looked at Candia with a glance so full of suspicion that she at once regretted her heedlessness. The old lady laughed harshly.

"It is not beautiful at all; it is very silly. And let me assure you, my dear, if Genevieve *had* a rope of pearls, *she* would not give it away. Oh, no!"

"Of course not," agreed the baroness placidly. "I am not such a fool. But I am not a grabber, either. Elena may wear the pearls a little longer—by my leave."

This neat get-out had not the soothing effect intended. With a yell of rage, Elena tore off the necklace, flung it in her grandmother's lap and rushed from the room. Toly burst into tears. Madame Spirianoff boxed his ears and followed Elena. The baroness giggled.

"Now there is no one to pour tea!" she said gaily. "What a lark!"

But Candia, her arm around Toly, did not reply. It was indeed at that moment she resolved to explain Cotterell's wishes to Madame Spirianoff at once and lay the groundwork for the children's departure, so they could leave by the next boat.

Dressing for dinner that night, Candia opened the case containing her diamond bracelet and looked at it for a long time. She had never worn it, but now she wondered whether to throw it, so to speak, into the scales. The possession of such a jewel would undoubtedly enhance her prestige and perhaps relieve her of the suspicion of angling after Tamara's jewels. She could also bribe Elena, if necessary, with its loan.

With a feeling of surprise, she put down the case and again considered her own face in the mirror. She did not look different, but she must, she thought, be changed to entertain such an idea. She remembered how, that very afternoon, she had feigned sleep in order to eavesdrop. In two days Aloupka had begun to color her mind: it presented deceit and bribery as obvious weapons, and she was prepared to use them.

"No, not bribery," said Candia.

The jewel case lay under her hand, and she snapped it shut. For the first time it struck her that it wasn't only the children who ought to be taken away from Aloupka. She ought to leave as soon as possible, herself.

The opportunity for a private conversation occurred earlier than she could have hoped, for though Madame and the baroness made it up before dinner, the latter went early to bed. It was her anniversary, she said, rather mysteriously.

Madame at once explained that poor Genevieve did not mean her *fête*, but the anniversary of the day on which one of her adorers—a general—had committed suicide. Poor Genevieve had refused herself to him in life, but in death she naturally honored his memory. Candia was too preoccupied to attend to the details of this sad affair, and at last Madame noticed her lack of response.

"What is it, my darling? You seem troubled. I assure you there is no need to worry about Genevieve; *she* is not going to commit suicide. What, then, is your grief?"

Candia looked at her. She had already noticed in Madame a certain impenetrability, but it seemed hardly possible that she should have forgotten Cotterell's death. And she hadn't forgotten, not really; as she met Candia's look, her own eyes

widened with dismay and she threw up her hands in a gesture of remorse.

"Fool that I am!" she exclaimed. "Wicked, foolish old woman! I talk of love and death, and all the time you are suffering. Forgive me, my darling, it is not that I have no heart; it is just that I have no sense at all."

"But you have," protested Candia. "And great kindness."

"I have not!" Madame struck herself on the chest. "I am thoughtless and bad! While you, poor child—" She broke off, her eyes filled with tears. "Poor, tragic child," she said. "So brave, so bright, and all the while—a broken heart!"

Candia, who was finding this scene extremely painful, said nothing. Madame looked about for her handkerchief; it lay on a table at her side by a box of chocolates. She absently took one, and it seemed to calm her.

"To be brave, that is everything," she said more cheerfully.

"And indeed, my darling, all is not black. You are not without those who love you. You have a home now, here with us."

Candia sat still, marshalling her forces. The opening had been presented; she had to take it.

"There is something I must explain to you, Madame. I would have told you at once, but I wanted you to know me first. I didn't come here intending to stay always, and in spite of all your kindness, I must soon go."

Madame Spirianoff stared. "But that is nonsense! You are no trouble. Are you not happy here?"

"Of course. But perhaps you did not know my husband's plans. He wished to make a home in America. The reason we were coming here first was to—see you and to fetch the children."

"To take all three of them to America?"

"Yes, Madame." It was out at last, and Candia waited nervously for the old lady's reaction.

It was astonishing. For a minute Madame Spirianoff was speechless. Then she said slowly, "That is the most wicked idea I ever heard of. Please never speak of it again."

Candia was startled. "But I *must* speak of it."

"No," said Madame firmly. "There is no need at all. I do not blame you, you understand; you are not responsible; you have confessed, and it is over." She gave Candia a forgiving smile. "But you were right not to tell me at once, for if I had not known you for the angel you are, I might have been very angry."

"Will you please let me explain?"

Madame smiled again. "Very well, my child. Say anything you wish; but I shall know the words are not really yours."

Under this heavy handicap, Candia recapitulated. "My sister-in-law in America is ready to welcome us. And I know it would be my husband's wish that I should still go to her, taking the children with me."

"But your husband is dead," said Madame Spirianoff.

"That makes no difference."

"When one's husband is dead, it always makes a difference. There is no one to whom you are now accountable except me; and if you have made any foolish promises, I absolve you!"

The matter apparently settled, Madame picked up the box of chocolates and began to root for truffles. But her hand was unsteady, and half of them spilled on the floor.

"Please listen," said Candia. "My husband wished his children to be brought up in America and though it would be very painful to me to take them away without your consent—"

"OF COURSE I shan't consent. I believe America is quite barbarous. If you wish to go there yourself, that is another matter—though Genevieve and I had hoped you would live with us always. But the children stay here."

"You know I am their legal guardian," said Candia.

Madame laughed. "Between a guardian and a grandmother, my darling, it is naturally the grandmother who has the authority. America, indeed! When they have here every advantage."

"But they would have advantages in America, Madame. They are growing up. Toly ought to go to school; Elena wishes to study ballet dancing. They can't spend all their lives here!"

Over Madame Spirianoff's face passed a look of extraordinary secretive stubbornness. "You do not yet understand," she said, "but I hope that when you have been here a little longer, you will become more intelligent." She stooped to pick up the truffles. One of them rolled under Candia's chair, and in groping for it, the plump old hand paused to give her ankles an appreciative pat. "You have nice feet," observed Madame kindly. "In fact, for an Englishwoman, you are well-made. At St. Petersburg—no, at Moscow—I dare say you would have had a great success."

It was long before Candia fell asleep that night, and the thoughts which kept her awake were not comfortable ones. Opposition she had expected. The difficulties of the situation had been clear to her, and she was prepared to meet them. But these difficulties were considerably increased by the fact

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that, so far as Madame Spirianoff was concerned, no situation existed. So far as Madame was concerned, Candia had simply two alternatives—she could remain at Aloupka for the rest of her life, or leave, alone, as soon as she pleased. So far as Candia was concerned, there was only one course open: she was determined upon taking the children to America. So the issue was joined.

Candia was aware of great reserves of patience and perseverance within herself; she did not think the old lady could outmatch her in either; but where Madame Spirianoff scored was by sheer ignorance. Her mind was beautifully clear of everything save her own prejudices.

Lying awake in the darkness, Candia did her best to be fair. She was, after all, a stranger; had possibly been overhasty. What she needed was the support of someone familiar; and at this point her thoughts turned with relief to an unknown but potent figure: Mr. Rumbolt. A millionaire, a tycoon, a personality of force and reputation; above all, John Cotterell's executor—Mr. Rumbolt seemed designed by nature and circumstances to fill the bill.

Unconsciously, Candia uttered a relieved sigh. She would let the matter drop until Mr. Rumbolt arrived. But her urgent thoughts centered upon him with such intensity that she felt he must be aware of them.

WHETHER this were so or not, two days later Mr. Rumbolt arrived unheralded, on his own yacht, early in the morning before Madame Spirianoff was up. Candia was glad of the opportunity to talk to him alone. She felt also, as Casimir conducted her ceremoniously to the drawing room, slightly nervous, and as a consequence entered the room with her head higher than usual.

"Mr. Rumbolt!" announced Casimir proudly.

He slipped away, and Candia stopped short in surprise. For no good reason she had expected the millionaire to be large, a great hulk of a man with heavy shoulders, long arms and an imperial jowl. In actual fact he was half a head shorter than herself, and the brown skin of his face was tight-drawn. It was a face completely lacking in expression; only the eyes were alert.

"Good morning," said Candia, recovering her wits. "I'm Mrs. Cotterell. It was good of you to come."

Mr. Rumbolt ducked his head in a peculiar little bow. Candia looked at him again and received the impression that he was unaccustomed to talking to women. Her own nervousness accordingly diminished. She sat down and indicated a near-by chair. Mr. Rumbolt obediently sat. He kept his eyes fixed on hers with an intentness partly due, she now realized, to the fact that he had no lashes. They looked at each other in silence.

Then Mr. Rumbolt cleared his throat. "Cotterell was a good man," he said, "and I liked him. Anything I can do, you tell me."

"Thank you," said Candia, and paused again. There was so much she wanted Mr. Rumbolt to do she hardly knew where to begin. "You know my husband made you his executor?"

Mr. Rumbolt nodded. "I've seen Moffat. Seen the will. Children get about ten thousand apiece, income till twenty-one, then the capital. All plain sailing. I'll administer."

"Thank you," said Candia again. "I don't know whether my husband ever spoke to you about the children's future?"

"No."

"He wanted them to be brought up in America. That's why we were coming here—to fetch them. Now I must do it by myself, and I shall; but the position is more difficult."

"I bet it is," said Mr. Rumbolt, pulling thoughtfully at his left ear. "I figured you'd be going back to England. No trouble, you know. Take you to Singapore in my yacht; do the rest by air. Easy."

"Mr. Rumbolt," Candia said, "please understand that I'm not going back. I'm going on, with the children. They can't possibly spend the rest of their lives at Aloupka."

"Lena is a young hellion," stated Mr. Rumbolt.

"If she is, it's largely the way she's been brought up. And the others are—adorable."

For a minute he stared at her in silence. Then he shrugged impatiently. "Very well," he said. "I've got to leave this evening. D'you want me to kidnap 'em today?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Quite simple. Park you all at Singapore; lend you any cash. Why not?"

Candia hesitated. All she had against this plan was its brutality. She did not really like Madame Spirianoff; she mistrusted her; but she could not so insult and injure a lonely old woman. She wanted to carry out her task not only successfully, but with decency. She wanted, if possible, to leave behind no hard feelings; grief, perhaps, but not anger, not hatred.

"I can manage the journey easily by myself," she said. "We'll go from here on the coast boat, I hope, next week. What I want you to do is to talk to Madame Spirianoff. I

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want you to explain that I really am the children's legal guardian and that if I choose I can use legal authority. I want you to make her understand that their father's wishes must be carried out. And if you can, make her see that it's really for the children's good, so that *she* won't be unhappy about letting them go."

"Humph," said Mr. Rumbolt. "Did Cotterell give you the impression I was the Almighty?"

Candia laughed. "No. But I'm sure you have great influence with Madame Spirianoff—and the baroness."

Mr. Rumbolt looked interested. "That old catamaran still around?"

"Yes—and I'm glad. It means Madame won't be left quite alone." Candia paused; she had just remembered that the baroness was not the only other old woman at Aloupka. "Though of course there's Mademoiselle," she went on tentatively. "Do you know about her?"

"I do. But I didn't think you would."

"Madame told me she used to be their governess."

"Holy mackerel!" said Mr. Rumbolt appreciatively.

"That's what I thought," agreed Candia. "It's all rather odd. I mean, she's evidently living here, yet she and Madame don't seem to be exactly friends."

"Not friends, cousins," said Mr. Rumbolt. "They're having a lawsuit. The baroness was in on it too. When she and Mam'zelle turned up they were in cahoots. But the baroness rattled on account of free champagne, and Mam'zelle settled down with a grouch, and now the lawsuit's just a hobby."

"But what was it all about?" asked Candia curiously.

Mr. Rumbolt grinned. "An estate in Russia. Sometimes Madame says it's an oil well. Whatever it is, it will have been confiscated long ago by the Soviet. Only they don't know. If they did know, they wouldn't care. You keep out of it. Anything else you want to know?"

"Well, yes," said Candia, "there is." Her nervousness was returning, but she tried to speak casually. "You made Tamara—you made my husband's first wife—some valuable gifts."

For the first time the millionaire shifted his gaze from her face.

Candia went quickly on. "Madame Spirianoff says they are now hers, eventually to be Elena's. Elena wants them. The baroness says Tamara gave the pearls to her. I think they all suspect me of trying to get them for myself. The situation is extremely unpleasant."

"Have you seen 'em?" asked Mr. Rumbolt abruptly.

"I've seen the pearls and an emerald necklace."

"And don't you want 'em yourself?"

"Of course not."

"Because if you do, they're yours," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia got up and walked to the windows. For a moment she was so angry that she had to control herself, as in furious girlhood, by counting up to twenty. At nineteen, she turned and found Mr. Rumbolt at her elbow. He had crossed the room without making the slightest sound.

"I meant as a present," he said anxiously. "Nothing else. No strings. Just a present."

THE situation had fortunately become absurd. Candia smiled. "Mr. Rumbolt," she said, "I'm sure you mean to be kind, but I honestly don't want them. What I want you to do with these things is to take them back, because otherwise they'll be a bone of contention when Elena goes. I want you to say you only lent them to Tamara, and that now they belong to you again. I want you to take them away."

Mr. Rumbolt pulled his ear. "All in all, they're worth a lot of money. Might be useful to the kid later on."

"And in the meantime, Elena is learning to spy and steal to get hold of them! She thinks much more of jewelry than any child should. Don't you see what a nuisance they are?"

Whether he did or not, Mr. Rumbolt was evidently prepared to accept her ruling. "Right," he agreed. "I'll get 'em out of Madame before I go. And I tell you what: I'll keep 'em till the kid's of age, and then if you say so, she can have 'em."

"Thank you," said Candia. "That's very, very good of you. And now, do you mind if I ask a question?"

The millionaire pulled his ear again. "If it's *why* I gave Tamara that stuff—"

"Oh, no," said Candia hastily. "At least, it's just—are any of the children yours?"

"No," said Mr. Rumbolt. "That I can take my oath on."

"Thank you. I had to ask, because if so, you'd naturally have a right to consider their future too. I'm very glad."

Mr. Rumbolt considered her for some moments before speaking. Then it was his turn to ask a question.

"What sort of life did you live before you came here?"

"Very quiet," replied Candia.

"What they call sheltered?"

"Very."

No Turning Back

"That's what I thought. Never met anyone like me, for instance?"

"No," said Candia. "I didn't meet many people at all. But I read a great many books."

"You'd better lend me some of 'em," said Mr. Rumbolt.

It afterwards struck Candia as remarkable that of the two tasks she had laid upon Mr. Rumbolt—the persuading of Madame Spirianoff and the recovery of Tamara's jewelry—it was the first, and far more important, which proved easier of accomplishment. What arguments he used she could not guess, but Madame emerged from the interview with only enough spirit for a slight scene.

"It appears," she said ironically, "that I am a stupid and selfish woman. I wonder, my dear, that you have been able to put up with me for even a week."

"Oh, no!" cried Candia, really distressed. "You have been so kind. I shall be sorry to go."

"But you will go all the same, *hein*? And take my grandchildren with you! But Mr. Rumbolt assures me it is for the best, and of course Mr. Rumbolt knows everything. So I will do a thing I should not have dreamed of doing in Russia: I will ask him to sit down to lunch with us."

"Thanks," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Madame Spirianoff ignored him. "To you, Candia, let me say at once that I believe you are doing what you think is right. You had better take the next boat. That will give us time to get ready, and not too long to weep."

This was so sensible Candia could hardly believe her ears. She looked at Mr. Rumbolt as at a magician.

By way of contrast, the confiscation by Mr. Rumbolt of Tamara's jewel cases was a whirlwind drama raging all over the house and lasting all afternoon. From the first, Candia pinned her faith on Mr. Rumbolt, whom she began to admire very much. He was the whirlwind's tranquil center; about him raged Madame Spirianoff and the baroness—only two of them, but so loud, so mobile, as to seem ubiquitous.

Had he not given the jewels, they demanded, pressing them again and again into Tamara's unwilling hands? No, replied Mr. Rumbolt, he had merely lent them to her because she liked pretty things. They were all agreed in comparing Tamara's virtue to the driven snow; was he a man, inquired Mr. Rumbolt cynically, to make a present of five thousand pounds to an iceberg? Madame Spirianoff recoiled, but only momentarily. Well, then, Tamara had bought them—bought and paid for them out of her own money, as an inheritance for her daughter. Mr. Rumbolt replied, Boloney! Very well, boloney, agreed Madame Spirianoff; but was not Mr. Rumbolt a millionaire, and lent or not lent, given or not given, what was five thousand pounds to him? A bagatelle. Why, asked Madame, all this fuss about nothing? What did he want the jewels for? To give to another woman, replied Mr. Rumbolt.

At this point the baroness went into hysterics and came out of them with the astounding statement that the jewels had been given to *her* in return for favors received. No one took any notice of this. Madame Spirianoff then rushed out and came back dragging Elena, whom she hurled at the millionaire's breast, begging him to consider the child's pitiable and portionless state—without father, without mother, without even a rope of pearls. Elena's shrill wails added to the din.

Candia plunged into the tempest and dragged Elena away. The child fought like a wildcat, but Candia was strong enough to pick her up and carry her to her own room. There Elena wriggled free, flung herself on the bed and shrieked anew.

Candia slapped her. "You are a silly, bad-mannered, objectionable little girl," she said severely.

"But they're mine! I want them!" yelled Elena.

"But what good are they to you?" asked Candia. "You couldn't wear them for years."

"I could wear them when I was sixteen, and then everyone would think I had a rich lover."

"If you go on like this," said Candia, "you will be so ugly and bad-tempered you'll never have a lover at all."

It seemed a curious argument to use with a child of eleven; and yet, thought Candia, pausing reflectively above the bed, was it so very different from the admonishments of her own youth? "If you're so cross and willful, Miss Candia, no one will love you." But the no one of her nurse's warning had been Mama and Papa and kind aunts and uncles; not (she seemed to surprise the precise image in Elena's mind) a middle-aged gentleman in a white waistcoat. However, the argument seemed to work. Elena ceased howling and began to yawn. It was the hour of the siesta, and she had just put on a first-class emotional display. With a long sigh, she turned her head to one side and slept.

Whether the others, like Elena, broke off for their siesta, Candia never knew. But when she emerged at a summons to tea she found them all in a much calmer frame of mind. (Mr. Rumbolt's calm, indeed, was never ruffled.) Madame and the baroness were accepting defeat not only with composure, but

also with a good deal of ingenuity. As Candia entered, Madame Spirianoff rustled up to her side.

"It was for you I did it!" she whispered loudly. "For you, my son's wife! But when a man reaches a certain age—"

She broke off with a meaning glance at Mr. Rumbolt.

The baroness intercepted it. "What can one do?" she demanded loudly. "One can do nothing! A child with a new toy, an old man with a new mistress! It is pitiable!"

During the next half-hour Candia felt very sorry for Mr. Rumbolt. The conversation developed into a series of cautionary tales, contributed by Madame Spirianoff and the baroness, all about distinguished elderly men who became entangled with shopgirls or *filles de joie*, lost money, health and position, became nervous wrecks and finally blew their brains out.

Mr. Rumbolt sat through it all unmoved, his foot on a neat square package. When he had finished his tea he picked up the parcel, bowed and went out. Candia followed him.

"Well?" said Mr. Rumbolt, when they were out of earshot. "Is that what you wanted?"

Candia looked at him with admiration. "I think you're wonderful," she said. "And I'm very sorry you had to go through it."

The millionaire shrugged compliment and apology aside. "I've been through worse in my time. You won't have any more trouble with Madame."

"I should very much like to know how you did it."

"I don't think you would," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia hesitated. The suspicion entered her mind that he had simply bought Madame Spirianoff off with a lump sum.

"Mr. Rumbolt," she said, "I'm quite a well-to-do woman—"

"But not half so well-to-do as I am," said Mr. Rumbolt. "Just forget it."

"Then it is—something to do with money?"

"All right," he sighed. "I'll tell you. The annuity Cotterell bought Madame is plenty for you to run Alopka on if she's careful. Only she isn't careful. She orders anything she fancies from Singapore. Lots of tradesmen thought I still owned the place; sent the bills to me. I didn't mind. I paid. If I don't pay, she'll be less comfortable. See?"

Candia nodded unhappily. She could see quite clearly, and as Mr. Rumbolt had prophesied, did not like what she saw.

"But the children," she said. "They must have an income, together, of nearly a thousand a year. If Madame Spirianoff kept them, wouldn't she have control of that?"

"She doesn't think so, because she expects me to embezzle it. If you ever get her on the subject she'll tell you she's had three fortunes left her already—all embezzled. It's what she's used to."

Candia gave him such a look of astonishment and dismay that Mr. Rumbolt grinned.

"But don't you worry," he added. "Soon as you get to the States, find a good lawyer and put him in touch with me. Not with Moffat; with me. You don't have to worry at all."

"I'm not," said Candia. "Not about that."

"And don't worry about Madame, either. What it all boils down to is that she thinks she hasn't got a chance against me—and by God, she's right."

Candia believed him; she believed that her troubles were over, but she felt sad. On her behalf Madame Spirianoff had been bullied, and the thought was not pleasant.

"I told you that you ought to go home, didn't I?" asked Mr. Rumbolt.

"But I can't," said Candia. "And now you've arranged everything, I shall be all right. Thank you very much, Mr. Rumbolt. I'm more grateful to you than I can say."

They had been walking toward the lower terrace, and by the curving balustrade Mr. Rumbolt paused. "Will you tell me your name?" he asked abruptly. "Your first name?"

"Candia."

"I call that very suitable," said Mr. Rumbolt gravely.

It's THE old name for Crete. My father met my mother there. He was in the Navy."

"The British Navy?"

Candia nodded. She could not resent his questioning. She had ceased to think of him as a stranger, possibly a wicked tycoon; he was simply a queer little man who had helped her.

"This is a hell of a time to ask," said Mr. Rumbolt, "but I suppose you wouldn't think of marrying me?"

She did not resent even that. Oddly, she was not even very much surprised. "No," she said. "No, thank you, I wouldn't."

"I guess it's no use telling you how much money I have. But you could spend it any way you liked—hospitals, orphanages, all that. Make me a good citizen on the side."

Candia was touched. A wife was so obviously what he needed. "Mr. Rumbolt, I'm so sorry—"

"Cornelius. Hell of a name. Begins with the same letter as yours."

"Cornelius, I'm very sorry, and I'm more grateful than I can say, but really it's out of the question."

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Mr. Rumbolt pulled at his ear. "I thought it would be," he said. "Now I've got to go to Australia. Good-by."

He did not look back. Candia watched him walk down to the landing stage, and when his curiously lonely figure vanished, she felt as though she had parted from a friend.

It was very still in the garden, a sudden chill heralded the swift-falling dark; but Candia felt reluctant to return to the house. Though all was so smoothly settled, she did not feel happy. She could not quite believe in so easy a triumph. For a moment she wished she had closed with Mr. Rumbolt's unscrupulous offer; she almost called after him, "Stop! Wait for us. Take us with you."

The moment passed, and for long afterwards Candia was to regret it. For if she had only called, if she had only let him hear that note of fear, Mr. Rumbolt would have returned; and there would have been no death, that night, at Aloupka.

It was impossible to forecast the behavior of either Madame Spirianoff or the baroness: after the storm of the day both appeared refreshed and stimulated, and the evening was exceptionally pleasant. The baroness sang. She accompanied herself on the grand piano, a baroque affair with scenes after Watteau painted inside the lid, and as Candia sat watching the striking picture thus presented, she felt the comic spirit once more in possession. Life at Aloupka seemed to fall under alternate influences of light and shade: passages of uneasiness and suspicion, followed by passages of pure absurdity.

MADAME SPIRIANOFF appeared to enjoy the music. She had told Candia that she would say nothing to the children until next day, when the whole subject of their leaving should be fully explained, and Candia agreed. She was glad of a pause in the continual excitement which seemed as natural to Aloupka as monotony to Somerset.

"We are like the Three Old Wives of Lee!" said the baroness suddenly. She had a number of these unexpected tags and phrases, the legacy of an English governess.

Candia smiled, for the image chimed with her own mood. (There were really four, though, if one counted the French cousin.)

"What old wives?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

"They sat nid-nid-nodding," explained Genevieve. "Like you and me and darling Candia. I will sing one more song, and then the concert ends."

And for once restraining her powerful voice, she sang softly "*Au clair de la lune*."

Candia had been asleep some hours, it was almost three in the morning, when she waked to the realization that her door was open. (But there had been something before that—a sound or a light falling blow.) Candia switched on her bedside lamp just in time to see the door close. There was no one in the room, and she thought she had been dreaming. There was no further sound, no reason why she should not continue to lie where she was. If she had done so, she might never even have known.

As it was, to reassure herself, she got up and opened the door. Outside, so huddled against the jamb that the upper part of her body fell over the threshold, lay Mademoiselle. Over her bent Madame Spirianoff.

"What is it?" cried Candia. "What has happened?"

"She has walked in her sleep and fallen," said Madame harshly. "She is in a faint. We must take her to her room."

But Candia had worked four years in hospital. Though she stooped and felt for pulse and heartbeat, even ran for a mirror, she knew. "She is dead," whispered Candia.

"But it is not possible!" Madame leaned against the wall. "It is true." Candia knelt and took the lolling head gently, in her lap. The left temple, under wisps of gray hair, was discolored.

"She struck the doorknob as she fell," whispered Madame. "You saw her fall?"

"I heard a sound and came out. Just outside your door I saw her stumble and fall." The old woman became suddenly voluble. "Her heart—that is it—her heart has always been weak; they have always said, the best doctors in Russia, that at any moment, at the least shock, it was to be expected. It is awful, but there is nothing strange. We must carry her to her room."

Candia had a vague feeling that the body ought not to be moved, but the shock had left her too stunned to think why. Madame Spirianoff was already stooping to the feet.

"The children," she panted. "They may have heard something. They must not see. Hurry!"

The thought of Toly and Elena pushed all others aside. Candia put her arms under the gaunt shoulders and struggled up. The purple dressing gown hung like a pall, Candia had to loop it up to avoid tripping, and as she did so, clumsily, a cold hand swung down and a loose ring rolled away over the floor. "*Laissez-la! Leave it!*" said Madame; and with their burden between them, they began to move.

BOOK 4 - THE COMPLETE BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL

It was a horrible journey. They traversed pitch-black corridors, rooms; doors had to be opened; the only sounds in all the house were their own footsteps and labored breath. But at last they reached a chamber where a light still burned, and there laid Mademoiselle on her own bed.

Madame drew back and shook herself—as though, Candia thought, to shake off the contact with death. And indeed she looked at that moment extraordinarily alive. Her vitality dominated the still, stuffy chamber. Candia watched, fascinated, while she rummaged the bureau for clean linen, straightened the bedcovers, unhooked a crucifix from the wall. Such sensible activity was calming; and when at length she turned again to Candia, the latter was able to show something like calm herself.

"How is it, my poor child? Will you let me take you back?"

Candia hesitated. "Should not someone stay here to—to watch?"

"But of course. I shall return. I will get Celeste to help me."

"Isn't there a doctor?"

"I will send Casimir for one. I will do everything that is necessary. This is no trouble of yours, my darling; come, and try to sleep."

Candia still hesitated, and the old woman laid a gentle hand on her arm.

"Think of the children," she said. "In the morning you must play with them, keep them in the garden. They must not notice anything amiss."

The hand tightened; unresisting, Candia allowed herself to be led back to her own room. With a kiss, Madame left her.

Automatically Candia began to straighten the tumbled bed. Her gesture, as she pulled up the sheet, was horribly like Madame's, but she forced herself to go on; and as she lifted the pillow something fell. Candia stood very still. The small sound, a light dropping thud, startled her memory: it was the sound she had heard through her sleep, in the instant before waking. She searched the floor and half under the bed found an envelope.

It was of stout linen parchment, open at one end, and very thick. Candia sat down, turning it between her hands. There was something written on it in Russian, which she could not understand, but the contents—a bundle of documents, some heavily stamped and sealed—were partly in French. Candia soon made out the general sense, and by a comparison of proper names convinced herself that the French papers were simply translations. The others, she thought, were the originals, the title deeds to a disputed property.

The events of the night began to take shape. This, then, was the business of which the dead woman had spoken—the business in which Candia was to be employed. Mademoiselle had been bringing her the papers; had opened her door; and then—at what sound; at what alarm?—got rid of the envelope by flinging it into the room. She had shut the door, and there was Madame Spirianoff behind her. It had happened before. Only this time the Frenchwoman stumbled and fell, and in falling struck her temple against the doorknob.

A sudden strange and ironic thought made Candia turn again to the papers. It seemed to her that the name of the place was somehow familiar. She thought she had seen it before, in some journal of foreign affairs in the days when every Russian item was so deeply interesting: the name of a great estate, taken over by the Soviet as a holiday center for workers. She looked, and the name was the same: **M — Selo**.

WITH TREMBLING hands Candia thrust the papers into the envelope. They had cost the Frenchwoman her life, but they were quite worthless.

Only once next morning, for the briefest instant, did Candia see Madame Spirianoff: The old lady appeared on the upper terrace, observed her with the three children, nodded approval and vanished; and Candia realized that she was under supervision. She had risen early and gone directly to the nursery. There was no sign of Celeste, and it was the underling who carried Xenia into the garden. Celeste, thought Candia, was busy in a dark, stuffy room.

With a heavy heart, Candia ran from Toly and listened to Elena's chatter. The intensity of her preoccupation was like a thin veil through which the children could not reach. She tried to imagine what was going on at the house: whether Casimir had left; what doctor he would bring; what the doctor would say. What could he say? There was the bruise, and Madame Spirianoff's evidence of a weak heart.

"Darling Candia, look at me! Look!" shrieked Elena. "I am dancing *Giselle*! This is where I come out of my grave!"

She rose slowly from behind a seat and with a tragic face, shaking her tawny mane, circled on the tips of her toes. There was conviction in all Elena's acting, and Xenia let out a howl.

"Stop!" cried Candia sharply.

Elena paused in an arabesque. "But why? All dancers have to practice."

"Then practice something more cheerful. You're frightening Xenia."

"I can do the cancan out of *Boutique Fantastique*, but it wants a partner. Toly can't dance at all. But he can stand on his head. Toly, stand on your head!"

Toly, a child of few words, silently did so. He stood on his head, his earnest face red as a poppy, his short stout legs carefully balanced, while Elena pirouetted round him and Xenia's howls turned to laughter. It was a delightfully funny scene, but Candia could not laugh with them. She was glad when they were too tired to play and piled round her instead for tales of boats and railways and ballets she had seen in London. She had to concentrate, and the effort did her good.

The long morning wore away. There had been no sign of any arrival at the island; nor did Candia know even if Casimir had left. She thought he must have gone, however, for at one Celeste appeared with a message that Madame would be glad if she ate her lunch with the children. Candia dared not ask questions, but obediently followed the children. I am still under supervision, she thought wryly; and determined that nothing should prevent her from seeing Madame Spirianoff during the afternoon.

"But enter!" cried Madame later, when Candia knocked at her bedroom door. "How are you, my darling? Have you come for a little chat?"

Candia closed the door and slowly advanced. Madame Spirianoff lay on her bed, propped on one elbow, smoking. She did not look tired or worried or distressed.

"Well?" said Candia.

The old woman lifted her free hand and let it drop again in a gesture of mournful finality. "All is over! The children may go where they please."

Candia at once jumped to the conclusion that a doctor or some person in authority must have taken the body away. In the case of so sudden a death it was not unreasonable; only she could not see how it had been done.

"You mean—?" she said stupidly.

"The body of our poor friend is no longer with us."

"Then where is it?"

"Buried."

The brutality of that single word matched the brutality of the act as an oath matches a blow. Under it, Candia could only sit silent.

"I see you do not approve," went on Madame. "That is because you do not understand. In this climate—one does not enjoy speaking of such things—it is not possible to wait; so our poor friend was buried this morning, with all reverence, in a spot where she had actually expressed a wish to lie—fortunately, on the other side of the island. If you wish, we will go and lay flowers on the grave. Though it is not really necessary, since the place is a bower of jasmine."

Candia was dumfounded. "I can't believe it," she said at last.

"What cannot you believe, my darling?"

"ANY OF IT!" said Candia, almost wildly. "Surely you must realize, Madame, what a serious thing it is—to bury anyone like that without a doctor's certificate; without informing the authorities. I'm sure it is a criminal offense."

"But who is to know?" inquired Madame Spirianoff. "Except ourselves, no one knew that she was living here. No one will know she is dead, because no one knew she was alive."

"Her relations?"

"She has none. Or rather, I am her relations. We are distant cousins; out of charity I took her in, but it was not a connection to *afficher*. I am her only relation, and so have the right to say when and where she should be interred. Stop worrying, my child. I tell you that all is over, and all is well."

"Nevertheless, Madame," Candia said, "some official person must be informed at once. You did not send for a doctor?"

"Why should I send for a doctor when the poor creature is already dead?"

"To get a death certificate. You must realize—"

Without warning, Madame Spirianoff lost her temper. She sat up, shouting, "I realize this, I realize that! Now it is time for you to realize something—that I am the mistress here at Aloupka, and I do what I please! I—I am the one who decides! I send for the doctor or I do not send for the doctor; I inform the authorities or I do not inform the authorities—and there is no one who can give me orders! All you think of is to stir up trouble and make yourself important, but I will not allow it. I tell you to go away—and do not return until you have found some sense!"

With a violent gesture of dismissal she sank back, panting. "I did not mean to give orders," Candia said slowly, realizing that she could not afford an open break with the children's grandmother. "It seemed to me that there were certain things that should be done, not to make trouble, but to prevent it." This was not strictly true. She had not been think-

ing of trouble, but of a principle: of the right and wrong. She was climbing down, and both she and the old woman knew it.

Madame Spirianoff, suddenly calm again, looked at her shrewdly. "There will be no trouble at all. Nor need there be trouble between you and me, unless you wish it."

"I don't wish that, Madame."

"Then be still. My poor cousin was nothing to you, I think. She did not, for example, make you her heiress?"

The tone was ironic, but Candia felt that the bright eyes focused like a burning glass on her face. She remembered the packet of worthless documents, now lying at the bottom of a locked trunk. It would be easy to destroy them.

"Of course not, Madame."

"Very well, then. If I have spoken harshly to you, you must remember I have been through a great deal. I am nervous and tired. We are both nervous. Go and rest, my dear, and when we meet again all this will be forgotten, like a bad dream."

Madame closed her eyes and settled herself for sleep.

It was not until she reached her own room that Candia realized what an opportunity she had let slip. To have admitted possession of the envelope and given it to Madame Spirianoff would have been an overwhelming proof of good faith; for if she knew its contents to be valueless, Madame Spirianoff presumably did not. She might still do so: she could pretend to find it now. The only objection to this was a purely sentimental one: the dead woman had given it into her keeping.

IT DOESN'T matter, thought Candia. Whichever of them was in the right, it doesn't matter. It's all over.

The echo of Madame Spirianoff's words startled her. It was all over. The little dark room was finally tenantless. That was the fact; and as Candia tried to make herself realize it, she found her thoughts turning morbidly to the details of the hasty funeral. Who had dug the grave? Casimir, probably; possibly with the help of the gardener. They would both do as Madame told them and ask no questions. Had there been a coffin? There could be no stone over the grave; in a week, the fast-growing vegetation would have blotted it out. The whole place was a bower of jasmine . . .

Candia dragged her thoughts away, and found them back at the central and most shocking fact of all: that a human being, at Aloupka, could vanish from the face of the earth leaving no more trace than a bubble in the air, or a spark from a fire, or a stone flung into deep water.

The door of her room stood ajar. There was thus no need to touch the knob, but because she could not keep her eyes from it, she looked down and saw that it had been changed. Instead of white china painted with rosebuds, there was now a heavy sphere of cut glass.

She entered her room, and at once noticed that a table and chair had been moved, but did not conceal the gap left by the disappearance of the gilded chest.

As a bubble, a spark, a stone, leave no trace in air, fire or water, so the brief tragedy of the Frenchwoman's end left no mark on Aloupka.

Madame Spirianoff never referred to it again. The children, mercifully, knew nothing. The servants, at least Casimir and Celeste, knew but would forget at Madame's bidding. The one uncertain factor was the baroness. Mademoiselle was, at least originally, the baroness' friend, and there was always the possibility that Genevieve would look for her. She would have to be told something.

So Candia reasoned; and so, it presently appeared, had Madame Spirianoff reasoned, for a day later the baroness waylaid Candia in the garden.

"Candia, what do you think? That crazy old thing! That poor Mademoiselle! What do you think she has done now? She has gone native!" The baroness plumped down on a seat, quivering with excitement. "Olympiada has just told me. You know how queer she had grown, never leaving that awful little room, seeing only the servants? Well, yesterday she told Olympiada she hated us all and would go to live with the natives. She had made all arrangements through that sly cat Celeste; she was going to a village down the coast. No doubt she thinks she will be a cannibal queen there! And my darling, she has gone! Celeste's cousin took her last night, and all her things. She had not much, but there was a sapphire worth money, and that is the end of my poor chum!"

With a calm that astonished herself, Candia heard this extraordinary recital to the end. She even felt an unwilling admiration for Madame Spirianoff's ingenuity. The tale was almost impossible of disproof. From beginning to end, it was a good, simple, workmanlike lie.

"You do not seem very astonished," complained the baroness.

Candia moistened her lips. Suppose she denied the tale at once, countered the lie with truth, said, "No, your friend is not on the mainland. She is here, buried in her grave." What would the baroness do? She would have hysterics, thought

Candia, and then rush to Madame Spirianoff, and Madame would deny it. Nothing would result except confusion and enmity. Enmity: that was it. Without a better ally than the baroness, Candia feared Madame's enmity too much to speak the truth.

"It is certainly very strange," she said weakly.

"Strange? It is awful! I tell you she will be murdered!"

Candia felt suddenly dizzy. She swayed on her feet, and at once the baroness jumped up to support her.

"There!" she said, pleased. "I told Olympiada. I said, 'Wait till I tell Candia this. She will probably faint!'"

Candia sank on to the bench and dropped her head to her knees. When she looked up again, it was to ask, "What did Madame say then?"

"She said not. She said, 'You will find our darling Candia more sensible than you think.'"

No trace?

A gilded chest moved from a bedroom. Perhaps to store linen. A new knob on a door. Perhaps the old one was loose.

Somewhere on the island, under a tangle of jasmine—proof.

In all her life before, when it came to a question of right and wrong, Candia had never wavered. She had never had the least difficulty in deciding whether a course of action was right or wrong, and acting accordingly. Moral scrupulousness was bred in her bones. But now, for the first time, she was at a loss.

It was wrong that any death should be concealed. Since no one else would move in the matter, the responsibility for action lay upon herself.

The obvious course was to write to Mr. Moffat in Singapore, give the facts and instruct him to lay them before the proper authority. But no letter could be dispatched except by the mail boat on which she and the children planned to leave. She might as well wait and see the solicitor in person. Then another point arose: it would be impossible to start such an affair and leave, she herself being the one important witness. She, with the children, would have to wait until the body was dug up.

Candia shuddered. Right or wrong, how could she involve the children in such a hateful undertaking?

So, thinking of the children, Candia wavered. She lulled her conscience and played the rôle allotted her by Madame Spirianoff.

It was the rôle of fairy godmother, Candia realized with some astonishment. Madame Spirianoff herself broke the great news to the children, then handed them over in a touching scene of renunciation. Candia was more and more surprised. Toly's pleasure she had expected, but not Elena's enthusiasm.

The child danced through the house asking questions, exacting promises, and outlining in return her own future career. It was lurid. She was going to become the most famous dancer in the world, with millionaires at her feet, whom she would first ruin and then spurn. If they blew their brains out she would go to their funerals, dressed all in white, ermine and Chantilly lace. She would make her lovers buy up all the ermine in the world, so that no one else could wear it.

There was a super-mammoth quality in these imaginings which made Candia suspect that Elena's spiritual home was really Hollywood. The thought was dismaying, for she had no desire to be hitched to the wagon of a child star; but she still put trust in the strict discipline of a ballet school.

"You will have to work very hard first," said Madame unctuously. "Be a good girl and not a trouble to your dear stepmother."

CANDIA STARTED. It was the first time the old lady had so referred to her, and her perhaps oversensitive ear detected a hint of irony. But Madame's smile remained bland. "America!" she declaimed. "The land of the future! So great; so vast! The Rocky Mountains! The Himalayas!"

"But the Himalayas are in Africa," objected the baroness. "I expect America has something just as good," smiled Madame Spirianoff.

That afternoon Candia spent an hour and a half looking for Sir James Woodward's letter of introduction to the governor's wife. She had an idle curiosity to read it again, or so she tried to tell herself. But the true reason was that ever since the Frenchwoman's death there had grown upon her an increasing desire for contact with the outer world. It troubled her, for instance, that so few people knew where she was. She had not written a single letter. Her friends, therefore, imagined her on her way to the United States with her husband. The few acquaintances who knew of her changed situation were widely dispersed—Cotterell's sister in Massachusetts; Sir James and Mr. Rumbolt bound for Australia. There remained Mr. Moffat, who indeed had a certain responsibility toward her, but whom she did not altogether trust.

"I should have stayed longer in Singapore," Candia told herself; and she realized how right Sir James had been when he urged her to make herself known. By paying a few calls, she would have insured herself against just such isolation as

was at present troubling her. People would have known her address. As it was, she had passed through Singapore like a shadow, leaving no trace.

Candia reopened her writing case—the letter was not there; it must have been lost at the hotel in Singapore—and did a thing she hadn't done since she left school. She made a private calendar, nine squares, so that she could mark off the days until the arrival of the mail boat. Had she known then of the chance that was coming to her in only twenty-four hours, she would have spared her pains. But she didn't know.

That Candia let this second chance go by was due to her own character. Being the woman she was, she had to act according to her nature. And yet had she been otherwise, Mr. Rumbolt would not have come back.

She did not mean to quarrel with him. On the contrary, when she looked out of her window and saw the yacht at anchor in the bay, her heart leaped. He had, she thought gratefully, the knack of turning up just when he was wanted. He was the one person to whom she could unburden herself. He knew enough about the situation at Aloupka to understand all her difficulties; he knew, without requiring proof, that the dead woman had existed. Furthermore, he was the very person to take appropriate action. Cornelius Rumbolt was no stranger like herself, but a figure of power and influence. He had his yacht; he could get to Singapore without waiting for any mail boat.

He might even renew his offer of taking her and the children with him. If he does, thought Candia calmly, we'll go.

It was early morning; she was not even dressed, but she slipped on a house coat and hurried down to the quay. A boat had put off, and she saw Mr. Rumbolt coming ashore, alone. There was something extremely purposeful about his approach. An outboard motor sent the craft kicking through the water; Mr. Rumbolt sat crouched in an attitude of great concentration. He approached the quay almost without slackening speed, made fast, shut off the engine and stepped out.

"Ever heard the one about the bull fighter?" he asked.

"No," said Candia. "Mr. Rumbolt—"

"He tried to kill his bull without taking his eyes off a certain Señorita. If I hadn't remembered the result, I'd have gone slap into the quay."

"Mr. Rumbolt, I'm so glad to see you!" Candia held out her hand, but the millionaire did not take it. He remained a few paces off, gazing at her out of his sad lashless eyes. Candia let her hand drop and hurried on, "There's something I want to tell you."

"Same here. I guess I'm in love," stated Mr. Rumbolt.

The events of the past forty-eight hours had so completely wiped out all memory of Mr. Rumbolt's proposal that Candia was now almost more surprised than when he first made it. Scarcely a month widowed, all her heart still fixed on her late husband, she had every right to be indignant. But as before, there was an earnest diffidence about this suitor that robbed his words of offense. She did not know what to say; and since she could not in decency go straight on with her own story, she was silent.

"When I asked you to marry me," continued Mr. Rumbolt, "I wasn't. I was just following my natural impulse to acquire a good thing when I saw it. But since—" He broke off, pulling at his ear. His look was accusing. "I've been thinking about you when I should have been thinking about this deal in Sydney. There's a lot of money in it. I've sat with the figures before my eyes and thought about the way you look. That's not how I got where I am today."

"I'm sure it isn't," murmured Candia. "I'm sorry, Mr. Rumbolt."

"Last time you called me Cornelius. I won't think it means anything."

"Cornelius."

"You make it sound pretty. But what I'm getting at is this: when I say I'm in love, I'm not speaking from past experience. I just guess it must be so, because I can't otherwise account for my sensations. You're the first. I don't know if it makes any difference?"

Candia shook her head. She was very sorry for him—and at the same time increasingly impatient. She had so much to tell him.

"I thought maybe it might. I wouldn't know." Mr. Rumbolt sighed. "It's all new ground—like railroads would be."

There was a stone bench a little way up the path. Candia walked to it and sat down. He watched her anxiously.

"You're not offended, are you?"

"Indeed I'm not," said Candia. "But I can't listen any more. It's no use, and I'm too anxious about something else—the thing I want to tell you about. I haven't time," she added unhappily, "to be nicer to you."

Mr. Rumbolt considered her. Then he shrugged, and the quality of his attention changed. "Okay," he said. "I'm listening."

Candia told him the whole story of the Frenchwoman's death, striving to give a clear picture uncolored by any subjective emotion. She did not quite succeed, for this very scrupulousness led her too far on the opposite line: unconsciously, she presented the Frenchwoman's death as a pure accident. What she laid stress on was Madame's behavior after the event.

Mr. Rumbolt listened in silence. If he felt astonishment or sympathy, he did not show it. But when at last Candia finished, she knew he had checked over every point with the strictest care.

"And now, what ought I to do?" she asked.

His answer surprised her, it so completely ignored the main issue. "Get rid of those papers."

"But I'm not worried about them."

"Go and get 'em now. Give them to me, and I'll burn 'em. Where are they?"

"In my trunk."

Mr. Rumbolt groaned. "You don't seem to have the first instinct of self-preservation! They're worthless, all right, but if Madame finds 'em, what d'you suppose she'll think? That you're trying to rob her. That's what she thought about Mam'zelle. Those papers are dynamite. Go get them."

"I'LL GET THEM LATER," said Candia impatiently. "You don't realize what I've told you. A woman has died here, and something ought to be done."

He surprised her again. "Why?"

"Because it's wrong!" cried Candia. "It's wrong that anyone should be—should be pushed out of sight, like rubbish! It's against the law, and it's against all decency. You're a man; you have standing and power here; you're not unknown, like me. You can do something!"

Slowly, regretfully, but with complete decision, he shook his head. "No dice," said Mr. Rumbolt.

"You mean you won't?"

"Look at it reasonably. What d'you want me to do? Inform the police; rout out the health department; kick up a general dust? I can't see the use of it—it won't bring the lady back to life—but say I do. I have to hang about in Singapore twenty-four hours. I've got this deal in Sydney, and I'm a day behind schedule already. My time is valuable."

"Do you mean it's just a question of losing money?" asked Candia incredulously.

"I don't like to fall down on a deal. And I don't see just how it's my business."

Candia looked at him. "You too," she said. "You too!"

Mr. Rumbolt nodded. "Me too," he said mournfully.

"I thought—"

"You've got me all wrong," sighed Mr. Rumbolt. "I'm a bad citizen. No public spirit. No sense of duty. I break the law if it pays me, and I get away with it. I guess I'm too set in my ways to change." He sighed again. "I guess this has just about showed up the foolishness of my hopes."

"It has certainly showed up the foolishness of mine," said Candia bitterly. She got up and walked along the path.

"I won't bother you any more," Mr. Rumbolt said at last. "It's over. I won't worry you on the boat."

Candia turned sharply. "The boat? What boat?"

"My yacht. You're coming away on it. You can't stay here."

So there it was, the second chance, the chance she had meant to take. But not now. The bitterness of her disappointment swamped every other sense. Because she was so disappointed in him, because her pride was hurt that though he professed to love her, she could not influence his mind, Candia drew back. She was not toughly fibered enough to accept favor where she felt contempt.

"Get the kids, if you want," he said. "I'll fix Madame."

"Thank you," said Candia coldly, "but I'm not leaving."

He thrust out his chin. "By God, you are!"

"No," said Candia.

With a certain angry satisfaction she pitted her will against his. If she could not influence him, at least he should not influence her.

"I know you mean to be kind," she said. "You have been very kind already. But it's only eight days to the next boat, and we have made arrangements to leave by that."

"Don't be a damned fool," said Mr. Rumbolt.

Candia remembered how, the first time they met, she had placed him as a man not used to talking to women. It gave her a perhaps unfair advantage.

"Do you want to see anyone at the house?" she asked pleasantly. "Because if not, I should like my breakfast."

A muscle in his jaw twitched. He had lost, and he knew it.

"I shouldn't have sworn at you," he said slowly. "I'm handling this all wrong. I guess I'd better go."

Candia offered her hand; but as he would not take it when he arrived, so he would not take it now.

"Good luck to your deal," said Candia.

He blinked, as though something had passed close to his eyes. Then he turned on his heel and went.

This time Candia did not wait to see him disappear, but walked straight back through the garden. She was still satisfied with what she had done; sure that she had been right. Only her last words troubled her a little, for they had been cruel. But perhaps Mr. Rumbolt had taken them at their face value.

Her tray was waiting for her, and as she drank her coffee, still in this strong-minded mood, she decided that on one point his advice had been good. The contents of the envelope should be destroyed. It was too late to hand the papers over to Madame Spirianoff, and they were of no value.

When she had finished breakfast, Candia accordingly unlocked the big trunk and rummaged under her heavy clothes. Then she took them all out. Then she opened her suitcase and emptied the bureau drawers. But it was all to no purpose, for the envelope and papers were nowhere in the room.

Candia ran to the window and looked out, but the yacht was not there either.

Once when she was a small girl she had gone skating by herself on the pond behind the house. Dusk was falling, and she carried a bicycle lamp, but it went out. She could still see well enough to practice her eights. She could see perfectly well until the ice cracked, and then suddenly she could not see at all. Fear and the thickening dark together blinded her. The ice was shifting under her feet. She dared not strike out in any direction. Within earshot of her home, Candia stood paralyzed with terror, waiting to drown.

She didn't, of course. A gardener came by and hauled her safe ashore; but that moment of blind panic was something Candia never forgot. She remembered it now, years after, in the sunny room at Aloupka, and shivered.

She marked off the first day, and the second on her private calendar. Nothing happened. The ice still held. She had a feeling that Madame Spirianoff was observing her with extreme attention, that her every word and act was subject to scrutiny, and that this scrutiny had a definite object. Only Candia did not know what it was. She did not know from what quarter attack threatened. Her only defense was to present an unruffled front.

In a certain measure she succeeded. Her hours with the younger children were always happy. Elena still overflowed with plans for her conquest of the new world and lavished upon Candia (the means to this end) a wealth of histrionic affection. If Madame Spirianoff were jealous, she did not show it.

Sometimes, indeed, Candia was driven to wonder whether the old lady were not in the same position as herself—concerned only with getting through the remaining days smoothly and amicably. If so, she hit on one excellent device: she lent Candia a quantity of French books, biographies and memoirs, dealing with the lives and loves of the Russian nobility, and their subsequent discussion provided an inexhaustible fund of polite conversation. Candia, having a good memory, answered the two old women's questions as accurately as Elena. Madame Spirianoff and the baroness exchanged pleased looks.

Candia privately marveled that a mere show of politeness could take them in. The accounts of court etiquette, court intrigue and court scandal, all dutifully crammed, simply bored her. She much preferred Madame's own reminiscences, though even these stopped short just when they became interesting—at the moment when she fled from the Bolsheviks (in a dinner gown by Worth) with the infant Tamara under her arm. In the months that followed, thought Candia, Madame Spirianoff must of necessity have displayed resource and energy, perhaps even heroism. But the only reference she ever made to this period was peculiarly colorless.

"It was all waiting for trains," said Madame Spirianoff.

HER BEST stories were about the days when she was a little girl on her father's estate. As her talk drifted back and back, Candia glimpsed a sunny, spacious country life, far more worthy of regret (she thought) than any St. Petersburg grandeur. It was difficult to think of Madame Spirianoff as a little girl who had been so happy that she could still stick her head up out of the past and tell what she had been doing all day long. It was a queer mixture, for in Madame Spirianoff's memory autumn and summer, winter and spring, were all jumbled together: she gathered strawberries, rode on the haywains, stared through the window at the snow, all day long. "All day long!" repeated Madame sadly. "All day long!"

"It must have been a happy life," Candia said sincerely.

"It was happy. Safe and happy. The sort of life"—Madame Spirianoff paused and went on quietly—"the sort of life one would desire for one's grandchildren."

"In America, they will live in the country."

"But it will not be the same."

"Those days you speak of are gone," said Candia.

The old woman looked at her searchingly, "But you would find your way back to them if you could? At the price even of ambition?"

Candia did not answer. Her thoughts had turned to her own safe and happy years, filled with small placid duties, warmed by the good will of a community as kind and placid as the green fields. Time had gone slowly and softly there too. All day long! thought Candia. All day long!

So she did not answer. She had forgotten Madame Spirianoff's question; she had even, for a moment, forgotten Madame.

On the next day there was an incident. Madame Spirianoff called Candia to her bedroom, ostensibly to show her a piece of old Russian embroidery, and was then called away herself by a Voice Without. (Candia knew whose voice it was—that of the baroness; but something in its excited conspiratorial tone irresistibly suggested the old stage direction.) With an apology, Madame hurried away and Candia was left alone.

At first she waited, standing, the embroidery in her hand. But the minutes passed, and Madame did not return. Candia put down the needlework. It then dawned on her that Madame was undoubtedly expecting her to have a look around. The writing desk was open, and on top of a jumble of papers, like a clue, lay a second piece of embroidery. Candia obligingly picked it up. Immediately below lay the long envelope that had once lain in her own locked trunk.

IT LOOKED as thick as she remembered it. One end was open, and from it projected the corner of a parchment and the edge of a seal. Quickly Candia grasped the whole situation. She was being given an opportunity to steal. She felt no resentment; only a great relief that this matter at least was about to be cleared up. She went through the documents to make sure they were genuine. They were. Madame had taken the risk. Candia put them back in a different order and placed the envelope in an empty pigeonhole. Then, having done what she was expected to do, she went away.

"And this is for our darling Candia!" cried the baroness. She struck the keys and burst full-throated into "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." Madame Spirianoff, smiling indulgently, beat time. There had been a special sweet at dinner, for Candia. The brandy in the big glasses was poured because Candia looked tired. The whole atmosphere was charged with approval, with affection, with love—all centered upon Candia. She could feel the weight of it like a heavy scent, and thought suddenly of her husband's longing for the thin Massachusetts air.

"No, no more!" she said. But Madame refilled her glass. "It will do you no harm, my child. Drink, then!"

"We will all drink!" cried Genevieve. "We will drink toasts—the first to ourselves. The Three Old Wives of Lee!"

Candia shivered. She remembered with extraordinary vividness not only the baroness' earlier use of that phrase, but her own thought at the time: that they were really four. She did not want to drink that toast, but the sooner she emptied her glass, the sooner she could go to her own room.

She stood up. "I am so sleepy, Madame, you must excuse me—or I shall never get up tomorrow."

"Then stay in bed, my darling. Why do you have to get up?"

"To pack," said Candia. On the silence that followed impinged one small, sharp sound: the stem of Madame's goblet snapped between her fingers. But to Candia's fancy, far more was broken than a wineglass; the sound shivered a whole fabric of illusion. The air was no longer sickly sweet with love; and Madame Spirianoff's eyes grew hard. But she did not speak. It was the impetuous Genevieve who rushed into the breach.

"But you are not leaving us now! Olympiada told me—"

"Genevieve, be still!" snapped Madame.

"I will not be quiet! Did you or did you not tell me, Olympiada, that Candia had not got the papers?"

Madame Spirianoff shrugged. "I did, and it is true."

"Very well, then. Without the papers, she can do nothing. I know that. If Candia thinks otherwise, she is being deceived. She is my chum. I will not allow her to go to Russia after a pig in a poke."

In extreme bewilderment—for she had no idea what the mad argument was about—Candia addressed Madame Spirianoff. "Will you please tell me, Madame, what this all means?"

The old lady shrugged again. "It is simply a misconception on the part of Genevieve, who believes you intended to lay claim to certain property of mine."

"I did not imagine it! It is what you told me!"

"Stop," said Candia. Light was beginning to break at last. "Let us be frank, Madame. You thought I intended to steal the necessary titles, take them to Russia and claim possession?"

"Why not?" asked Madame Spirianoff. "I do not think so now, my dear; you have proved otherwise. But consider. You are not, I think, very rich, you have no husband to protect you, and you found lying in your path a chance of great wealth. Was I so unreasonable to take precautions? I did not blame you for it; one must look after oneself; and when you thought better of it, I was very glad. If I told Genevieve

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the little tale, it was just to let her share my good opinion of you."

"I had a good opinion of you already," declared the baroness stoutly. "I do not change for trifles. And I was glad because Olympiada told me that now you would stay with us."

Candia had been pluming herself on her calm; with a slight shock, she now realized it was as nothing to the imperturbability of Madame Spirianoff. The old lady had apparently accepted it as the most natural thing in the world that a guest, having stolen the property of her hostess, should wish to hurry away to cash in on it: and as equally natural that the visit should run its course when this plan was given up. With such broad-mindedness, Candia could not compete, but she did begin to see how the first misjudgment had arisen. For it was not until after her encounter with the French woman that she had spoken of an early departure. And it was a fact that when the title deeds came into her possession, she did not surrender them.

Given Madame Spirianoff's character and experience—three separate fortunes, according to Mr. Rumbolt, all embezzled—her reading of the situation was not unnatural. But what struck Candia most forcibly was that their thoughts had been so different; engaged—Madame's fixed upon a non-existent intrigue; hers solely upon the children. Was it possible that Madame had forgotten the children? Or that she had taken all Candia's arrangements for their departure simply as camouflage to her real motive?

"At least," said Candia, turning her back on the whole crazy imbroglio, "I am glad we shall part friends."

She paused to let the words take effect, and she could see this new idea strike on Madame's understanding and sink slowly in. Then all was smooth again, and blander than before.

"So you will leave on the mail boat?" asked Madame.

"Yes, Madame. With the children."

"Ah, the children. Well, we shall be very sorry. Shall we not, Genevieve?"

The baroness hiccuped loudly. At once, with a gesture of extraordinary violence, like an explosion of pent-up energy, Madame Spirianoff lunged forward and slapped her face. The baroness staggered back.

"That is the way to stop hiccups," said Madame Spirianoff blandly. "Now we must let Candia go to bed."

WITH the baroness' sobs—loud, bewildered, like those of the Mock Turtle—still in her ears, Candia briefly meditated inviting her to join the party and leave with the children. But reflection showed it wasn't possible; the poor fat baroness had lived too long at Aloupka to venture out now into a world where champagne had to be paid for. Her Homeric thirst alone would make her a burden beyond all carrying; nor would she be any happier for emancipation. So reasoned Candia; and indeed when Genevieve reappeared next day, she seemed herself again.

It was rather admirable: one cheek so badly bruised that she could eat only with the opposite side of her mouth, she bore no malice. "Olympiada is strong," she told Candia. "She does not know her strength. I tell her she is like the bear in the fable who wished to kill the fly on his master's head."

Madame Spirianoff, in whose presence this was said, chuckled. "That is right. I am like that good, clumsy Bruin. All we Russians are stupid, but we have good hearts."

And all the rest of the day she played, humorously, at being a bear. She trotted after the children with a lumbering gait, waved her hands like paws. They shrieked delightedly and the baroness sobbed again, this time with laughter.

Only Candia did not find the performance amusing. She had never seen Madame in this playful mood before and could not adapt herself to it. When Elena called, "Look out! The bear's after you!" Candia did not run like the others, but pretended not to hear. Only once, toward the day's end, did her control break. The chase, she thought, had moved to another part of the house; she sat down at her dressing table, and in the gap between its surface and the lower edge of the glass saw Madame Spirianoff's eye regarding her. The old woman was crouched behind the table.

For a moment Candia stared back, breathless, the blood draining from her heart; then she heard her voice lifted in a high, silly shriek. At once Toly and Elena rushed in from the passage, joyfully applauding. "Bear, bear, come out of your lair!" yelled Elena; and Madame lumbered out, beaming indulgently. "That is enough bear for today," she said. "Be off, you bad children!"

She shepherd them before her without a backward glance. She has seen what she wanted, thought Candia. She has seen how I look when I am afraid.

That night, for the first time in years, Candia suffered from nightmare. She was walking through a thick green jungle, looking for the children: she could hear them plainly

No Turning Back

beside the path, but whenever she turned between the trees to catch them their voices ceased. She hurried on, now running, now pausing to listen, all the time aware that whatever creature it was she feared could move easily, noiselessly, and with great speed. It was a desperate silent hunt that seemed to go on for hours; but when she at last stumbled and woke herself, the hands of the clock had scarcely moved.

The dream stayed with her for a few moments and then faded. She slept again, deeply, and when morning came, the bustle and excitement of packing drove it from her mind. For now everyone took part, in a spirit of the happiest co-operation. The baroness wrote a series of introductions to counts, generals and ambassadors (most of them presumably dead), in case Candia should ever find herself in Vienna; Madame Spirianoff contributed a dozen sachets of some cloying scent. For the two younger children Celeste, who was coming with them as far as Singapore, took full responsibility. But Elena packed for herself—in a huge old-fashioned trunk, one carpet-bag and seven cardboard boxes.

She took the business very seriously. She explained to Candia that although many of her frocks were outgrown, it was a pity to leave them behind, because perhaps she could sell them in America; she also suggested that they should look around the house to see if there were anything they wanted to take. Candia was at first sympathetic, thinking it only natural that a child should wish for some souvenir of her home; but the child's next words were disillusioning. "Some of the Easter eggs are really valuable," explained Elena. "There is one set with diamonds, worth pounds and pounds." She went through the rooms with an eye like a bailiff's, picking out a dozen knickknacks of jade or ivory or quartz; an amber rosary; a fan set with brilliants; a knife with a turquoise handle. Candia was forced to admire the calm with which Madame watched these objects disappear.

Elena had evidently no doubt of Candia's fellow feeling; in her view, Candia realized, far from being stepmother and daughter setting off to find a good school, they were a couple of adventuresses in search of susceptible millionaires. But Candia did not worry; she felt the situation, once they were away from Aloupka, would adjust itself and intervened only to commandeer a neat wooden case (marked *Moët et Chandon*) for Toly. His toys were precious to him and their packing took time. But at last the box was nailed down and labeled, "Master A. Cotterell: Wanted on the Voyage." Then Toly dragged it onto the veranda and sat on it.

Candia, momentarily idle, was watching him, when she became aware of his grandmother standing behind her.

"So all is ready," said Madame. "You are in good time. For three days you will have nothing to blow your noses on."

Candia smiled. She felt herself that it was not quite sensible, and certainly not courteous, to be ready so soon. She had meant to do no more than make a beginning, only the children's enthusiasm had carried her away.

"The children, Madame, were very enthusiastic—"

"Children are always enthusiastic for anything new. It is their elders who should have sense for them. However, since we are doing everything in advance, here is a little gift I have for you." The old lady fumbled at her throat and removed a large garnet brooch. Candia had never seen it before, and it crossed her mind that Madame Spirianoff had put it on simply to make the giving a more regal gesture. "There!" she said, spiking it on Candia's bosom. "There is a little keepsake from someone who is fond of you. It once belonged to the Empress Marie-Thérèse."

As Candia looked down at the big, ugly brooch, she received from it a curious impression. It was unconvincing. It was so large and showy, it was like a property in a charade Madame was acting for her own amusement.

"What was it Genevieve said?" asked Madame. "'Our temperaments have not perhaps been so well matched as these stones, but at least our hearts are as pure of all unkindness.' May we not say it, with more truth, of ourselves?"

"I hope so, Madame."

"You hope so! You English are so cautious. Will you not believe me when I say that I love you?"

Strangely, Candia did believe it. In spite of everything, she believed Madame did feel toward her the strong possessive emotion which was what she meant by love.

"I do believe you, Madame."

"Then will you not stay just a little longer?"

If Candia had spoken the truth she would have said, "I dare not." But instead, still smiling, she shook her head. Madame turned and went away.

We'll have a picnic, thought Candia; a last session with the archdukes; songs by the baroness. The time would soon pass. But as it happened, the events of the next three days were taken out of her hands, for that night Candia fell ill.

It began shortly after dinner, with an ache at the base of her skull and a pain behind her eyes. There was also a feeling of nausea, and diagnosing a sick headache, Candia took three aspirins and went to bed. Her sleep was broken and troubled by queer dreams. In the morning she could not lift

her head, but it was not until Elena burst into the room about noon that her state was discovered.

"It's sunstroke or fever!" cried Elena. "Poor darling Candia, I do hope it's not cholera! How awful!"

"Give me some water," muttered Candia.

"I'd better not. Perhaps you oughtn't to have water. Perhaps you ought to have a *tisane*. I'll fetch *grand'mère*."

She danced away, and presently Madame Spirianoff and the baroness, grotesque in negligee, were stooping over the bed. They gave Candia something to drink and took her temperature, and she was sufficiently sensible to note Madame's look of dismay. But the old lady behaved with good sense. She packed Elena off, assuring her it was not cholera; it was fever, a high fever, with perhaps a touch of the sun. Nothing was required but quiet and careful nursing. The baroness took this up with enthusiasm: she had been a nurse in 1917; she would nurse darling Candia day and night. And Celeste also was clever, put in Madame; she knew all sorts of native remedies. It seemed certain Candia would not die from lack of attention, and her one overwhelming desire was to be left alone. But her mind still worked; she knew what day it was.

"The boat," she whispered.

"Ah, the boat!" cried Madame. "The trip to America! But we have time yet, my darling. We will do everything we can, Genevieve and I—always remembering the boat!"

Candia closed her eyes. Weak tears began to trickle down her cheeks, and the baroness wiped them away with a handkerchief smelling of heliotrope. The sweet heavy odor was suffocating.

Candia passed out.

DURING the next twenty-four hours she hardly regained consciousness. She lost all count of time; if they had told her that she had been lying there a month she would not have been surprised. She was surprised when she asked Celeste when the boat had been in, and the *amah* replied that it would not come for two days. Candia suspected her of lying, but was too weak to look into her face. What she could see, however, was a thin brown hand against a bright sarong; on the forefinger was a huge ring, much too large.

Candia looked at it vaguely, feeling that it ought to remind her of something, and then her mind slid off into drowsiness. When she woke again hours must have passed. The room was in darkness save for a single lamp, and turning her eyes to the clock by the bed, she saw it was three in the morning. Celeste had disappeared, and Candia thought herself alone. Then out of the shadows moved a short, squat figure, and Madame Spirianoff bent over her.

"Drink this, my child. It is a *tisane*."

Candia drank. The liquid was warm, tasting of herbs, and faintly bitter. It had the effect of clearing her brain; though her body was weak as water, without sensation, she was able to see and hear, and to think intelligently. Madame Spirianoff sat down by the bed.

"The crisis is past, my darling," said Madame, "but you have undoubtedly been ill. We do not want it to happen again."

"What has been the matter with me?" asked Candia.

"I think it was a touch of fever, or perhaps a touch of the sun. But Genevieve thinks it was your subconscious."

For a moment Candia stared incredulously. "My *what*?"

"Your subconscious."

"But that is nonsense!" said Candia.

"Do not laugh, my darling. Genevieve has studied psychoanalysis. And she is very anxious. She thinks that though in your conscious you have determined on this American journey, your subconscious knows it is wrong. So when the time comes to go, it stops you. By making you ill."

"She is a fool," said Candia bluntly.

"That may be. But even fools have moments of sense. And I tell you myself, such attacks as you have just had are dangerous. I implore you, think well before you act!"

"Thank you, Madame," said Candia. "I think you are more anxious about me than is necessary. I have no doubt that I shall be able to leave, after all, as I have arranged."

"That is your decision?" asked Madame Spirianoff.

"That is my decision," replied Candia; and closed her eyes.

It was daylight again; a fresh breeze was blowing through the open window. Elena slipped in, carrying a big white cup. "It's milk!" she whispered dramatically. (As she might have said, "It's a poison!") "It's milk from the nursery." Candia smiled and drank. Elena looked anxious. "Toly's praying for you," she whispered. "All day, under the ikon. I'm praying too. I'm praying you'll get better right away, so you can take us to America. Have you anything you can give Celeste?"

Candia looked at her vaguely. "Celeste?"

"Yes, a present for Celeste. I think it ought to be valuable. Haven't you *anything*, Candia? May I look?"

Candia nodded. The *amah* had nursed her well; she deserved a tip. Elena flew to the dressing table. Candia heard her rummaging, then a sudden exclamation, followed by dead

Margery Sharp

silence. When Elena reappeared she had something shut tight in her hand, and on her face an expression of awe.

"It's all right," she promised. "You'll be all right, darling Candia. Don't worry."

She dropped a kiss on Candia's cheek—light, butterfly-swift, like her first kiss in the garden—and ran off.

This must have been Candia's first period of real sleep, for she woke again perfectly sensible and with a little appetite. Celeste brought her a supper of fish and fruit and more milk. Candia sat up to eat, and afterwards, with the *amah's* help, got out of bed and walked around the room. Her knees felt weak, but she could stand by herself.

"The boat comes tomorrow," she said. "Have everything ready." Celeste nodded. "Tell Madame, please, I don't want to see anyone tonight. I must get a good sleep. Come yourself in the morning to help me dress. When we get to Singapore I will pay you. That is all."

The *amah* hesitated, but Candia motioned her away. She was anxious to get back to bed alone; to feel herself once more in control of her movements—as tomorrow she would be once more in control of her life. And she achieved it. She even sat at the dressing table and put a brush to her curly hair. Cotterell's picture smiled at her through the glass, and Candia smiled back. "I'm all right, my dear. I and the children. We're going tomorrow to the place with the sand and the cold wind; the place you told me about."

Candia woke late and found her tea cooling at the bedside. She must have slept deeply, she thought, not to have heard Casimir bring it in; perhaps he had not liked to disturb her. In any case, there was no hurry. She thought she would wait for Celeste.

Celeste was late. She had the children to see to. So presently Candia slipped on her dressing gown and went to the door. The house was so still that she went back and looked at her clock, wondering whether she had mistaken the hour. It showed after nine, however. She drank another cup of tea and ate some toast. Then she took her bath.

Feeling refreshed and well, she finished dressing. There was little to put in her last suitcase—only her nightgown and wrapper, the toilet things from her dressing table and her few jewel cases. Candia packed them quickly, the jewel cases at the bottom (she did not even look inside them). Finally there was only Cotterell's picture that folded in its leather frame. Candia was about to pack that when the door opened.

It was Madame, fully dressed for the ceremony of leaving-taking. "You have come early," Candia said with a smile.

The old woman did not answer. She advanced into the room, her queer bright eyes glancing over the strapped trunks, the open suitcase. She advanced further, to the dressing table, noted its bare surface; and brought down her hand upon it so violently that Cotterell's likeness fell to the floor.

"Enough of this farce!" said Madame Spirianoff.

Candia picked up the photograph; laid it on the suitcase. "Sit down," said Madame Spirianoff.

Candia sat down on the bed. She was not exactly afraid, but she had a feeling they were on the threshold of something very important.

"You are very stupid," said Madame. "You are more stupid than I thought. It is unbelievable! For it seems you really think that I will let you take my grandchildren away."

"You have agreed to their going, Madame."

"Oh, no, I have not!" said Madame Spirianoff.

"Then why did you help us pack?" Candia asked.

"For a joke," explained Madame Spirianoff. "It was funny. To see you so busy getting ready, knowing you would never go. Why not? You had given me a bad time with your pig of a Rumbolt. I was entitled to a little amusement. But now the joke is over. I tell you, and I mean it, you do not take my grandchildren away. I tell you in plain words, because you are such a fool. I do not appeal to your heart or your head, because you have no heart and no intelligence." Madame's eyes flashed angrily. "Aloupka!" she cried. "Would I let my children leave Aloupka? Do you know what it is?"

"The name—" began Candia.

"The name is the name of a villa on the Black Sea. It belonged to the Prince Woronzoff. It was a center of loyalty, culture, elegance—all that made Russia great. When I called this place Aloupka, I said, 'In memory.' But it is not a memory alone. Ah, my darling"—Madame's voice suddenly altered, became charged with the old oversweet affection—"if you would only let yourself be taught! If you would only let yourself realize what this place is!"

"I do realize, Madame, that it is a charming house."

"Charming!" The old eyes flashed contemptuously. "You speak as though it were a pleasure garden."

"But it is," said Candia quickly. "That is why—you force me to say it—the children must leave. That is why, I see now, their father wished me to take them away."

"You fool!" said Madame Spirianoff. "You call Aloupka a pleasure garden. I tell you it is a fortress! It is the last outpost of European culture. It is where the spirit of Imperial Russia still lives. It is where a child can receive that tradition,

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to guard and pass on in a world that would otherwise forget! Now do you understand?"

And at last Candia understood. She understood the meaning of Aloupka, the reason of its isolation; she understood Elena's performances at the dinner table and the queer unhealthy bent of her mind. The passion in Madame Spirianoff's voice carried an insane conviction: she honestly believed that three children could do no better than spend their lives garnering secondhand court gossip.

"If they do not remember," continued Madame fiercely, "who will? There is so much I have to tell them; except Elena, they are still too little. I have hardly begun! And Genevieve too, there is much she can give. She has spoken to the Empress Elizabeth; she has danced with the Crown Prince Rudolph! Is all this to be lost? Answer me that!"

But Candia was thinking: Soon it will be Toly's turn, and then Xenia's.

"You see, you cannot answer!" cried Madame Spirianoff triumphantly. "That is because in your heart you know I am right. You are by nature sympathetic: you have read the books; your instinct guided you to them. Both Genevieve and I agreed it was like a miracle that you were brought here to be one of us. And you were learning so fast."

"Wait," said Candia. "You are quite wrong about me. The books I read made no difference."

"That may be so. Books are nothing; it is the living memory that counts. And you—you would take my grandchildren away from us into a world of machinery and *canaille*!"

"I would take them into the world of today," said Candia. "You would keep them in the past."

"AND WHY not, if the past is better? Are they not safe here, out of the struggle and vulgarity?"

Candia was silent. She was deeply convinced that a child should look to the future; that a certain amount of vulgarity was an inevitable part of life; that to turn one's back on the whole for fear of a part was the act of a coward. It was worse: it was wrong. But she could not make these feelings explicit. She had been ill; she had no strength to spare on words. And indeed words were useless, for Madame Spirianoff was not open to reason. Candia said the only thing that mattered.

"I am more sorry than I can tell you, Madame, but I am going to carry out my husband's wishes. I am going to take the children to America. We leave today."

She closed the suitcase and took up her hat.

"You are not going," said Madame. "There will be no boat."

"The ship's boat will be here in an hour," said Candia.

"It will not. Today we are saving them the trouble. Casimir has gone across already. He will collect what there is for Aloupka, so that they need not send. And you may stand on the shore and scream, but they will not hear you."

Instinctively Candia turned to the window. Far across the blue water, diminished and toylke, the mail boat was plainly visible. The bay between was empty; so Casimir, in Aloupka's only boat, had already got across.

"He will not be back till night," said Madame Spirianoff.

She walked with a firm elastic step across the room to Candia's side. Her whole personality had undergone a change. She looked younger, more alive, as she had in that small room on the night of the Frenchwoman's death; and with sudden insight, Candia realized that she was enjoying the exercise of power. She had been used to power—power over men and money; power over servants. Now power had come back to her, flooding through her veins like an elixir of life.

"You sent that pig Rumbolt to bribe me," she said suddenly. "To bribe me with money to let my children go. I was stupid then, myself. I thought it was a part of your other scheme for stealing my property in Russia. I thought it was a threat; that you were saying, 'See, if you make trouble for me, I can make trouble for you.' And when you gave up that wicked plan, I forgave you. I gave you another chance. I did all I could to make you happy. And in return, you have forced me to treat you like a madwoman who must be shut up." Madame Spirianoff suddenly laughed. "There was a madwoman on my father's estate; he exchanged her for a pair of greyhounds. I shall not do that with you, my dear; but tomorrow I will send you down the coast with Celeste's brother, so you will reach Singapore, after all."

"No," said Candia again.

"That is as you please. But you have not found Aloupka very healthy, and I think you had better go." Madame Spirianoff turned to the door. "In the meantime, amuse yourself as you choose. Shout. Run up and down the shore. I do not lock you in because there is no need."

Candia stood by the window and stared at the toylke ship, trying not to think of her defeat. Presently she moved out to the veranda. The terraces below were empty. No one to take

a message; no one to help. Small native craft swarmed about the mail boat, but the intervening water was bare of any sail.

Candia went down to the landing stage, stood there, hopeless and helpless, until it struck her that perhaps someone in the house might find amusement in watching her. So she turned to the right, on a narrow path that led up the low cliff. She had never taken this path before. She had seen nothing, at Aloupka, but the house and garden. The rest of the island was unknown to her. The wilderness, the children called it. But on the other side was the open sea. Perhaps on the other side there were boats.

Candia stumbled on, her high-heeled shoes tripping her in the coarse grass, her knees caught by strange vines. The trees grew closer; the air was moist and hot, and her thin dress was soon clinging to her body. Either the path ended, or she lost it, for presently she was pushing her way blindly through the undergrowth. It was like the jungle of her nightmare, ominous with a terror born of utter silence.

She was still very weak, and once she fell. When she struggled up again a sharp pain shot through her ankle, but she forced herself on. The ground, which after the first rise had continued more or less level, now fell again, but not to any open beach. Candia half dropped, half slid, into a little dingle, where the air was suddenly sweet. Great veils of yellow flowers curtained her in. The whole place was a bower.

A bower of jasmine.

Candia stood very still. She knew now where she was. Seeking the cliff and the open sea, she had found a grave. Here the warm soil of Aloupka had opened and closed again; new weeds sprang up, the sweet vines drooped, to embower a gilded chest. Here, like a bubble in air, a spark in fire, a stone in water, human identity had vanished. Here Aloupka triumphed, not harshly, but with beauty rampant.

Candia began to tremble violently. A senseless fear overcame her—a fear of the yellow flowers. She was afraid that once she sank to that warm earth, the jasmine would press yellow flowers to her nostrils and drain her strength. She turned and began to run. She ran whichever way the ground was easiest and emerged at last from the wilderness to see the house, huge, white, impassive; it was the measure of her defeat that she saw it as a refuge.

Candia made her way around the outflung wings until she was back where she started—in her own room.

Someone had replaced her toilet things on the dressing table. Candia washed and tidied herself. Then she went to the window and stood staring out across the water at the toylike ship.

While she watched something happened. A boat detached itself and began to creep over the water toward Aloupka.

Candia snatched up her handbag and ran, outside, toward the nursery. As she hurried, she recollected that the rooms of Madame Spirianoff and the baroness were on the other side of the house; that Casimir had left. She had a good chance. For a moment she wondered whether to go back for her suitcase; but her passport, her money and Cotterell's few papers were in the handbag. She did not take the risk.

It gave her a pang to see that the children were ready. In spite of everything, they still had faith in her. Toly and Xenia were in clean linen smocks and sun hats; a couple of bright bundles—so that was how Celeste packed!—flanked the wooden box of toys. Only Elena wasn't there. As Candia appeared, the *amah* took one look at her face and jumped up.

"We are going?" she whispered.

"Yes. Bring the *baba* to the landing stage. Never mind about luggage. Bring what you can carry. Where is Elena?"

"In the garden."

Candia caught Toly's hand and hurried him down the veranda steps. She dared not call Elena loudly. But Elena had seen them. She came racing up from the shore, violently

signaling, and flung herself on Candia's neck. "Candia darling, have you seen the boat?" she panted.

"Yes," said Candia. "Do you want to come to America?"

"Of course I do. Are we going?"

"Yes. Get your hat and come to the landing stage."

"But what about my things? My clothes?"

"We'll buy everything you need in Singapore."

Like a band of shipwrecked mariners, they waited on the tiny quay. The two bundles were all their luggage. Candia herself had nothing. She did not care. She was filled with a precarious triumph that left no room for minor emotions.

The pull of Toly's hand recalled her. She looked at the house, but all was quiet. Aloupka lay unsuspecting and asleep. "It's not Casimir," said Elena suddenly. "Who is it?"

Candia strained her eyes, but could make out only three figures, two boatmen and a passenger—certainly not Casimir; more like a woman. Candia could not imagine who it was. She could not imagine any reason for the boat at all. It was coming simply like an answer to prayer, inexplicable on any rational grounds. But it was coming!

It drew nearer, and the passenger in the bows took on a recognizable shape. Candia gasped in sheer amazement. A long oar reached to the quay, the boat's side grated, and out stepped—Miss Parry.

"Quite a surprise, isn't it?" said Miss Parry. She wore a suit of new shantung.

Candia nodded dumbly. The children continued to gape.

Miss Parry continued. "To tell you the truth, Mrs. Cotterell, I didn't find Mrs. Harbuckle's at all the sort of place I expected. I had to give notice almost at once. And I said to myself, I wonder if Mrs. Cotterell is still unsuited? For I felt I owed you, so to speak, the first refusal. 'Shall I write?' I asked myself; and then I thought: No, it would be more thoughtful to come. So here I am, though with great difficulty. That dreadful Chinese had some tale about your not wanting to see me. I had to argue and argue with the captain to send another boat. And you have only to say the

word, dear Mrs. Cotterell, whether I stay or whether I go back."

"We're all going back," said Candia.

As though at the breaking of a spell, they were all in motion. Celeste tossed the bundles into the boat, and lifted Xenia and Toly after. Elena skipped over the side; the boatmen reached their hands for Candia. In a moment the reversal of their positions was complete: the Aloupka party were all aboard, and it was Miss Parry who stood astonished on the quay.

"There's room for you too," invited Candia.

Eyes and mouth agape, Miss Parry flopped in. "Then—you were leaving yourself?" she gasped. "The man told me—"

"He was mistaken. We always intended to leave today."

The men pushed off; the laden boat began to move. A strip of water widened at the rim of the quay. Miss Parry held to the gunwale, silently staring. But she was not silent long. She thought Mrs. Cotterell was behaving queerly, ungratefully; she didn't seem to realize how thoughtful she, Miss Parry, had been. Miss Parry felt the need to reassert herself. "I need hardly tell you," she said, "that there are several other situations I can drop into at a moment's notice. Nurses from home are quite at a premium! But we got on so well, Mrs. Cotterell, and sympathy is so important."

Candia looked back across Miss Parry's shoulder—across Miss Parry's voice—at the receding island. It was strange that so short a breadth of water could make such a difference. Already she felt secure. Aloupka would not attack the ship. There was no boat. In two days they would be in Singapore, and there she would make Mr. Moffat do as she told him. And beyond all that beckoned a windy coast with the white sand blowing . . .

THE END

NEXT MONTH

Air Surgeon

BY

FRANK G. SLAUGHTER, M. D.

AN ARMY DOCTOR'S NOVEL OF TODAY

MAJOR CRAIG THOMAS is the brilliant Chief Surgeon at Camp Buchan Hospital. His younger brother, LARRY, is a daredevil aviator at the camp. These two brothers are in love with the same girl and one is married to her, and their already tangled lives are further complicated by a glamorous nurse obsessed with a passionate interest in both men.

DR. SLAUGHTER shows in this powerful novel the day-to-day happenings in an Army camp when the strain of war preparations produces violent emotional reactions on a group of men and women engaged in the work.

PIRATE HOARD IN HAITI?

Not at all—
it's a treasure hunt near Charleston, S. C.

1. "I've never lived down a fruitless hunt for buried treasure that lured me to Haiti some years ago," writes a sportsman. "But the ribbing hit a new high at a house party down Charleston way recently when the host organized a mock treasure hunt in my 'honor' with a bottle of Canadian Club as first prize.



2. "My first objective was a heavy chest buried on a palmetto-fringed beach—a setting so Haiti-like, I half-expected to look up and see Henri Christophe's citadel perched on a hill. Next—



3. "From the eerie, other-world labyrinth of the famed Cypress Gardens, another guest and I had to bring back a particular branch of flame azaleas. An unforgettable experience, believe me! . . .



4. "Gliding through those shadowy, moss-draped jungle halls, you turn suddenly into a blaze of color . . . massed azaleas, as breath-taking as anything you'll see in Haiti—or any tropic land.



5. "My last quest—and zaniest—was for a fighting cock. A genial colored farmer ended my search by lending me his old Warhorse (feathered fighting, that bird!). I won by hours.



6. "Then a tour of nearby Harrietta Plantation—its mansion an 18th Century gem of unmistakable West Indian inspiration.



7. "Don't tell me THIS reminds you of Haiti, too!" my host grinned as we sat down to a Canadian Club and soda at Harrietta. "Certainly!" I said, "I've found this distinctive whisky not only in Haiti, but all over this not-so-civilized world!"

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